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## The Beginnings of French-Canadian Literature\*

By BENJAMIN SULTE, President Royal Society of Canada



N tracing the beginnings of French-Canadian literature in Canada, I cannot deal personally with the period previous to 1860, as it was only about that time that I began scribbling. Yet before describing the later period, it is necessary to glance at the earlier.

Let us pass over the newspapers and the seven hundred books and brochures published in French between 1765 and 1860, and confine our discussion to purely literary publications. The earliest review was dignified with the title *La Bibliothèque Canadienne*, and was first published in Montreal in 1825 by Michel Bibaud. It was a well-selected historical, literary and scientific miscellany. It appeared up to 1830, completing in all nine volumes, which are to this day still consulted. In 1830-1 Mr. Bibaud published *L'Observateur*, making two volumes similar to those just referred to and followed this in 1832 with two volumes of the *Magasin du Bas-Canada*.

Five or six ephemeral productions devoted to literature next saw the light at Quebec and Montreal between 1833 to 1838. *Le Coin du Feu*, issued at Quebec from 1839 to 1841, had merit. All these publications drew principally on European contemporaries.

From 1845 to 1847, the *Revue Canadienne*, Montreal, furnished three inter-

esting volumes, and two other volumes under the title of the *Album*. *La Ruche Littéraire*, 1853-59, was warmly welcomed by readers generally, and did something towards developing the latent literary tendencies of the people. At the same time the *Canadien*, *Courrier du Canada*, the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique* lifted themselves above the limitations of the ordinary newspaper press by opening their columns to other productions than political articles and the news of the day. The *Echo du Cabinet de Lecture* should also be mentioned.



M. BIBAUD  
Magazine editor and poet  
Photo by Notman

\*That Mr. Sulte is here writing in what is to him a foreign language, accounts for the peculiarity of his style.



F. X. GARNEAU  
Historian

*From an engraving*



HON. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU  
Novelist

*Photo by Livernois*

It made fifteen volumes well got up, and covering a wide variety of subjects. It was in its pages I published my first verses. *Le Répertoire National* in four volumes, published in 1848, was a collection of all the best that the French Canadians had produced up to this time, and saved from oblivion much of the earliest works of writers for the most part unknown to the general reader of to-day, and whose names were not in all cases appended to their productions.

From 1850 to 1860, the literary element began to come to the front. We find with increasing frequency the names of Chauveau, Parent, Ferland, Taché, Crémazie, Fabre, Stevens, Langevin, Provencher, Le Moine, Faillon, Chevalier, all of whom produced works that live. This period shows that a start had been made in the direction of study. The newspapers, reflecting the impulse, gave publicity to numerous literary compositions, doing their full share towards the formation of public taste. The language in common use had for a century previously made but little progress. The soaring young plumes of French-Canadian writers were loaded, as it were, with lead. Literature, it may well be said, had to stammer through its babbling infancy to the bold, clear enunciation of riper years. There had been long days of battle for political liberty,

the one essential on which men's minds were fixed. Our predecessors had neither time nor inclination to polish their phrases or to search for the appropriate term. It was different after 1850. The vital questions of public order had been settled, the restless spirit that agitation had aroused was calmed, and there was leisure to reflect, to weigh one's words, to dream of cultivating a better style in writing as in other things. The ancient tongue of the 17th century, the basis of the language spoken by the French Canadians was no longer used by writers without an attempt to improve upon it, except in moments of carelessness or forgetfulness. It was felt the time had arrived for a change, for an infusion of the new ideas that the literary revolution or reform had given to France in 1830.

It was then that a dozen of the most gifted and most courageous writers settled down in earnest to the serious cultivation of the belles-lettres with a view of founding a French-Canadian literature. Their names are mentioned above. They succeeded. It is remarkable with what enthusiasm their efforts were recognised by the public. In less than ten years under the better conditions already explained, not only was the language improved but a number of subjects of study which never before had



L'ABBÉ J. B. A. FERLAND  
Professor and Historian  
*From an engraving*



PHILIPPE AUBERT DE GASPÉ  
Author of "Anciens Canadiens"  
*From an engraving*

been approached, were attacked and dealt with to the profound satisfaction of the reading public. I must say that reading has always been a passion among the French Canadians since the introduction of the printing press. From this it follows that the authors doing better and better, the mass of the readers manifested their admiration and an ever growing interest in those who instructed and amused them.

Admiration! It was the highest reward of our amateur writers. None of them thought of asking payment in mere money for their manuscripts. They worked for country, glory and their own personal satisfaction.

For truth to tell, the foolish fellows say, It amuses one to write, without a thought of pay.

These men formed a phalanx, or more correctly speaking, a little band whose names are known to all. Thenceforth the political chiefs of Lower Canada were not the only objects of admiration or popularity. The world of letters had its renowned, and the rising generation was stirred with aspirations to share in the new field of glory.

As to these "Ancients" on whom men's eyes were fixed in 1860, at the dawn of a period of ten years more conspicuous than any in the annals of French-Can-

dian literature, I wish to introduce them to the present readers:

Pierre J. O. Chauveau—The most amiable of the men of his time, careful alike in his person and in his style, the friend of every intelligent student; convinced that we possessed within ourselves the elements of a sound literature.

Etienne Parent—Journalist, powerful, philosopher, of a rude exterior, preparing in his moments of meditation words that struck like balls from a cannon. An excellent counsellor.

The Abbé Ferland—As good as gold. A worker in the realms of history, an accomplished professor.

J. C. Taché—A patriot above all. A savant, sarcastic, launching phrases like a cricket ball, just to all, sparing neither friend nor enemy.

Octave Cr  azie—A poet lost in commerce. A great reader, proud of his race, throwing out ideas of all kinds as they came to him.

Paul Stevens—Professor, a composer of exquisite fables and gems of prose that the newspapers reproduced everywhere.

Hector L. Langevin—Journalist, serious, a man of affairs, clear sighted, with the portfolio of a minister afterwards.

Hector Fabre—A man of most delicate taste, full of spirit, gifted with a marvellous facility of expression and a master of fine ridicule.



L'ABBÉ FAILLON  
*From a lithograph*



SIR HECTOR L. LANGEVIN  
*Photo by Jarvis*

The Abbé Provencher—Learned in ornithology, a pioneer in this class of study in Canada.

J. M. LeMoine—A student of the old families of Quebec, who brought back to the world a host of forgotten personages.

The Abbé Faillon—Immersed in the mysteries of early days in the colony; an historian of mark, clear in his language, rich in knowledge.

Emile Chevalier—A producer of superb romances wrought out of the pages of our history, that deeply move his readers.

Such was the band of the guest chamber. And there was Garneau who made remarkable books, but who wrote nothing in the reviews or newspapers to attract the constant attention of the public. It is true that Faillon and Ferland come in a sense under a somewhat similar category, but these two being professors, exercised an influence almost like that of leading journalists and public writers.

To-day Le Moine, Langevin, Fabre are all of these twelve apostles of letters that are left.

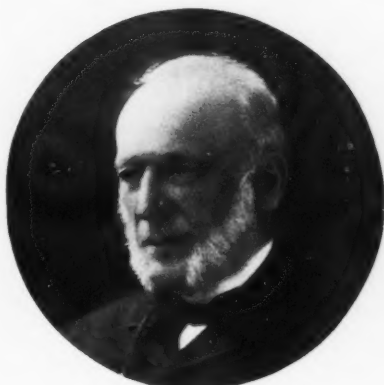
It is admitted that the most flourishing period for the writers of the French language in the province of Quebec was between the years 1860 and 1870. It made an epoch noticeable in divers branches of serious studies, among which

history takes the first place, followed by biography, monography, poetry and romance. Public lectures and light literature became fashionable. Nor must we forget the works on law, philology, education, agriculture, colonisation, the sciences generally, voyages and the theatre—forming a not inconsiderable library.

Transient poetry, already much in favour since 1840, became animated with fresh life in the ten years' period, and interest in this class of literary productions has gone on increasing ever since.

Books were not numerous before 1860. The only volumes that can be recalled are those of Michel Bibaud, a volume of verse, 1830; *Histoire du Canada*, 1837; J. F. Perrault, *Histoire du Canada*, 1833; F. X. Garneau, *Histoire du Canada*, 1845; P. J. O. Chauveau, *Charles Guérin*, romance, 1852; Et. Parent, *Conférences*. Other writings are contained in the Reviews above enumerated and in the *Répertoire National*.

But after 1860 books commenced to make their appearance more frequently; the reviews became more important; young contributors to the press in all parts of the province offered an abundance of matter, better thought out and more correctly written as a rule than the work of former days. A ripple of inspiration passed over the country awakening a general desire to read. At inter-



SIR JAMES LE MOINE  
Photo by Notman



LOUIS FRÉCHETTE, C.M.G.  
Photo by Query Freres

vals of every month or two a new writer would be revealed, and this would stimulate the ardour of the others. There were daily discussions on the latest articles or the newest books. It was a new era, one of thoughts and developments unknown to our fathers, full of hopes of success that were for the most part realised, without however, a corresponding financial reward. We worked for the honour and the pleasure of it.

And we all knew each other. A community of taste brought us together in a circle of intimacy. Here are some of us whose names I write from memory, omitting some I do not at the moment recall: Bédard, Bellefeuille, Bibaud, jr.; Bois, Boucher, Boucherville, Bourassa, Buies, Casgrain, Cuq, Daniel, Darveau, Drapau, Dunn, Faucher, Fiset, Fréchette, Gagnon, Gérin-Lajoie, Gélinas, Genand, Gingras, Labelle, Larue, Laverdière, Leclerc, Legendre, Lemay, Marchand, Marmette, Montigny, Maurault, Pilote, Provencher, Prudhomme, Renault, Royal, Tanguay, Tassé, Trudel, Turcotte. Of this number nine are still living.

Let us glance at the reviews. In 1861 the *Soirées Canadiennes* appeared at Quebec. This was an event, and the five volumes composing the series ending in 1865 still furnish reading matter for those who take an interest in intellectual compilation of this character. *Le Foyer Canadien* was published from 1863

to 1866 with equally satisfactory results as regards the publications themselves, but these two precious enterprises owing to misfortunes connected with the business management had to be discontinued, notwithstanding the encouragement extended to them by the reading public. The first number of the second *Revue Canadienne* was launched at Montreal in 1864, and has this year, 1905, reached its fiftieth volume, retaining throughout the artistic form and make-up adopted for its first appearance. It deals with history, the belles-lettres, philosophy, esthetics, religion, the arts, and gives a summary of general events around the world. *L'Opinion Publique* from 1870 to 1883 was a literary and scientific review of large size under a title which gave it the colour of a party publication. The illustrations were costly and noticeably good.

A list of French-Canadian books and publications up to the present time includes more than fifteen hundred volumes and pamphlets, without counting productions of less interest or outside of literature. A large proportion of these books have been turned out in excellent style, some being notable examples of artistic taste and elegance, and nearly all showing as a rule the evidences of care in their production. The editions rarely exceed a thousand copies, and are so quickly sold as rarely to be found in a



N. E. DIONNE

Librarian Legislative Assembly, Quebec, and author of several Historical works

book store long after being placed on the shelves.

To return to the discussion of the character of French-Canadian literature, I may say that it is first of all devoted to the history of Canada and to poetry. The latter class of literature has numerous adepts, but the productions of France in this line are beyond our rivalry. The art of speaking well in verse is not yet ours, and the thoughts that find most fitting expressions in this branch of literature seem to fall short with us of the excellence attained in older countries, for lack of leisure to study. With us, though talent abounds, means for indulging poetic tendencies are often slender.

In prose we have among our French Canadians many capable of giving their best to the world in terms of refinement and vivacity, with clearness of expression; but there is still a certain restraint in our vocabulary compared with the same class of productions in France. Nevertheless, prose is the language of history, and inasmuch as all our best efforts tend towards this class of work, it follows that among the French Canadians history eclipses all other literary pursuits. The impossibility of borrowing from France in this connection necessitates our historians, more than those in

other branches, depending on themselves, so they have a freshness and originality in this department not so frequently found in others. France knows little or nothing of Canadian history, does not study it, and never speaks of it. Happily, therefore, it is that we are thrown back on our own efforts to deal with new questions in new forms as the necessity arises. It is in the realm of history that we are worth something, whilst our poetry is as a *pistachio* when compared with that of France, or as some would say, a piece of Gobelin's tapestry seen on the wrong side.

As to criticism, it does not exist, for one cannot designate by that term the eulogies dictated by comradeship or attacks inspired by factions.

Eh bien! It is in this world or this limited circle that we live, talking, writing, doing our part as the days roll on to such evening hours of leisure as heaven vouchsafes, and not in any other. All our French-Canadian writers who indulge in literary works have to earn their daily bread here by vulgar labour, not one draws dividends or rents or a cent in money from his labours with the pen, with certain exceptions that confirm the rule.

For forty years there has been little or no change in the state of affairs above outlined beyond the gradual improvement in style, and the increase of the number of writers as the population of the country grows. My dearest recollections are centered around 1860 and 1870, the period of my entrance into dif-



PREMIER MARCHAND

ferent spheres of literary efforts, and that of so many others whose appearance in the career of letters at the same time was the cause of so much surprise and expectations among the reading public.

We were full of life, of great projects, rich in illusions and armed with courage. The Ancients still in the breach stimulated us with their example and their counsel. "The future, the future! It is ours!" The future was but an eternal present. Three-fourths of my colleagues are gone, the few who remain do not look at the present and the future in quite the same light as they did forty years ago. Yet, I never think of those days without a thrill of joy. I feel for the moment once more the emotions with which we were filled by the evidences of public approval, and the sympathetic reception accorded to each of our works as they left our hands. Fréchette published his first volume in 1863, and it was received with a concert of praise and national pride. Poetry henceforth was to be the flower of Canadian genius. The prose writers rejoiced too, without the faintest touch of jealousy. The triumph of any one of us was regarded as a family success. How far away now seem those sunny hours of youth devoted to friendship and the reciprocal exchange of confidences founded on our literary ambitions! Others to-day are probably in much the same position, but they arrived on the scene long after us. It seems to me now there must be something of the patriarch in me, for our group was its own ancestor. To us the future presented a radiant picture of hope and expectations. The contemplation of the past is like an enchanting dream growing more and more intense as the years



SENATOR L. O. DAVID  
Litterateur and publicist

*From an early photo*

go by. I see again my articles in the *Echo*, the *Journal*, the *Soirées*, the *Foyer*, the *Revue Canadienne* of forty years ago, and the vision conjures up around me the familiar faces and forms of those who have disappeared, the companions of my labours, my reveries and the conceptions destined to reform or remodel the world after our own ideas and our likeness.

In those early years we were unable to foresee how circumstances would modify our projects and the work each one of us would have to face. Now that all is done, now that each star has traced its orbit, and I remain one of the last in the field, I look back with gratitude to the abundant harvest that has sprung up from the seeds that we helped to sow.



# "And What Good Came of it at Last?"

Quoth Little Peterkin

By ROBERT BARR, Editor of "The Idler"

In the August *Idler*, Mr. Barr ventures to forecast the future of the United States, Canada and Great Britain. He predicts that the people of the United States will rise in their might and banish the millionaire-robbers that fatten upon the public, will take over the control of the railways from private interests, and release themselves from their present slavery. His remarks on Canada and Great Britain are reproduced here by kind permission of the author.

## THE FUTURE OF CANADA



AM old enough to remember the thrill of fear that ran through Canada when the United States abolished the Reciprocity Treaty. This was in 1866. The treaty had lasted eleven years and two months. Goods had passed freely between Canada and the United States, and the provinces had come to look across their southern border towards their great neighbour as the friend in need between whom and themselves profitable traffic would grow, and indeed was growing, when suddenly the United States annulled the treaty. Canada felt like a small boat in mid-ocean that had been attached by a line to a stately sailing ship. Without warning this line was cut. To Canada the abrogation of the treaty seemed an almost irremediable disaster. It was, in fact, one of the best things that ever happened, and on the part of the United States was perhaps the most gigantic mistake a big nation ever made.

A little more than a year after the commercial cord was severed, the separate provinces united and formed themselves into a Dominion, resolving to string themselves together with a railway from ocean to ocean. Four years after first Dominion Day, the surveys for the Canadian Pacific began. Now the Canadian Pacific has its own steamship line running from Liverpool to Quebec and Montreal; its own line of rails crossing the continent from Quebec and Montreal to Vancouver; and its own steamship line running from Vancouver to China and Japan.

The Briton who reads the history of Canada will find little in it to make him proud

of his country. He will learn that up to the year 1837 Britain bestowed upon Canada the vilest government in the world, which resulted in armed rebellion, promptly put down in bloodshed by the Redcoats. He will learn that if Canada is still a portion of the British Empire, it is not through any tact or kindness on the part of England, but simply because another country was producing a stupider set of politicians than those of Great Britain. This second country was the United States.

In spite of the fact that fifty thousand Canadians fought for the United States through the War of the Rebellion, as soon as that rebellion was closed, the new Republican Government set out to make things uncomfortable for Canada. Two weeks, or thereabouts, after it abrogated the Reciprocity Treaty, it allowed its ex-soldiers, under the guise of Fenians, to invade Canada. These veterans were promptly thrashed out of their boots by the Canadians themselves, while the slow-moving columns of the regular British army were twenty miles away. From then on almost until the present day, the politicians of the United States have been passing irritating laws with slight intervals of decency between elections, when the Irish vote did not need to be propitiated. Then Canada slow to anger, got into the habit of passing similar laws on the northern side of the border, which caused one interest after another in the United States to howl with pain. Quite recently there has been an agitation in the States for the re-enactment of the Reciprocity Treaty, but Canada is not listening. Nevertheless there were many people in Canada who still believed that Canadian interests lay in

closer relation with their southern neighbour. There arose throughout the land organisations which advocated annexation with the United States; others, not prepared to go quite so far as that, and yet disgusted with the indifference and general superior attitude of Britain and the British, formed independence clubs; then still others, and this the greatest number, formed a "Canada First" Party, which would retain the British Connection in somewhat lukewarm condition, but tax the products of Great Britain just the same as they taxed those of the United States. This condition of things showed that there was no danger of anyone dying of excessive loyalty to the Old Country.

If the United States had at that time possessed a single great politician with brains in his head, he might have widened the growing split which the iceberg statesmanship of Great Britain had produced. But what actually happened? A stout gentleman, for whom I had cheered myself hoarse because he was a free-trader and a democrat, had been elected President of the United States. His name was, and is, Grover Cleveland, and if Britain affords room for any gratitude in her soul, she will erect a monument to Grover Cleveland in Parliament Square, even though, in every sense of the word, the statue will require a great deal of brass. Grover Cleveland flung his Venezuela challenge straight in the face of Great Britain, and Great Britain received the blow with that Christian resignation and mildness which we all very much admire when we have had several years to think over it.

I shall never forget the night of the explosion. With the late Harold Frederic I went to the huge smoking-room of the National Liberal Club. Frederic's anxiety was that, being an American citizen, he would be ordered out of the country, and he didn't wish to leave. It never occurred to him that England was going to take it lying down. The smoking-room was seething with excitement. A certain section of the Parliamentary party could not conceal their jubilation over the fact that Britain and the United States would shortly be at war over a question that none of them knew anything about, being as ignorant about Venezuela as was President

Cleveland himself. But next morning—oh, what a surprise! Of all people on earth that Great Britain dearly loved, according to the newspapers of this country, these were Grover Cleveland and his fire-eating brethren. And, indeed, it was a great blessing that the British Press and public men took it that way, because each country was ludicrously unprepared for war, as was shown later by America's contest with Spain and Britain's fight in South Africa.

The whole piece of idiocy ended in a joke, as was right and proper. City men cabled over to New York, alluding to the recent boat race:

"Will you keep your steamships out of the way if we send over our Fleet?"

The excitement speedily died down in a laugh, and all was well once more.

But this incident, begun so jauntily by the United States, and accepted so humbly by Great Britain, produced a very different effect in Canada than on either of those supposedly great nations. A wave of red-hot indignation swept the Dominion from Vancouver to Halifax, burning up all independence and annexation clubs, as a prairie fire licks up dry stubble. It will take a good deal of stupidity on the part of the Old Country to set back the clock to where it stood on the night before Cleveland's message.

To turn from the past to the future, and resume my task of prophecy, I venture to predict, when the Russo-Japanese war is ended, the trade of the world will take a lilt to one side. Heretofore the great traffic has been between Western Europe and Eastern America. The grandest steamships of the past have ploughed the Atlantic Ocean. After the war the bulk of the trade will be between Western America and Eastern Asia. The luxurious liners of the future will plough the Pacific. Canada is directly on the highway of the new traffic.

Her cities in the West will increase immensely in size. She is already preparing for the great destiny that awaits her. The Grand Trunk Pacific now under way will parallel the Canadian Pacific on an average of two or three hundred miles north of it. Its eastern terminus is Moncton, and its western Port Simpson, which is, roughly speaking, four hundred miles north of Van-

couver, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific. The new line will have practically three ice-free ports on the Atlantic, and of course there is no trouble with ice at the western end. The line will be three thousand five hundred miles long, and is expected to cost twenty-five million pounds. It will shorten the route between England and Japan and China several hundred miles. When it is remembered that Canada has spent, in improving her waterways, eighteen million pounds, and on her former railways twenty-five million pounds, it will be seen that she is prepared very fairly for the coming movement in freight.

But Canada is not merely to be the highway of the nations, although her two routes, present and forthcoming, are the shortest paths around the world. This new road will run through millions of acres of the finest wheat land that exists, lands capable of producing bread in sufficient quantity to fill every hungry mouth in the Empire. Either the wheat or the traffic would make Canada one of the most prosperous countries in the world, but I now come to an asset that is probably more valuable than both put together.

Those who wish to see England remain as she is may be surprised to learn that her fate depends, not on foreign nations, but on Canada. Canada will be her great competitor in manufacture, and the roaring waterfalls of the Dominion are to-day chanting the doom of the Black Country. Years ago I took a canoe and two Indians, ascended the St. Maurice River, and visited the Shawenegan Falls. The other day a company was floated in London for the further utilisation of this power. When I went up there in the birch-bark canoe, the surroundings were wild in the extreme, an unbroken pine forest on every side, and these falls, higher than Niagara, and much more picturesque, came tearing down a slope instead of falling perpendicularly like water over a mill dam, as is the case with Niagara. To-day there is a manufacturing town where the forest stood, and thirty thousand horse-power has already been developed from this cataract. At the Sault Ste. Marie, a hundred and twenty-five thousand horse-power is now working. Rat Portage, a hundred miles east of Win-

nipeg, supplies thirty thousand horse-power, which will light that city and run its street cars, as well as factory wheels.

When the Canadian works at Niagara are complete, four hundred and twenty-five thousand horse-power will be available. Within a radius of fifty miles from Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, one million horse-power is running to waste. In the St. Lawrence valley alone the Canadian Government states that ten million horse-power is at present unused, but Mr. Archer Baker, who knows the ground probably better than any official of Canada, gives it as his opinion that the available power is nearer a hundred million than ten. The Lachine Rapids lights Montreal, and drives its street railways, as well as many of the factories. The city also receives power from the Shawenegan. Quebec is lit by the Falls of Montmorency. It is stated that there is enough water power in Canada to run every machine at present working in the world.

Now, as Canada lies on the great pathway of commerce, as she possesses all the minerals and metals that mankind uses, as she has this unlimited power at no cost except putting up the turbines, how can any nation using coal compete with her? I therefore predict that Canada will become the chief manufacturing nation of the world, as well as the chief wheat-producing nation, and will therefore be in time the most prosperous of all countries.



#### THE FUTURE OF BRITAIN

WHEN one looks at the little pin-head of red on the map of the world which represents the British Isles, one must stand in amazement at the thought of what the people on this crimson dot have done for mankind. Practically they have scattered liberty and freedom over all the earth. Nothing in ancient or modern times can equal their achievement. This midjet among nations has fought with military giants, and conquered them. Alone she has held the seas for a hundred years, and for a thousand years her flag has braved the battle and the breeze, as the patriotic song has it. She has carried

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civilisation to every corner of the earth. What, then, has this century in store for Great Britain?

It seems to me that the end of the Russo-Japanese war will leave Britain in a sort of backwater, like one of her own islets up the Thames. For a while, at least, she will still hold the bulk of the world's carrying trade, and the chances are that her people, not being so slow as other nations pretend, may quickly adjust themselves to the new conditions, and still keep afloat the greatest number of ships that sail the sea. But whatever happens to her sea power, her factories are doomed. Black coal cannot compete with white coal as the Swiss call their waterfalls. One by one her factories will close, and the industrial districts will become a desert, perhaps a little less ugly than they are now. It may be that she will realise the possibilities of Canada, and take advantage of them before the people of the United States do, but that is rather an unlikely anticipation. So far as the wonderful wheat fields are concerned, citizens of the United States are pouring across the border in double the annual number that comes from Great Britain.

American money is flowing across the border in even greater proportion than men. During the year 1904 nearly four pounds of American money was invested in Canadian securities to every pound invested by Britain. The new Grand Trunk Pacific bonds are held in the United States. It is significant of the prosperity of Canada that her own citizens invested in Canadian securities last year more than three times as much as America ventured, and within a fraction of ten times as much as was obtained from Britain. The exact figures in dollars are: Canada, \$25,000,000; America, \$8,300,000; Britain, \$2,600,000. These amounts are vouched for by the Montreal correspondent of *The Times*.

I expect, as time goes on, perhaps fifty years from now, perhaps seventy-five,

maybe a hundred, the Colonies will unite and purchase Great Britain. They will tear down the ruined factories, and turf the blackened fields. They will plant trees, and once more we shall see limpid streams flow through the Midlands—streams such as Ruskin dreamed of. England will be formed into one vast park, with all its fine old historical buildings carefully preserved. No one man will say he owns Stonehenge after that. London will be left pretty much as it is, except that all the slums will be removed, and beautiful houses will take their place, or perhaps gardens, parks, and lawns. Britain will then be the meeting-place of the whole Anglo-Saxon race. Its cities will all become garden cities. The tired men from India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, will congregate here as at a great outdoor and indoor club. It will become the sanatorium of the British race, and as its cities will possess the best music, the best theatres, the finest music halls, the most complete museums, the most efficient educational establishments, the whole country will simply be a place of delight, recreation, and education, and so it will become the pleasure garden of the world, all nationalities being welcome. It will not be socialistic, like the United States, but it will watch that experiment with enlightened interest. There will be no poor, and the former unemployed will be working in Canadian factories by electric machines, in air untainted by coal smoke. King, Court and nobility will remain, of course, but I am not so sure about the two Houses of Parliament. The House of Commons and the House of Lords may be retained under the head of amusements, or perhaps a central Parliament, with representatives from all parts of the Empire, may be convened.

Thus do I wind up my predictions, happy in the fact that I have so delightful a future to bestow upon this deserving old island.





SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

*Photo by Fellows Wilson, London*

## Canadian Celebrities

NO. 65—SIR GILBERT PARKER



COMPARATIVELY few of the large number of Canada's sons who have gone abroad have found their way to England. The United States, until recently, was much nearer; the social and industrial organisation of that country is akin to that of Canada, while that of Great Britain is in considerable contrast; every man who went to the United States was taken at face value and given a trial and an opportunity, while in England there has never been a dearth of workers in any of the callings or professions. Further there has always been a distinct demand in the United States for

college-bred Canadians; in fact, the chief business of most of our colleges and hospitals is to supply thoroughly educated accountants, dentists, nurses, doctors, writers, preachers and college professors for the United States. Canada has spent as much money in this work as would have built a new transcontinental railway, to say nothing of the twenty-five or fifty thousand of her cleverest young men whom she has so presented to the great Republic.

Of the few Canadians who have gone to England and there faced the struggle in a highly populated and thoroughly educated community, none has been

more successful than Sir Gilbert Parker. When he landed there sixteen years ago, he was without literary friends. He had but one letter of introduction, and that was not presented until two or three years afterwards; when it was forwarded, the famous literary man to whom it was addressed chose to ignore it. There were none to whom he could go for friendship, save some military friends of his father who had been a non-commissioned officer in the Royal Artillery and afterwards a captain in the Canadian militia.

It is necessary in writing a sketch of Sir Gilbert's career to dwell on this point. It has been said that his marvellous success is due to extraneous aid and favourable circumstances. Nothing could be further from the facts. In 1889, to be a Canadian was no asset in the London literary market, and it was there that he made his first success. Still he was not a poverty-stricken youth. When he left Canada for Australia four years earlier, he was indeed broken in both pocket and health. His success there had made a great difference. As associate editor of the Sydney *Morning Herald* and as a successful playwright, he had earned nearly \$40,000. So he was in a position to wait for a hearing.

He established himself in a little village in Hertfordshire and began to send his MSS. to the London editors. They were taken on their merits. In 1891 he published a book of travel, *Round the Compass in Australia*—so that his first success, and it did succeed, was not with a Canadian volume. The next year he issued *Pierre and His People* and *The Chief Factor*. England liked the former the United States absorbed one hundred thousand of the latter. When *Valmond Came to Pontiac*, a year or two later, brought him the unreserved praise of the critics and made his position as a literary man secure. *The Seats of the Mighty* followed, and was even more successful than *Valmond*. His greatest success is *The Right of Way* (1901), which ran through the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Good Words*, and which has since sold to the extent of four hundred thousand copies. From the purely financial side, there are probably less than a dozen more successful authors in the same period

Sir Gilbert's literary work has done more than bring him wealth. It has made him one of the "leading" Canadians, it has brought him the respect and friendship of the greatest literary men and scholars in Great Britain, and it has won for him a Knighthood at the hands of the Sovereign of the British Dominions over Seas. This seems a great deal to win in twenty years without introduction in a country where family connection and social influence are exceptionally potent.

The time came in Sir Gilbert's career when he decided to be more than a successful novelist. Just what events and circumstances led up to that decision can only be guessed at. The Empire was displacing Great Britain. The Jubilee of 1897 saw London thronged with colonial representatives and marked a new era in the significance of that word "Colonial." Who was to speak for this great body of colonials in the broadening councils of the Empire? The British statesmen, with their lack of knowledge of the distant parts of the Empire, would be able to do it but imperfectly. The official colonial representatives in London would be hampered by their official positions and were debarred from the House of Commons. Why should he not take up a share of this glorious work, he who was born in Canada and who had lived four years in Australia?

Again Sir Gilbert is frankly ambitious. He underestimates neither his own talents nor his ability to undertake great tasks. In Australia he worked sixteen hours a day. If he undertook to enter British politics, it would mean a great strain upon his physical energy. No doubt he considered this in all its bearings.

He began to take a greater part in public affairs and in 1900 was offered a nomination in the Conservative interest in Gravesend. He accepted, was elected, and entered upon a parliamentary career. Since then he has been an unofficial spokesman for the colonies. He spent last year studying South African affairs and visited for some months in that part of the Empire. He is Chairman of the South African Association, having succeeded the present Colonial Secretary, upon the latter's appointment to a Cabinet position.



SIR GILBERT PARKER  
Photo by Maull & Fox, London

He is known as one of the best speakers and hardest workers in the House.

Sir Gilbert is a great economiser of time. He utilises every moment. His first hour in the morning is devoted to his correspondence. Then he rides for a half-hour in the Row—his London house being but a short distance from the Mall and Hyde Park. Then for two hours he closets himself in his study. After luncheon, he goes to the House, where he remains until it rises about seven-thirty. After dinner he returns to the House, where he remains until after midnight. His week-ends are spent in the country, where his writing is done. He has almost

no leisure, for he enjoys his work. By intense regularity and close application, he manages to keep up his parliamentary work and still to find time for the necessary study and writing. In his vacations he has visited Canada, the United States, Egypt and South Africa. His next novel will deal with Egyptian life.

Of the quality of Sir Gilbert's literary work there is little necessity of speaking in a short biographical sketch. He has proven himself an apt story-teller. His art has been a development. His books show that. The earlier stories are strong, but *Pierre and His People* and *The Chief Factor* cannot compare for dramatic quality with *Valmond*, *The Seats of the Mighty* or *The Right of Way*. His characters have grown in reality, in personality. He has essayed mightier themes, more pretentious dramas. The life in which Pierre lived was full of great contrasts and it was comparatively easy to make a vivid story out of such material. In the older parts of Canada, the contrasts were less vivid and required more of the man who attempted to portray the life there. In psychological analysis, however, Sir Gilbert is now a master. Perhaps he is not the equal of some of the great French novelists, but he stands well to the front among English writers, many of whom confine themselves mainly to a study of action. His style is musical and elevated, and no one may read his later books without feeling that here is one who has thoroughly mastered the use of words and the construction of sentences.

It is not necessary to say that Sir Gilbert Parker is a genius or that he was born with exceptional endowments. His natural gifts are great and he has never wasted them. He has built up his knowledge with many years of close study and ardent observation. He has to a considerable extent wrung success from adverse circumstances, simply by persistency, common-sense and great personal effort. He has not been carried up the ladder, he has climbed.

# Migration Not Emigration

By BECKLES WILLSON

"Canadians had grown so steadfastly into the belief that they were part and parcel of the British Empire that no Canadian would now tamely submit to be called a 'colonial.'"

—Hon. J. P. Whitney.



NOTHING has struck me more in reading the old ballads than to find how poignant was the emotion of a north countryman compelled to make his home and seek his livelihood in one of the southern English counties. To a Canadian of to-day who has to stretch the fibres of his heart so as to cover three million square miles of his "ain countree" alone, it is almost incomprehensible that it should ever have mattered to the dwellers in a little island like Britain whether he lived in this county or that, so long as he had his immediate family about him.

I am going amongst strangers, lad,  
Into the far south countree.

The world has always witnessed interracial and international migration. Whenever social, industrial, or political conditions pressed unduly on a people or tribe, the tendency has always been to evade such conditions by exodus. If this tendency was not invariably followed it was because of the ties of nationality—the love of country. It gave and still gives the citizen a shock to be severed from those of his own speech, customs, flag and fealty. So in the olden days, when the sympathies of the common people were narrowed, a Shropshire man passing into Essex felt many of the moral discomforts of expatriation.

But the world expands—nations magnify, and withal comes an expansion of sentiment and a corresponding capacity for sympathy. Patriotism is just as keen although it covers a vaster area. There are even some zealous spirits amongst us here and there in Canada and England, whose bosoms respond to whatever affects the honour and glory and welfare, not merely of Canada or England, but of the whole of this Empire; whose hearts and hands go out to the Briton of from whatever corner of the fabric he may hail,

while denying the same cordiality to Frenchmen, Germans and Russians, men of alien speech and laws, king and flag. And I am led with others to believe that this unity, this solidarity of patriotic sentiment is growing. That love of country which a few centuries ago was restricted to a small area around a man's fireside and led him to contemplate with misgiving the launching out amongst wild Lancastrians or eerie Kentishmen, will now cheerfully abide with him as he packs up home and chattels and moves off into Queensland, Rhodesia or Saskatchewan. There are no "colonies" any more; but nations and districts within the Empire and under the flag.

And this brings me to my first point. Why is it we use the word "Emigration"? A man only emigrates when he leaves his country; a Cornishman merely migrates when he departs into Essex; a Scotchman or an Englishman merely migrates when he passes over into Ontario. Nothing to my mind evinces more clearly how blind is popular sentiment and public opinion in Imperial matters than that this word should have been so long tolerated. But far worse than the word is the official habit of mind towards the thing itself. If there is one subject which should be regarded by Government as a science, as a grave problem affecting the welfare of the people to which it should apply its most earnest consideration, it is this problem of residential redistribution within the Empire. To read the English historians you would think that the mother country has always been proud of her colonies, interested in their growth and prosperity. Yet, as far as my reading carries me, there has never been a time when a British Government officially facilitated a wholesome diminution of the home population for the benefit of the colonies. What official steps have ever been taken to stem the current of

emigration to America—to divert that stream so that instead of becoming a weakness to the Empire, it should be a strength and an asset?

The rulers of England have looked on for over a century—ever since the grants in aid of the Loyalists—with folded arms, while thousands upon thousands of Britons emigrated when they should have migrated. True, at a time when the now obsolete practice of blood-letting was in vogue amongst surgeons, a vein was occasionally let in the body politic and a shipload of bad blood went off to the colonies; but the clandestine depletion of other and healthier veins continued, serving to strengthen an alien rather than to invigorate the remote members of the same body. Laws were perpetually made to cope with the problem of congestion and all the time the poor-rate in Britain rose steadily.

I will put it in another way. We in Canada in practice alone amongst the peoples of the earth regard population as a commodity. If you talk to any statesman at Ottawa, or any of the Provincial capitals, he will tell you grandly that what Canada wants is population. Question him specifically and he will tell you that it wants British population. Thousands of dollars are spent monthly by Government in an endeavour to purchase this commodity, because it means increased development, increased consuming power, increased wealth for our country. But these efforts of ours can never attain complete success until we can secure the co-operation of the one section of the Empire where population is cheap and which can afford to export it. As long as Britain regards the residential redistribution of British people with apathy, or as a matter for private philanthropists and social enthusiasts, so long must the Empire suffer an irregular drain of good blood, while congestion affects the heart and centre. Surely it should not be beyond the capacity of some Imperial statesman to systematise what has been so long left to chance and sporadic effort.

Roughly, out of Britain's forty millions there are at least five millions who would be bettered, physically, socially, and materially by migration to Canada. Accord-

ing to Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman the five should be raised to twelve—that twelve millions on the verge of hunger. But let us take all considerations into account and say that there are two millions of Britons whom it would be desirable for Canada to have and for Britain to lose, under present industrial and economic conditions. The body politic—the British Empire—can never be truly healthy until the plethora of one part and the anæmia of another part are corrected by a more equal diffusion of the population. The reason the initial steps towards Government direction might properly come from Canada is that with us immigration is a matter of practical politics—in England it is left to the agents of the colonies—Dr. Barnardo and the Salvation Army. Now is the time when Sir Wilfrid Laurier should propose to the British Government a simple plan whereby the ends both countries seek—or ought to seek—could be compassed. I have elsewhere suggested that an Anglo-Canadian agricultural settlement fund of one million sterling to provide a small capital for settlers, the bonds to be guaranteed by both Governments, could be raised within twenty-four hours in London. Capital, as the Canadian Emigration Commissioner will tell you, is the one great drawback now to migration on the other side of the water. If an honest, industrious British migrant could receive in addition to his parcel of land, and the transportation of himself and his family, the loan of a few hundred dollars for the purchase of tools and equipment at a fair rate of interest, such loan to be protected by mortgage upon his property, not only the Northwest but New Ontario, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick would speedily fill up with settlers. If this were done the old cry "I would go to Canada gladly and work hard if I only had the money to start" would no longer be heard. A few years ago I submitted on behalf of Mr. Preston the above plan to some of the leading statesmen in England, amongst them many members of the party now anticipating power, such as Lord Rosebery, Mr. Morley, Mr. Haldane and Sir Charles Dilke, and its principle was warmly endorsed. As both land and implements would be mortgaged there would be no risk. There would be a



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profit on the interest for the three or seven year term; and on the whole it seems to me to offer the best solution of how to get the best people and to solve, partially at least, for Great Britain the problem of congestion.

Migration is a source of strength to the Empire: emigration inevitably weakens it. Let England and Canada therefore tackle this question of Imperial residential redistribution in whole-hearted fashion. Let them co-operate.

## Weep, Poor Will

An International Love Story

By LOUIS FRECHETTE, C.M.G.

I



BEAUTIFUL summer evening, calm and solemn.

The sun had just disappeared in the crimson west, and the last fugitive glimmering of the dawn projected long trails of shadow behind the trees of Union Park—a cosy and gentle retreat of Chicago before the disastrous fire of 1871 had reduced to ashes the forty thousand buildings which formed at that time almost the whole of the Queen of the Lakes—the Garden City. The moon slowly ascended to the opposite side of the sky, blending her opalescent paleness with the rosy glow of the waning sunset, which faded gradually in the tranquil serenity of the falling night. Not a breath of wind stirred the foliage, nor disturbed the darkening surface of the ponds.

In front of one of these, on one of the benches beside an alley bordered with leafy acacia trees, a young couple—to all appearance lovers—were talking.

The young lady, in a tone of voice which prepossessed at once in her favour, said to her companion:

"Why are you so sad, my dear doctor? See how nature is beautiful and smiling. It is not right to yield to gloomy thoughts when God offers such a spectacle to our eyes."

"Why am I sad?" retorted the young man. "Can *you* ask me that, Mary? when you so well know the cause of my sorrow."

"You allude to our conversation of Sunday last, no doubt. I thought you had manfully made up your mind about it."

"It shows that you do not know me thoroughly, my dear friend."

"I should have thought that a man of your worth would be more of a philosopher and consider life from a higher standpoint," said the young lady; "why should we sigh after chimerical dreams, when it might be so sweet perhaps to enjoy the present as offered by destiny?"

"Is not destiny in our hands?"

"No, it is in the hands of God, who decided that I should be your friend, and nothing but your friend."

"Ah! say you do not love me then!" exclaimed the young physician in a desponding tone. "Your former love is still alive at the bottom of your heart . . . . But it will vanish some day, Mary . . . . Time will heal your wound . . . . and then . . . Oh! do not deprive me of a last hope, at least!"

The young lady put her hand in that of her friend, and gazed into his eyes.

"Listen!" she said; "you also have loved, have you not?"

"Alas!"

"You have loved sincerely at all events?"

"I grant you."

"And you have forgotten?"

"Yes, from the very moment my eyes first looked into yours. Is that what troubles you?"

"Oh, no, no! my faith in your loyalty is absolute; do you believe in mine?"

"Blindly."

"Well, take my word for it, if time has removed all traces of your heart's wound, mine is only a vague reminiscence of the past . . . since. . . ."

"Since when?"

"I have never tried to conceal it, my friend; since your hand touched mine for the first time."

"So you love me, then?"

"My heart belongs to you entirely; you know it."

"You love me, you say; and nevertheless . . . ."

"And nevertheless, it is not from me you must look for happiness!"

"But why not? In heaven's name, why not?" cried the poor lover, wringing his hands as in despair.

"Because God forbids," was the solemn answer.

The unfortunate one sat with bowed head, while she whom he had called Mary, added in a more playful tone:

"Come, come, dear friend, chase away those sombre fancies; let me see your good smile again; repeat some verses for me, some nice verses. Don't be sad, or I'll scold you. . . . Hark!—listen!—Here is one much more severe than I. Did you hear?"

"What? that bird?"

"Yes; didn't he say:—'Whip poor Will?' It's a warning, my child. Your French name is *Guillaume*; in English, *William*; in America, *Will*. Isn't that so?" said the young girl with a feigned gayety that was far from her heart.

And, in order to divert still further the course of the conversation, Miss Mary Fairfield began a little ornithological dissertation, while William Des Isles listened to her, lulled by the sound of the voice rather than heeding the sense of the words.

"This may be the first time you hear that bird," she said. "It is a kind of fern-owl, peculiar to America. He is seldom seen in this part of the country though, but at home, in Virginia, his congeners swarm at this season. He takes his name from the three sharp notes he utters by night or at sunset, to which the popular imagination has adapted the three monosyllables *Whip poor Will*, which he articulates rather distinctly, as you may have noticed."

At that very moment the three melancholy notes rang out again under the darkened boughs:

"Whip poor Will!"

A sad smile passed over the young man's countenance.

"The poor bird speaks bad English," he said. "He makes the same mistake in pronunciation which you corrected in me. It is not *Whip* poor Will he intends to say; it is *Weep*, poor Will!"

"Poor Will!" echoed Mary with a sigh, passing her hand lightly over her friend's cheek.

The young doctor took the little hand in his, and silently pressed on it a passionate kiss, while two heavy tears fell from his eyes; and the bird from his leafy nook, sent forth to the moon his three mysterious notes: "Weep, poor Will!"

## II

William or Guillaume Des Isles was born in Montreal, of an old French family. He had completed a brilliant course of study, and had just obtained the degree of M.D., when his mother died. He felt the blow keenly, more especially when his father, who was still comparatively young, gave him a step-mother within the year—an event which largely contributed to the loosening of the bonds between the son and the family home.

Some time later, heart-broken by one of those love treasons which sometimes embitter a whole life, the young physician was about to give way to despondency, and live forever in the sorrow of his disappointed soul, when the War of Secession broke out—that long and murderous strife which soon transformed the whole territory of the United States into an immense camp, to which thousands of idlers, as well as of the disenchanting, flocked from all parts of the world to enlist.

The cause of the North, where they struggled for the abolition of slavery, had the sympathy of all the friends of progress and civilisation. William Des Isles bade adieu to his country, crossed the border, and, leaving behind—buried in a common grave—his hopes in the future and the dreams of his youth, joined the army of General Banks, with no other ambition

than that of devoting his life—useless to him now—to the triumph of a sacred principle.

His surgical knowledge and ability favoured him, and he had just reached the rank of surgeon-major, when the surrender of Richmond brought to an end the terrible conflict which had washed off in blood that shameful stain which the most valiant of modern democracies had inherited from the barbarism of former days.

Major Des Isles—a true American now—had proceeded to Chicago, the thriving city of the west, where he had opened an office as medical practitioner, and turned over a new leaf of life.

Time had achieved its usual result: the heart sorrows of the young man had faded away, but gayety had not returned. He regretted no longer the deceitful woman who had betrayed him, but—and such is the price of experience—the storm seemed to have blighted forever the blossom of his illusions. He was not yet thirty, and he felt as if his heart could never be tenderly moved again.

One of his regimental comrades, a young officer of wealth and distinction, lived in Chicago where his family held high rank in the most select society. Des Isles was not very fond of worldly life, but he could not decently refuse all social intercourse with his friend's relatives. He met in their company an exclusive circle, where—elegant cavalier as he was, with aristocratic manner, speaking pure English, in spite of a slight foreign accent which added a special grace to his language—he soon became a favourite.

They knew he was highly cultivated, of good family and irreproachable morals; they were aware of his having done his duty gloriously, as a soldier, on behalf of a cause which was not his own; all this could not but create a sympathetic interest in him, reconciling the young man by degrees with a world in which he found new and refreshing impressions.

One evening, a young lady of refined appearance, to whom he had just been introduced, addressed him somewhat familiarly:

"You are French, Doctor?"

"Yes."

"Our country owes much to France, *monsieur*, and it is always, for a true American, a much prized opportunity to show sympathy to French people."

"That makes me happy," said the Doctor, "but I regret having but very little right to such sympathy. I am French only by race, having been born in Canada."

"You are a Canadian? You must know Montreal, then?"

"It is my native place. Are you acquainted with Montreal yourself?"

"Certainly . . . How things do happen! . . . I spent a whole year there once, studying French with a Swiss pastor who had known my family in Virginia."

"Ah! you are a Southerner then. . . . ?"

"By birth, sir, by birth only. It was my father's political opinions that forced us to emigrate. And, if we keep in sacred memory the help given to us by the French of the old world towards securing our national independence, we feel no less grateful to the heroes who lent us their arms and gave us the support of their courage in the terrible crisis we have just gone through—especially when it is still French blood that runs in their veins!"

Our friend listened with visible emotion to that melodious voice which spoke so warmly of France, of his own native country, of the noble cause he had embraced; and, as the conversation continued, he felt a sentiment more tender than he had thought himself capable of experiencing.

"So you speak French?" said he.

"Oh! rather poorly; there are very few opportunities to keep it up here, as you know. Very few books; no newspapers."

"French books and newspapers? Why I have lots of them," eagerly put in the ex-officer; "and if Miss Fairfield would allow me. . . ."

"That is too good of you, Monsieur Des Isles."

"And we shall speak French together occasionally . . . shall we not?"

"With great pleasure, Monsieur."

And the two unconsciously exchanged one of those glances which, if they do not decide the future of a whole life, at least often leave in two hearts an everlasting impression.

It is natural to suppose that, after the

conversation just related, a current of deep sympathy could not fail to spring up between the two new acquaintances.

Miss Mary Fairfield looked about twenty-five at most. We already know that she was handsome; but she had moreover that exquisite quality which we call charm. She was cultivated, sound in judgment, of perfect distinction, endowed with a delicacy of feeling which revealed itself in all she said or did—with just enough of that poetic touch which attests the vibration of the soul without altering the practical soundness of the mind.

Between two characters so well fitted to understand each other social relations could not fail to develop into intimacy. Mutual esteem could not but produce friendship with its natural reciprocal confidences; and when two hearts, pure and sincere, open themselves to each other, it is almost inevitable that love should follow.

A coincidence aided. Like William Des Isles, Miss Fairfield had also had her sorrow. She had loved with all her soul a young Virginian planter whose family traditions led him to cast his lot in favour of the South. The political troubles which had caused the emigration of the Fairfields, and which were to degenerate into a gigantic fratricidal struggle, had from the first opened an abyss between the two lovers. And finally—Oh! the terrible civil wars!—a fatal discharge of artillery which slaughtered the one in his prime and broke the heart of the other, buried all hopes of reconciliation in the bloody intrenchments of Gettysburg.

This similarity of their early life drew the two strangers together, and they soon became inseparables. Only sweet friendship at first, as already said, but a friendship which, as the stinging regret of the past weakened with time, brought the final exchange of two souls. It came almost unwittingly, in one of those exalted moments the delicious impression of which follows a man through life, like a lingering perfume which sweetens the atmosphere long after the flower which exhaled it has faded.

Between the lovers it was but a vague if unreserved surrender, without any precise purpose, without any definite project—a kind of unconscious, uncalculating

impulse—intoxication of the soul, free from all worldly consideration, in which all plans for the future are forgotten, and the practical side of existence disappears in the radiance of a happiness the more careless because the more unsought. They loved just for the sake of loving, without a thought of what was to be found at the end of the flowery path.

William Des Isles was the first to awake from this enchanting dream. He spoke of marriage. To his astonishment, Mary seemed surprised; and then, with a tender glance and a profound sadness in her voice:

"Let us not trouble ourselves about the future," she said; "let us enjoy our present happiness, it's much better."

The young man did not insist; but if he spoke no more of the future, he did not cease to think of it. He redoubled his efforts until success, which is the friend of perseverance and obstinate labor, largely rewarded his activity. In two years, his practice increasing wonderfully, he acquired an enviable position among his professional brethren. In short, Fortune was knocking at his door.

"And now," said he to himself one day, "I think I have a right to talk of the future."

"Let us remain friends," she besought; "will you not? *Friends!* it sounds so sweet! *Friends* means everything. What else could be needed to fill the heart?"

"But," pleaded the young man, "I cannot renounce all hopes of enjoying one day the blessing of a home and family. . . nor do you, I suppose. . . And our well-known mutual relations. . ."

"Might injure my future chances? . . . That is what you mean, is it not? Oh! you may feel at ease about that. Our friendship is a thousand times more precious to my heart than anything which may be in store for me. As for yourself, you are young yet, your prospects are brilliant; another woman will give you more happiness than I could."

In presence of such a strange, but inflexible determination, William Des Isles was, of course, greatly perplexed. He waited still; he waited another long year.

One Sunday—this circumstance is referred to in the first chapter of our authentic story—he called as usual to see his

friend; on his hat was a badge of mourning.

"Mary," said he, his voice trembling with emotion, "my father has just passed away, and I am his only heir. You will not now refuse to be my wife, will you?"

Miss Fairfield rose before the young physician, her beautiful eyes full of tender light.

"My dear friend," she asked, "did you think that I declined the honour of your name merely from interested motives? You could not wrong me more deeply."

To cut our story short.

That evening when William Des Isles took leave of his friend, respectfully kissing her hand as was his wont, an immutable decision had taken possession of his mind.

We have witnessed their next meeting; it was on the part of the disappointed man a disguised adieu. During the whole proceeding week, he had prepared for a long journey. The next day, after having written a lengthy and pathetic letter to her whose affection had lightened his days of exile, he started back to his own country, resolved to spend the remainder of his life alone, beneath the paternal roof, probably his last desolate refuge. We shall know presently what became of the solitary man.

The voice of the bird of dusk had been prophetic:

"Weep, poor Will!"

### III

Long years have passed.

The beautiful Mary Fairfield had returned to Virginia after the departure of William Des Isles for Canada.

In the month of June, 1903, her old lover, hardly recognisable in his present costume, received a *lettre de faire part* with a black border, and bearing the post mark of Richmond, Virginia. He unsealed it with a trembling hand. The envelope contained another letter, and our friend started back as he discovered the dear and well-known handwriting of the address.

This is what he read through his tear-dimmed eyes:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—My days are numbered, but I do not wish to pass away without asking your pardon. You may have judged me false or frivolous, but that would be a mistake. There is no deceit possible where I am now, and I feel bound to repeat to you here what I told you that day in Chicago, during our last conversation: my heart has been entirely yours ever since the day we met.

"Unfortunately there was an obstacle to our union; you thought I was younger than you, while, on the contrary, I was your senior by four years. If I did not correct your impression at the time, believe me, it was not from a sentiment of coquetry. It was because I knew you would have insisted notwithstanding. And when you asked me to share your life, I fancied I saw you in after years, at forty-five for instance, in all the strength and virility of matured age, with myself leaning upon your arm, myself, an old woman, wrinkled, grey-haired, nearing the half-century. I wanted to save you from this. You forgive me, do you not?

"Do not weep over me, we have had our share of happiness in life. We shall meet again in a world where nobody grows old. Adieu!—MARY."

A week later, in the dimness of the falling night, a Roman priest, prematurely broken down, was kneeling on a tomb in one of the cemeteries of the old Virginia capital. The tomb was that of Mary Fairfield. The priest was the late officer of the northern army, the physician of Chicago, and for the last twenty-five years a missionary among his French countrymen established in the United States.

"Suddenly a voice which he had not forgotten was heard beneath the green leafage:

"Weep, poor Will!"

The old priest buried his face in his hands, and silently wept over two noble lives blighted by an exaggerated sentiment of delicacy.

## Canada

BY WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL\*

THOU land for gods, or those of old  
Whom men deemed gods, of loftier mould,

(Sons of the vast, the hills, the sea:  
Masters of earth's humanity:)

I stand here where this autumn morn  
Autumnal garbs thy hills adorn;

And all thy woodlands flame with fire  
And glory of the world's desire.

Far northward lie thy purple hills;  
Far vasts between, thy great stream fills,

Ottawa, his fleet tides impearled,  
From deep to deep, adown the world.

O land, by every gift of God  
Brave home of freemen, let thy sod,

Sacred with blood of hero sires,  
Spurn from its breast ignobler fires;

Keep on these shores, where beauty reigns  
And vastness folds from peak to plains

With room for all from hills to sea,  
No shackled, helot tyranny;

Spurn from thy breast the bigot lie,  
The smallness not of earth or sky;

Breed all thy sons brave stalwart men,  
To meet the world as one to ten;

Breed all thy daughters mothers true,  
Magic of that glad joy of you,

Till liberties thy hills adorn  
As wide as thy wide fields of corn.

Let that brave soul of Britain's race  
That peopled all this vastness, trace

Its freedoms fought, ideals won,  
Strength built on strength, from sire to son

---

\*One of Mr. Campbell's best poems will be found in the first number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, March, 1893.

Till from thy earth-wide hills and seas,  
Thy manhood as thy strength of trees,

Thy liberty alone compare  
With thy wide winnowed mountain air,

And round earth's rim, thine honour glows,  
Unsullied as thy drifted snows.

## The Spirit of Poetry

BY LILY ALICE LEFEVRE

MOURN not, oh mortals! that ye hear no more  
My voice amidst the tumult of the day;  
Sigh not that I, unsought, have passed away,  
Or pine alone on some forgotten shore.

"Once strayed the nymph," ye say, "o'er earth's green hills,  
The fair enchantress of a golden age,  
Enshrined in dreams of lover, saint, and sage,  
Through all the past her magic music thrills.

"But we have said farewell to her sweet face,  
Her songs of grief and triumph, love and fate;  
Alas! now she has left us desolate,  
And Mammon's voice rings through the market-place!"

Be comforted, my children,—I am here!  
Yet not as once, with vesture fluttering free,  
To wander down the vales of Arcady,  
Or sing to Pan's glad piping, soft and clear;

But with ye still amidst the surging crowd,  
The roar of traffic and the swinging bales,—  
The winds of Heaven, where Commerce spreads her sails,  
My songs of world-wide Empire chant aloud!

Think not I dwell apart, beyond your ken,  
While through your streets Life's myriad echoes roll,  
The anthem of the Toiler's steadfast soul,  
The mighty music of the march of men!

My voice the secrets of the Future sings,  
To Nature's hidden haunts I lead the way,  
Take ye my hand,—earth, sea, and air obey,  
New Force undying glows, and Thought has wings!

Mourn not, oh faithful hearts that hold me dear!  
In hopes and dreams, in deeds ye do and dare,  
In star-lit skies, in Childhood, Love, and Prayer,  
Amidst ye still my spirit lingers here!



ALL the gangs of the neighbourhood knew that Footlight Phil Ebber, newsboy, knight-errant, ragamuffin, as best pleased his wilful mood, coveted the mortification of Big Bill Crogan, who had defeated him in competition on last amateur night at the Eighth Avenue Gaiety Musee by the simple expedient—the prize is awarded to him who wins the greatest volume of applause—of packing the house. Least to be said, he was at odds with life, and bent on letting the world know it; and he had announced that he was hopelessly in love, and withdrawn to the seclusion of dark vestibules and alleyways and the curtained windows of his mother's little parlour, cheerfully enough accepting compensation in the opportunity to assume the tragic pose—to the feeding of his soul, and the maintenance of his leadership in the gang, to which he had fallen naturally when Mickey Smith moved to Hoboken. So it happened that, as the passers-by, mingling their chatter and complaining with the discordant noises of the street, emerged from the mist into the yellow flare of the theatre lights and swerved toward the little box-office or crowded into the mist again, he roosted in idleness and shadow on the railing of Ching Lee's cellar entrance, bruising the paint from the red sign with his restless heedless heels, and now and again spitting wrathfully at a cigar stub that nestled

## The Boss of the Gang

By NORMAN DUNCAN, Author of  
"Dr. Luke," etc.

Illustrations by Fergus Kyle

against the nearest lobby pillar of the Gaiety Musee, a scowl on his thin, freckled face, his cap away on the back of his black head, and his hair, frowsy and long and damp with the gathering spring fog, tousled to his eyes, which peered darkly from beneath puckered brows, restless and alert.

"Trun down!" he muttered, with a darker frown. "Trun down by de gang. An' the kids t'ink I'm in love. Ha! ha! Me in love! Ha! ha!"

He laughed with all the bitter meaning achieved by the hero in *Falsely Accused*, whose bill-board self, in the act of exclaiming, "Fair as a flower; false as a serpent. Great Heav'n, she has deceived me!" kept him congenial company at his elbow. Then he lighted a cigarette, puffed, quickly hid the glowing head of light behind his back, contemptuously whiffed the smoke off into the fog and resumed his attitude of dejection, only permitting himself to interrupt his reflections when overcome by a desire to observe the effect of his well-considered pose of melancholy on the happiness passing in.

"Cheer up, Footlight; she'll fall in line wit' ye yet."

A small, compassionate voice, so saying, brought Footlight to his feet. He let his melancholy expression pass deliberately through one of pain into a cynical sneer and caught his little comforter by the wrist.

"Tommy Dugan," he hissed, "me life is wrecked! An' for me ruin a woman'll answer t' high heaven! Go! le' me t' me grief."

"Cheer up, Footlight," Tommy persisted dubiously.

"Ha! ha!" responded Footlight.

With that he folded his arms high on his breast and dropped his head over them,

and watched, from the deep shadow in which his eyes were, to see how Tommy took it all; and heard him sigh, and saw him go off with a heavy heart.

Big Bill Crogan came lurching up, attended by two favourites; his eyes chanced to fall on Footlight where he stood stiff and forbidding, and he suspended his quest for more interesting baiting.

"Ladies and gents," he cried, mocking, "I nex' interdoocet t' yer notice de Spaniard w'at blew up de Maine. Here's de guy w'at done it. De greates' livin' curiosity on ear't. Notice w'at a stiff 'e is on account o' bein' froze t' deat' las' amachure night. Did I beat 'im, say, did—"

"Have a care, Big Bill Crogan!" exclaimed Footlight, springing out and thrusting his face up, his eyes flaming. "Have a care, I say! By heav'n, I'll be reven'ng-ed!"

"W'at d' ye t'ink!" said Big Bill, appealing to his friends, "Now w'at d' ye t'ink o' dat? Does 'e say who wins de prize on amachure night, er is it me? Didn't I beat him, say, didn't I? Tell 'im I does a clog again nex' Friday meself. Tell 'im, tell 'im, one o' youse guys. Well, well," again appealing, "w'at d' ye t'ink o' dat? Eh?" turning suddenly on his friends.

Big Bill swaggered off, his favourites following closely, protesting.

"Gee," thought Footlight, chuckling inwardly. "'E does a clog again Friday. De pig! I see 'is finish. Oh, my!"

There came along a little lad with a crooked back; a pitiful form he had, humped at the shoulders, short-necked and thin-legged; but a pale, gentle face, with pointed chin, thin-lipped, sensitive mouth, wide blue eyes and softly turned brow; and he had a timid bearing. He halted at the theatre entrance to listen to the faint sound of music that came from within, hardly distinguishable from the rattle and cry of the street. So he stood for a moment, his head cocked and his eyes half closed, straining his ears to catch the discordant tinkling of a piano and the sound of a woman's voice. Then the photographs and posters attracted him, and he advanced timidly into the lobby. He hovered wistfully over the pictures for a while, and at length came to rest before the photograph

of a man with a violin in his hand. Here he began to hum the chorus of the song he had heard—softly and to himself, but so sweetly that Footlight Phil, hearing him, was surprised into high appreciation and an important inspiration.

"I kin do it wit' 'im," he thought; and he slapped his lean thigh. "I kin beat Bill Crogan wit' that face an' dat hump—an' dat voice," he muttered hysterically, slapping his thigh again; and there was no hint of the melodramatic method in voice or action. His little body straightened and quivered; and his eyes shone with a sly, eager light as he regarded the boy.

"Ever bin in?" he asked, with a knowing jerk of his head toward the theatre door, and flecking the ash from his cigarette. There was no response in kind to this friendly advance.

"Say," said Footlight, suddenly, "ain't you de kid w'at lives on Twenty-ate street—roun' de corner—red 'ouse—secon' floor front—green fire 'scape—flowers in de wes' windo'—sing Margaret across de street? Ain't yer old man dead? Ain't yer name Artie Dimon? Sure, I know ye."

Artie nodded and looked uncomfortable.

"D' ye want a gold watch?" Footlight went on indifferently.

"Eh?" said Artie.

"D' ye want a gold watch? Can't ye hear?"

"What did you steal it for?" in solemn deprecation.

"Steal it! thou damned Dane!"—Footlight, as it will appear, was not reading Shakespeare unprofitably—"Steal it? Ye gods! I ain't stole it. D' ye want a gold watch, I'm askin' ye?"

"I want a mouth organ."

"Aw," said Footlight in contempt, "'e wants a mout' organ. Can't ye git four mout' organs for a gold watch? Don't ye know ye can from de Jew right across de road, where I'm pointin'?"

"Are you going to give me a gold watch?" Artie asked naively.

"Oh, I don't know," Footlight said with a patronising air. "I might if I feel like it. Amachure night inside, ye know, Fridays. Sure dey hang up a gold watch. An' don't de fello's sing an' dance fer it? Sure; an' it goes t' de fello' w'at de audi-

ence yells fer loudes'. I might enter ye. I runs de show, ye know. You sings a song; me an' de gang, we does de res'. Go me?"

And then and there an agreement was entered into.

"Don't it 'urt ye t' walk?" Footlight asked, when the little talk was over. "Ye ain't got a—a—crutch, 'ave ye?"

"I haven't got one now," said Artie. "Mother and I burned it up when the Doctor said I was much better. He says I'll be well soon if I take care and keep on. So I don't need one any more."

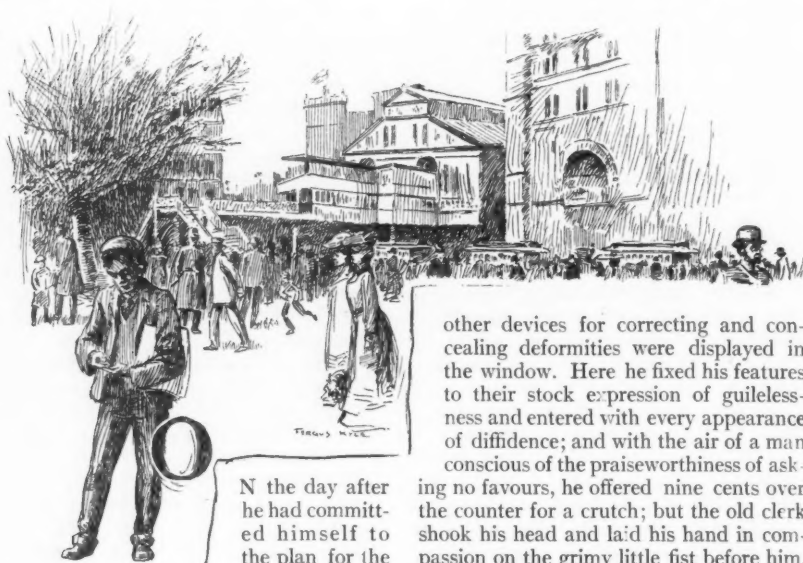
"Ye ain't forgot how to use it, 'ave ye?"

Artie shook his head and smiled.

"I guess you never had a lame back," he said slowly.

"Well, I git ye one," Footlight went on quickly. "Four foot one, ain't ye? Well,"

chuckling, "don't ye worry, I get ye one. Now, you mosey home." Footlight tightened the muffler about the boy's throat, turned up the collar of his great coat and saw to the buttons, patted him gently on the back, accepted his quiet "Thank you" with a laugh and sent him off. Then he did a jubilant double shuffle and went off himself. "Oh, my," he thought, "Crogan does a clog again Friday; an' 'e pushes me face in if I fight! Oh my! De pig t' try t' win twict. Oh, I won't do a t'ing t' dat audience, oh, no! I won't play horse wit' 'em. I'll be good. W'at kin I do—me, a poor little boy? Oh, gee!" And he planned to himself, until, seated near his mother's sewing machine, he forgot it all, as the wheels whirled, in a tattered, thumb-soiled book called *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*.



N the day after he had committed himself to the plan for the discomfiture of

Big Bill Crogan, Footlight Phil set traps for the audience to whom he was to appeal on next amateur night with young Artie Dimon. He counted his profits and called the day's work on Park Row well done at 3 o'clock; and, mercenary deception in his heart, made the best of his way up Broadway to a shop where crutches, false legs and arms, and many

other devices for correcting and concealing deformities were displayed in the window. Here he fixed his features to their stock expression of guilelessness and entered with every appearance of diffidence; and with the air of a man conscious of the praiseworthiness of asking no favours, he offered nine cents over the counter for a crutch; but the old clerk shook his head and laid his hand in compassion on the grimy little fist before him.

"Ain't it no go, sir?" Footlight asked, unwavering appeal in his eye. "It's fer me little brudder wit' a bad leg—is lef' leg at de knee. It's yaller in de middle, sir, an' blue on de edge, an' it runs. An' 'e 'as t' use a sawed-off barr'l stave; an' dat 'urts 'im terrible, an' makes 'is arm sore—'ere, sir, right 'ere w'ere me finger is. W'at makes 'em cos' so much, sir? Dey say 'e'll die soon."

Footlight leaned his head on the counter and sobbed quietly, the face of the little brother, white through pain, clear in his mind's eye—so sadly real it was, this and the disappointment present and in store. The good clerk abandoned the explanation it was on the tip of his tongue to give, and made the price to fit. Whereupon, secure in a pathetic effect at small expenditure, Footlight thanked him with honest heartiness and departed with his booty; and he cried on for a block or more; for the fictitious little brother, whom he had come to love, and the jagged end of the barrel-stave and the open sore it made, and the black-robed death drawing near, and the grave under gray skies, and the rain pattering on the coffin, and the solemn faces gathered round, could not soon be forgotten.

At four o'clock Footlight burst with an air of great good-fellowship into the office of young John Catlin, proprietor of the Eighth Avenue Gaiety Musee.

"Got a amachure night candidate, t' enter, John," he said with brisk familiarity.

"'Is name's Artie Dimon; 'e's a dark 'orse, an' 'e's a bird. Put 'is name down. Tell ye de trut', John, 'e goes on las'—dat's a perticerlar point. I got a gang at me back, an' de gang stays out if 'e don't do 'is little stunt last. It's a big gang, John, an' it come of'en. W'at's more, I own it. Now, I ain't got no time t' lose; does 'e, er don't 'e?'"

"Ain't you said he does?'"

"John," said Footlight admiringly, "dere ain't a guy on de avanoo kin keep out o' trouble like you. Keep it dark."

At the next corner up Footlight came into opportune collision with Tommy Dugan—who was always subject to the melodramatic influence and therefore well beloved.

"Tommy—," he began solemnly.

"Sure, I can't stop," Tommy plained. "I got t' go an'—"

"Bloody Spot!" hissed Footlight; and Tommy, recking no longer the inevitable maternal chastisement, fell in behind. Round the corner he was given the sign—a scrap of paper with blood, which Footlight supplied then and there, while Tommy stood trembling.

"Tip de gang t' meet me at de old place

w'en McTaggart's lights is lit," Footlight said in a hollow whisper, indicating the gilded corner saloon. "Shh-h-hh! Der's bloody work t' be done. Fail not, by Blood! Deat' t' traitors! Begone, minion, begone!"

Tommy was off like a shot.

Twenty minutes later Footlight, bent on sowing seeds of defection, was loitering on the afternoon stamping ground of Cad Gross, second in command to Big Bill Crogan. Soon he espied him, huddled over a pavement grating from which the warm air was ascending—in a fit humour to receive what it was in the mind of Footlight to sow.

"Clog at de show, Friday?" he asked of Cad in a friendly voice.

"Naw."

"T'ought you was goin' up fer Bill Crogan's gang."

"Naw."

Gross, a tall, ungainly boy, with a long, sour face, shivered.

"Ain't Crogan said las' week it was yer turn?"

"Well, ain't 'e change his min'? Don't 'e clog hisself?"

"Say," said Footlight, stepping back and looking Gross over from eyes to boots, "ain't ye ever goin' t' be nuttin' but a Me Too? W're's yer nerve? Ain't Crogan's collar hurtin' ye?"

Footlight moved off in disgust and quietly; and he thought no more of Cad Gross.

At dusk, Phil emerged in haste from the side door of the corner saloon on his own block, carrying a tin pail in his hand. So pressing was his business that he started to run; but the beer splashed over, and he came to a fast walk again. He pushed open the door of an old, sorry-looking frame building across the street; brushed past a stout negress—who exclaimed, "Mah goodness!" in great fright—and stumbled along the hall and up the dirt-littered stair. In a cold, bare room he found an old man, with straggling gray hair, leaning over a table with his head on his arms, sound asleep, and thrown into strong relief by the light of a candle that burned near him.

The old man started up.

"I loved her, God, I loved her truly!" he cried out in terror. He was looking

upward; he was trembling, and he had his thin hands clasped.

The boy watched and listened, breathless, for more of the story, vaguely suggested—as he had done, vainly, often; but there was no more of it.

"Ah," said the old man, suddenly composing himself. "It is my young pupil, in whom Herbert Carvin, tragedian, shall live again." He spoke in a fine, deep voice, and with precise accent and strained enunciation. "I thought," he went on, brushing his hand across his brow—"I thought death called. Come, boy," in affected cheeriness, "stand forth, sir; take the position."

Soft, you; a word or two before you go,  
I have done the state some service, and  
they know't.

No more of that. I pray you in your  
letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds  
relate,

Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice, then must—

"What do you want, boy?" he cried, breaking off. "This is not the day for your lesson."

"Write me," said Phil, earnestly, throwing off the dialect, as Carvin always demanded, "write me two verses to the Banks of the Wabash music. I've got the Wabash words here, sir, and I'll whistle the tune. About the *Maine*, sir—so I can sing them—the United States battleship *Maine* that was sunk—"

Carvin's eyes chanced to fall on the pail of beer in the corner. He moved toward it softly, saying, "Mm-m-mm!" as a cat purrs, but the boy was before him and had a way of escape open before he could be caught.

"Ye write," said he angrily, "'er ye don't drink."

"Mm-m-mm! About 'the *Maine*," Carvin said quietly, his eyes lingering on the pail; then he declared quickly, half humorously: "The muses to m' aid! The beer's on't!"

Soon he sat down to write. As he poised his pencil, the hoarse voice of a newsboy sounded in the room, above the street noises:

"War-r-r 'clared! States an' Spain!  
Ex-tra, ex-tra! War-rr 'clared. War-r-rr,  
war-r-rr—"

"Make it sound like dat," whispered

Footlight, intensely, when the strident cry had lost itself in the distance. "Make it make ye feel yer heart beatin'. Make it soun' like snare drums an' fifes an' cannons an' cheerin' an' flutterin' flags."

"Ah, boy!" said Carvin, sadly, "the time is past for that. Time's past for poetry; time's nearly past for rhyming;" and he set himself to the task.

When the moving patriotism with which Artie Dimon was to be baited had taken form, been amended and fairly copied, Footlight released the beer and hurried away to the presence of the assembled Brothers of the Bloody Spot, whom he found huddled in the lee of a lumber pile in a yard of the street below, shivering in the cold air, one and all; and to them he made this brief appeal:

"Brothers, w'at this gang wants is revenge—reven-nge an' de blood o' traitors. (Tentative applause from Tommy Dugan, which, being approvingly noticed, suddenly became loud and enthusiastic.) Ain't dat right? (Two little boys, influenced by threatening glances, diffidently agreed.) Ain't Bill Crogan done dis gang dirt? Ain't he kicked yer little brudder, Denny Thompson? W'at did 'e say to yer sister, Sliver Smith? Aw don't I know. Ain't 'e named de winner every amachure night fer a mont'? Is dere a watch in de gang? (General applause; and cries of 'No, no!' and 'Revenge!') Aint 'e done me dirt? (A big boy laughed.) All right, Nobby Stoneman, I'll lick you now, damn 'f I don't. Ye got t' fight er yer got t' git in line. Yer de on'y chronic kicker in de gang an' I'll do ye now. (At this point the proceedings were suspended, and there was some slight commotion.) Now, if dere's any more knockers—? (A short silence). All right. W'at I say is we do Big Bill Friday w'en he does a clog fer de watch. (General applause, led by Nobby Stoneman.) Now, I runs dis game. (Cries of 'We're wit' ye.') Nobby, you git over t' de gangs by de docks an' put 'em on. Don't ye care w'at ye say. Git 'em t' come. Git everybody t' come—everybody git somebody. Give 'em pipe dreams—tell 'em any ol' t'ing. Git 'em t' come—dat's all. Denny, you put Crogan's gang on. You say I do 'em Friday night wit' Tommy Dugan. (Tommy Dugan gasped.) Tom-

my, you do wa't yer told. If I changes me min' I gives youse de tip; but, Denny, you say it's Tommy. All youse git money an' bring yer frien's. Dere's some lead pipe lyin' loose behin' de junk shop on Twenty-sevent' street. It's easy meat w'en O'Halloran's in McTaggart's. Are youse on? Now, I got some dough meself. (Loud applause.) I got a bunch of it. (The speaker jingled the money in his pocket. Renewed applause.) An' I don't min' spendin' it. I'm in t' win, an'—"

"Cheese it!" whispered Tommy Dugan.

The Brotherhood of the Bloody Spot faded into air; and the phenomenon moved the policeman who came around the corner of the lumber pile to ejaculate: "Howly St. Patrick!"



**F**OOTLIGHT PHIL began to pace up and down the lobby of the Eighth Avenue Music at 8 o'clock on Friday night, pausing only now and again to strike attitudes; in all, recklessly courting the badinage of an uncommonly facetious throng of passers in. He was calm within—as a barrister whose case has gone to the jury. True, Crogan's fellows, overwhelmingly recruited from gangs east, west, south, even to the north of Forty-second street, were in control inside, actively opposed only by the little Brothers of the Bloody Spot; but

the candidacy of Artie Dimon had not been betrayed, and the gangs from the docks, who were to be caught with a crutch and a hump and a sentiment, were in numbers surely sufficient for the undoing of the enemy. So Footlight posed, at ease, as the responsible manager of a close campaign; and waited, indifferently, for the coming of Artie.

Tommy Dugan came panting down the street.

"Footlight, Footlight!" he gasped, whining.

"Spit it out, by Blood, spit it out!"

"'E ain't comin'."

It was then ten minutes to the rising of the curtain.

"'is mother's on," Tommy whispered.

"I couldn't 'elp it, s'elp me! It ain't my fault, Footlight, I—"

The impending humiliation pressed hard on Footlight. There appeared now no way to evade it. But there was a fight to put up.

"Tommy, it'll be you," he said, impetuously. "You got t' win fer me." He began to sob and stamp his feet. "You sing 'Er Eyes don't Shine' an' 'Mother's me Bes' Frien'! Put de gang on. Tell 'em t' raise—"

Tommy was out of hearing.

Footlight walked to the gutterside, his legs giving under him, and stood staring across the street—at the open shops; at the people hurrying, jostling along and hanging in cheerful idleness over the bright windows; at the busy road between where trucks and carts went rattling, and cars went jingling by; but seeing nothing so clearly as a turbulent surface of cruel, jeering faces, starting from the darkness into the yellow light, open-mouthed, staring, swollen with shouting; and himself in a theatre seat, sunk to the stature of humiliation and crouched in fear against the wall. But when, in the crowded little theatre, the curtain had risen and a buzzing of relief swept over the listless, perspiring audience, from the packed front seats even to the gallery where the Brotherhood of the Bloody Spot was gathered, he was in the theatre seat of this vision, with grinning face giving and taking the "jolly" with the leader of the gangs from the docks across the aisle, bantering Bill

Crogan's men in the seats behind, chaffing and signalling his friends scattered sparsely through the crowded seats and mingled with the throng that pushed and quarrelled in the standing room space at the rear, shooting glances of mysterious meaning at the gallery—hot, restless, boisterously excited, with fine courage keeping himself conspicuous.

"Ain't no use me stayin', is dere, Footlight?" said his aide-de-camp, who had been informed. "We lose, don't we?"

"We do," Footlight replied solemnly. "Up against it fer fair; an' dey'll raise perticlar wit' us. But we dies game—like—like de martyrs dat de li'ns et. By Blood, we do die game, we do!"

The aide-de-camp fell back in his seat and sighed, it being apparent that Footlight was bent on having company in the part.

The manager announced the first "turn"—a trick bicycle rider; but the audience had no interest in him, nor in the cake-walkers, nor in the strong man, nor in the buck-and-wing dancer; and they greeted the appearance of the melancholy Tommy Dugan, whom they believed to be Footlight's candidate, with howls of derision. Tommy's face lengthened as his song ran its stormy course; but he stood up to the ridicule with a brave heart and sang it to its turbulent end, as though every ear were appreciative. Footlight Phil, it appearing that nothing better was to be had from the situation, posed as the defeated candidate in a ward caucus after the announcement of the vote.

Soon Tommy came hurrying down the aisle.

"E's behin'—Artie is," he whispered in Footlight's ear.

"Wat?" exclaimed Footlight, with a quick, frowning side-glance.

"E run away," Tommy went on. "But —"

"Gee!" Footlight gasped in elation.

"E's got cold feet. 'E won't sing."

"E won't," Footlight gurgled, staring vacantly at the ceiling. "Oh, my, won't 'e? 'E will."

Tommy regarded him impatiently.

"Tell 'im," said Footlight, turning slowly, fun in his eyes, "'e gits four mout' organs. An' you say I stabs 'im in de

heart wit' a long, sharp, bloody bowie knife if 'e don't. W'en I catches 'im in de dark, you say, I stabs 'im—wit' a knife, bloody an' sharp an' shiny."

Tommy moved at once.

"Next and last turn," the manager announced, "clog dance by William Crogan."

Last turn? The heart of Philip Ebber fluttered—faltered—and beat on again, composedly, under the stimulus of courage regained.

They were on their feet right and left, front and rear, when Bill Crogan came to the end of his long dance, cut a series of pigeon wings across the stage, and, panting and perspiring, bobbed his head and disappeared in the wings—on their feet, with hats in the air, roaring out their judgment for him; and it seemed that there was no voice left to be raised for any other.

"It's all over," shouted the leader of the gangs from the docks in the ear of his chief of staff. "Crogan wins easy."

"Wat?" The noise was deafening; the chief of staff turned up his ear again.

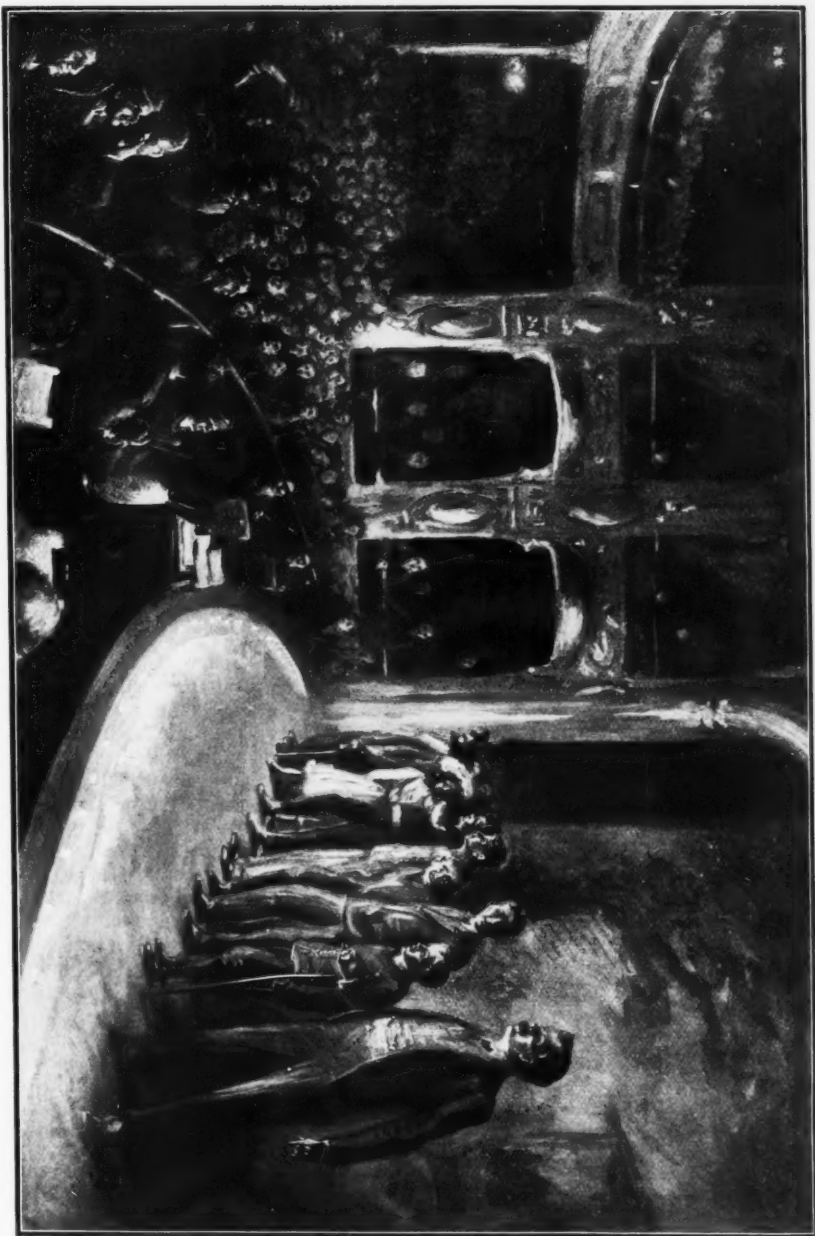
"All over," screamed his leader. "Dey got Footlight on de run." And the chief of staff glanced agreement and nodded.

Footlight Phil was struggling desperately to assume the pose and expression of proud defiance, as the situation demanded; but neither mouth, nor head, nor eyes would answer to his will.

Little Artie Dimon came on, walking on a crutch, his face pale and his eyes full of fear. He hesitated and made as if to turn, but the sudden hush seemed to reassure him, and the spreading quiet, that let him hear the music, brought him on to the footlights, where he stood waiting for the end of the prelude—small, frail, deformed, painfully trusting to the crutch, and frightened by the upturned faces, appealing in all, as Footlight had foreseen, to the compassion that audiences of primitive emotions, though they turn to mother beating within the hour, yield to frailty when taken unawares. He took up the song timidly; soon he fancied he was following his father's violin again, which had taught him to sing, and his eyes moved trustfully over the faces of his audience, now earnest and kindly. They knew the song; came out the chorus grandly from

*Dreamt by Fergus Kyle*

*"The manager stretched his hand toward Artie Dimon."*



them all, the voice of Artie Dimon shrill in leading:

Take back your gold, for gold can never  
buy me;  
Take back your gold and promise you'll  
be true.  
Give me the love, the love that you'd  
deny me;  
Make me your wife, that's all I ask of  
you.

The sad story of a woman wronged, a simple familiar melody, a little boy, with a crooked back and a crutch under his arm, singing sweetly—these were not to be resisted here; and young Footlight Phil, looking about on the waste of tense faces stretching far back into the shadow of the gallery, saw himself, with a tumultuous consciousness of the inevitability of it, approaching the greater triumphs of his dreams.

"Voice like a-a-piccolo," ejaculated the leader of the gangs from the docks, clapping his hands resoundingly, won by the song.

"Dey bite," thought Footlight gleefully, observing.

Artie next sang the poor lines that the old tragedian had fitted to a popular "sentimental ballad" about "the bloody hand of Spain" and "the dastards' coward plot," and "the dark waters," and "the Heroes of the *Maine*."

Oh, the moonlight softly falls upon the  
waters,  
so ran the chorus,

Where the heroes of the *Maine* un-  
shrouded lay.

Send Old Glory down with shot and  
shell, and raise her

On the shores of sad Cuba, far away.

These were the days of clamour and foreboding after the destruction of the *Maine*—when great crowds congregated in Printing House Square, and thronged the downtown streets; when newsboys swarmed at every corner and shrieked alarmist intelligence at the tops of their hoarsened voices; when a sullen conviction was spreading like a wild fire; when the flags were flung flaunting out, and, at the sight and the sound of them glowing patriotism burst into a flame of cheers and waving hats. Artie Dimon waved a small flag, suddenly drawn from his pocket, and the hook was tight; the enthusiasm ran beyond control.

"We trun bot' de slobs down!" exclaimed the leader of the gangs from the docks. "Dis little devil's good enough for us. Put de gang on. We's fer de little hump-back every minute."

The gangs from the docks were immediately informed.

"Oh, I'm on'y a little boy," thought Footlight, again observing, and prodigal of the melancholy he forced to his face. "But dey do bite nice."

The applause continued to swell and subside until the competitors had been called to the stage and ranged in a long row, and the prize had been held before them severally for applause—save before Big Bill Crogan and Artie Dimon. When at length, the watch dangled before the covetous eyes of Big Bill, the excitement burst into a thunderous roar, like to that which had followed his exit, the less only in volume by the significant, waiting silence of the gangs from the docks, and was prolonged and renewed again and again. When exhaustion compelled the lessening of effort, the manager stretched his hand toward Artie Dimon, inviting applause for him in turn. Descending on the enthusiasm of Crogan's supporters—assimilating it—came the shrill cries of the urchins in the gallery, who leaped to their feet, and, with waving arms and scarlet faces, shrieked their topmost with a courage and a will; descended on this the deep, hoarse yells of the gangs from the docks, persistent and strong, giving depth and dignity to the acclaim; joined with all the cheers of the casual spectators, whose sympathy carried them away, so that they stood on the seats and waved their hats and cheered with the best, and were not ashamed.

Tommy Dugan ran to the front of the stage and screamed encouragement. Artie Dimon looked from the manager to Big Bill, to the tumultuous scene beyond the footlights, to the drawn, white face of Footlight Phil, where he sat huddled—watching. Suddenly the manager thrust the watch into the hand of Artie. Footlight bounded out of his chair and capered to the centre aisle, where he danced a mad breakdown, screaming in a transport of triumph, at Big Bill, at the gangs from the docks, at everybody:

"I  
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docks  
Big B  
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threa  
take  
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"I done ye, by Blood, I done ye!"

So it was disclosed that young Footlight Phil had engineered a game and won out with a hunchback. The gangs from the docks burst into laughter and cheers; but Big Bill's fellows began to clamber over the seats toward him, howling their rage and threatening to kill him. He was quick to take advantage of the opportunity, and put his back against the orchestra rail as the curtain fell, outstretched his right hand, palm open, to the advancing mob, and delivered himself, grandly of an impromptu adaption:

"Back, beaten dogs! You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate, as reek o' the rotten fens; whose loves I prize as the dead carcasses of unburied men that do corrupt my air! I bid ye back! What, ho! Make way, er be heav'n, I'll t'row up me trusty dukes! Back, back, I say! Make way!"

They fell back, amused, nonplussed; and through the lane they opened up he strode, his ragged greatcoat gathered grotesquely about him as a cloak, his hand in his bosom, his head hung forward and his eyes flashing alert from side to side.



## Nelson and His Victories

By H. T. MILLER

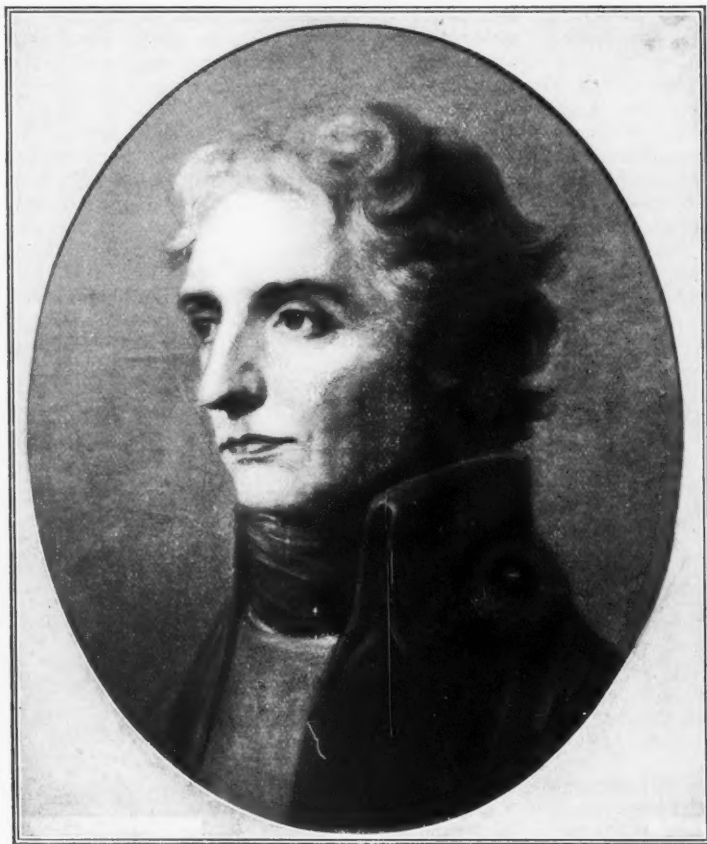


THE Battle of Trafalgar, which was fought on October 21st, 1805, may well be regarded as the crucial battle of the British race. Bonaparte had a camp of eighty thousand men at Boulogne ready to land on the shores of England and grave men were anxious. At length the hour and the man came together, and in two hours and a half on that memorable day the crisis was past and the little schooner *Pickle* sailed away to the old shores to hoist the signal that England was mistress of the sea.

In studying the career of Nelson it must ever be remembered that he was a sailor first and a fighting man afterwards. The three battles in which he was most prominent are the Nile, August 1st, 1798; Copenhagen, April 2nd, 1801, and Trafalgar. In the battle of the Nile his qualities as a sailor comes out with

marked effect, and was the secret of his success. England had a coasting fleet of merchantmen before she had an over-sea commerce, and in this coasting trade her sailors had learned the value of most instant decision in maintaining the safety of life and ship. One standing rule of the road was—that where two ships are riding at anchor, there was room for another ship to pass between them. The same rule applied when ships sailed in line, as at Trafalgar or when anchored near the shore as at the Nile.

On the first of August, 1798, the Pharos of Alexandria was descried, and soon after the French fleet was perceived at anchor in Aboukir Bay. The fleet was moored in a strong and compact line of battle close to the shore. To a common mind the obstacles and difficulties in the way of attacking a powerful fleet thus situated and protected would appear in-



LORD NELSON

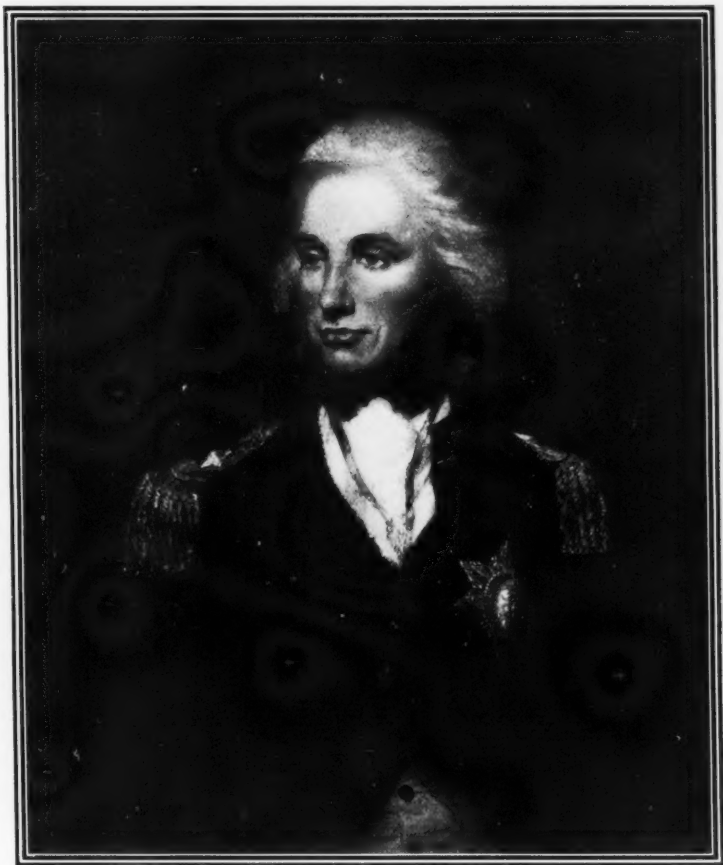
Painted in 1800 at Vienna by Heinrich Fuger—unfinished. Original in the National Portrait Gallery

surmountable; but Nelson's was not a common mind. It rejoiced in overcoming difficulties. Signal was made to prepare for action. Nelson addressed his officers: "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage in Westminster Abbey," and then gave orders to anchor by the stern. In order to be ready for anchoring, a bower rope cable of each ship was passed out abaft through the stern ports, and made fast forward to the anchors. His object in doing this was to deprive the enemy of the advantage of raking him, as he would have swung round and exposed the bow or

stern of his ships, had he brought up in the usual way.

Captain Berry of his flagship exclaimed with ecstasy: "If we succeed what will the world say?" "There is no if in the case," replied Sir Horatio; "that we shall *succeed* is certain; who may live to tell the story is a very different question."

Captain Foley in the *Goliath* passed round the bow of the enemy's van, getting inside of their line. He was compelled to go very near the edge of the bank, but he laid his ship alongside the *Conquérant*, and dropped anchor. The *Zealous* followed and greeted the *Guerrier*



LORD NELSON

Painted by Lemuel Francis Abbott. Original in the National Portrait Gallery

with such telling broadsides as in less than five minutes the Frenchman's masts clattered about their ears, and his vessel soon became a helpless hulk, losing nearly half her crew in killed and wounded. At sundown the battle became general, and continued most of the night. By morning, the French fleet, consisting of 13 sail of the line, having on board 1,198 guns and 11,230 men, was captured or dispersed. A most complete victory had been gained. Only two of the thirteen ships of the line escaped. The battle was fought close to the shores of Egypt, which

were crowded with astonished and anxious spectators.

Having been promoted in 1801 to the rank of Vice-Admiral of the Blue, Nelson was ordered to hoist his flag on board the *San Josef*, 112, which he had captured off St. Vincent. The three Northern Powers, Denmark, Sweden and Russia, having coalesced to resist the right claimed by England of searching neutral vessels, and Russia having laid an embargo on all British ships in Russian ports, treating their crews with unexampled cruelty, a powerful armament

was fitted out for the Baltic under Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, with Lord Nelson as second in command. This fleet consisted of 18 sail of the line, 4 frigates, 10 brigs and bomb vessels. They got under weigh from Yarmouth Roads, and after delay from foul winds and severe weather reached the entrance of the Sound on the 30th March. Sir H. Parker made the signal to form order of battle. Nelson being appointed to lead the van, shifted his flag to a lighter ship, the *Elephant*, 74. The whole fleet successfully effected the passage of the Sound, rendered difficult by the removal of the buoys, returning the fires of the Danish batteries. On the 1st of April the British fleet again weighed and anchored about four miles from Copenhagen. The signal was now hoisted for Nelson's division to weigh and, skirting the shoal, anchored the same evening about two miles from southernmost ship of the Danish force, which extended in a line a mile and a half long, and consisted of eighteen ships, mounting 628 guns and carrying 4,849 seamen. On the following morning the battle began as the British ships moved in to the attack. For three hours the engagement lasted without a glimpse of victory on either side. At one time the tide of success appeared to set against us; two of our ships being still aground, hoisted signals of distress and one of inability. At this juncture Sir H. Parker detached three ships to the assistance of Nelson, but their progress was so slow that the Commander-in-Chief hoisted the signal of recall. The flag lieutenant of the *Elephant* repeated the signal to Nelson and asked if he should repeat it. "No," replied he, "acknowledge it." His lordship then asked if the signal for close action was still flying on board the *Elephant*, and being informed that it was, answered: "Mind you keep it so." He paced the deck considerably agitated, which was always known by his moving the stump of his right arm. "You know, Foley," turning to the captain, "I have only one eye and I have a right to be blind sometimes," and he put the glass to his blind eye and exclaimed: "Really, I do not see the signal." Presently he said:

"Keep my signal for close action flying! That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast."

About 2 p.m. the fire slackened and the Danish ships were greatly disabled. Nelson resolved to try what negotiations would do. He hoisted the white flag and wrote to the Crown Prince of Denmark: "Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when no longer resisting, but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must be obliged to set on fire all the floating batteries he has taken, without having the power of saving the brave Danes who have defended them. The brave Danes are brothers, and should never be enemies of England." Nelson refused to wafer this letter, as he desired to show it was not done in a hurry, and so ordered a light and sealed it with due care, sending it on shore by an aide-de-camp, who presented it in person to the Crown Prince.

For five hours had the brave foes fired incessantly, the action only ceasing when the Danish Adjutant-General came off bearing a flag of truce and asking further explanations.

An armistice having been ratified, this brilliant achievement resulted in the secession of Denmark from the league of the Northern Powers. Sweden and Russia afterwards made pacific overtures.

During the short time which followed the peace of Amiens, Nelson retired to his estate at Merton in Surrey, which he had lately purchased, and enjoyed the society of his friends; but no sooner was the peace dissolved, than his lordship was called to take the command of the Mediterranean fleet. For fourteen months did Nelson cruise off and on the port of Toulon, sometimes during terrible weather, using every artifice to draw the French out.

In December, 1804, Spain declared war against us. The French fleet joined the Spanish, and got through the Straits of Gibraltar, followed by Nelson on the 7th day of May. The combined fleet effected but little, and the formidable armada returned to Europe when they heard that Nelson was in pursuit. Nelson returned with his fleet to Gibraltar on the 19th July, and went on shore for

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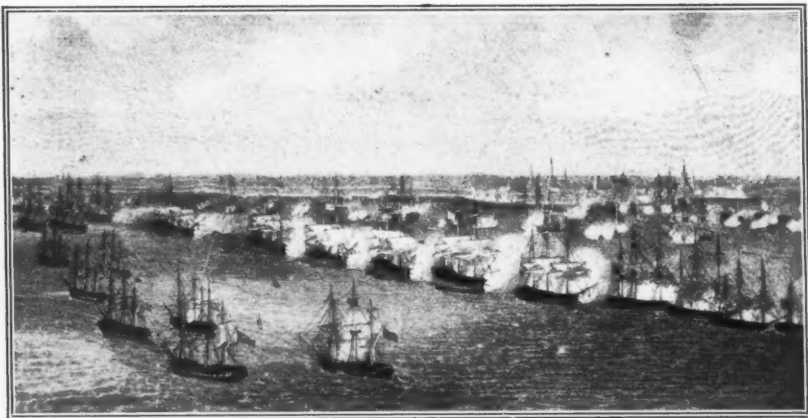


LORD NELSON

Drawn in 1802 by Henry Eldridge, A.R.A. Original in National Portrait Gallery, London

the first time *in two years wanting ten days!* He returned home and struck his flag after two years of most harassing work. Scarcely had the hero of the Nile and Copenhagen paid his respects to his Sovereign and the Admiralty, when he was again called to the command of the Mediterranean fleet.

On the 9th October Nelson sent Collingwood his plan of attack. In his plan he summed up with these emphatic words: *No captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy.* As the enemy did not seem inclined to come out, Nelson hoped to decoy them by withdrawing to cruising



THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN—APRIL 2ND, 1801

From an old engraving

ground about fifty miles to the westward, leaving two frigates to reconnoitre and report. On the 20th October the enemy's ships were announced by Nelson's repeating ships to have put to sea.

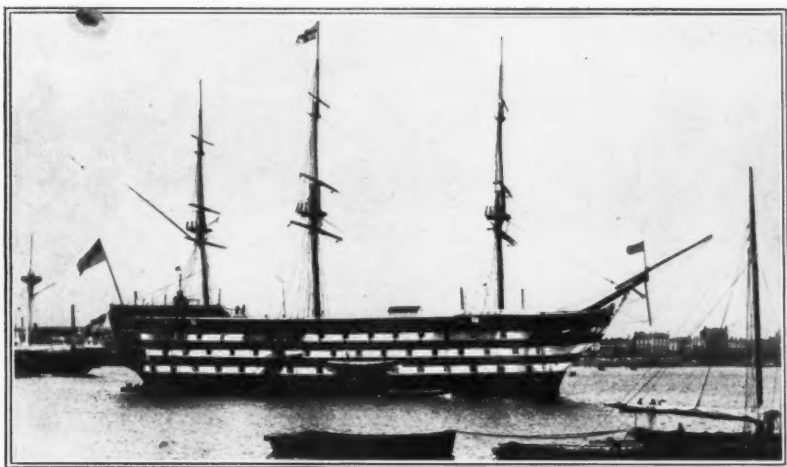
But it was not till daybreak of the 21st that the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the *Victory's* deck, formed in a close line of battle, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates, theirs of thirty-three and seven large frigates. The wind was now from the W.N.W., light breezes, with a long, heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines, and the fleet set all sail.

Blackwood went on board the *Victory* about six. He found Nelson in good spirits, but very calm. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward and formed their line on the port tack, thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. The French Admiral Villeneuve was a skilful seaman. His plan of defence was original and well conceived. He formed his fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second, ahead and astern. The Spanish fleet was under Admiral Gravina.

Nelson, certain of a triumphal issue, asked Blackwood what he should consider a victory. That officer answered, he thought it would be a glorious victory if fourteen were captured. He replied, "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty. I'll now amuse the fleet with a signal"—and up went the signal which is to last as long as the language: ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY. This was given word for word—each word requiring three and four flags—according to the code; but the word *duty* was not in the code, so it had to be spelled letter by letter—D-U-T-Y.

"Now," he said, "I can do no more. We must trust to the Great Disposer of all events and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this opportunity of doing my duty."

Ten minutes before twelve the fire commenced. The *Fougueux* was the first French ship that fired a shot, when all the ships in the British fleet immediately displayed their colours, but did not yet return the fire. Before the *Victory* had fired a single shot, fifty of her men were killed or wounded, and her main topmast with all her studding sail, booms and wheel shot away, so that she had to be steered by the relieving tackles below. Nelson declared that in all his battles he had seen nothing which surpassed the



NELSON'S FLAGSHIP, THE VICTORY, AS SHE IS TO-DAY

cool courage of his men on this occasion.

At 12.04 she opened her fire from both sides, pouring a tremendous broadside, double or treble-shotted (including a 68 pounder carronade loaded with shot and a keg of 500 musket balls) into the *Bucen-taure*, that she actually heeled two or three streaks. The Master was ordered to put the helm to port and cut the line and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*. The French ship received her with a broadside, then instantly closed her lower deck ports for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. The *Temeraire*, after having engaged the *Neptune*, 80, for a time, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side, so that these four ships formed a compact or tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way, and locked yard-arm to yard-arm. The lieutenants of the *Victory* seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge lest the shot should pass through and injure the *Temeraire*. Twice Nelson gave orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable*, supposing she had struck, because her great guns were silent, for as she carried no flag there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From

this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death-wound. A ball fired from the mizzen-top struck the epaulette on his left shoulder about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "My back bone is shot through." He lived to know that the triumph was complete. The greatest sailor since the world began was thus lost to his country.

The total loss of the British in the battle of Trafalgar amounted to 1,587, while the enemy lost 20,000 including prisoners. The *Victory* had 56 officers and men killed and 102 wounded.

Nelson won the love of his men; we give but one illustration of his devotion to them. On one occasion all letters for home were to be ready at a certain time, the frigate to convey the mails to England hove in sight, and her boat was soon alongside for the letters, and she sailed away. Before she was out of sight a sailor came on deck and showed signs of great excitement. He was a slow writer, and had come on deck too late. Nelson enquired into the cause of his agitation. Immediately the signal was hoisted recalling the frigate, and her boat came alongside for the one letter of common Jack. "Only a trifle," some may say, but trifles help to make men great.



## “A la Gaumine”\*

By WILLIAM McLENNAN, author of “Spanish John,” etc.

Illustrations by Lucius Hitchcock

**I**F old Nicolas Juchereau of Beauport had not had so many sons and daughters—there was a round baker’s dozen of them, beginning with Marie Anne, twice a wife, and ending with Jacqueline, once and forever a nun—his succession might have amounted to something. As it was, most of the boys left home and one had to be helped here and another there, so that the daughters, who made fewer demands, had but a meagre enough share. So when Magdeleine married Monsieur Joseph Alexandre de l’Estringan de St. Martin she had to be satisfied with her imposing name and her husband’s position in the Governor’s Guard rather than with the length of her purse or the fatness of his pay. However, as “God shears the sheep according to the wind,” they had only three children—Josephpte, Magdeleine and François—instead of seventeen, like her brother Ignace, or sixteen, like her sister Charlotte.

Josephpte, Marie Anne Josephpte she was christened, the eldest of the family, was a regular gypsy. Her aunts declared she was badly brought up; that it was a disgrace for a should-be respectable child to run wild over the whole parish; that she

was altogether too familiar with both her father and her mother, who had united in spoiling her from her cradle upwards. At these and all similar fault-findings Mme. de St. Martin would only laugh and vow she cared but little, so long as her Josephpte loved her and admired her father as the best and most lovable persons in the world. And Joseph Alexandre laughed too, for which his little Josephpte, his namesake you notice, jumped on his knee and hugged him until his face became redder than ever as he expostulated:

“Oh, la, la, mes sœurs! We have neither lands nor gold. The children are our only wealth, and a little extravagance in it now and again keeps us from growing too wise or too old.”

“You’ll both be old enough, some day,” rejoined Mme. Ignace, whose husband, M. Duchesnay, was now head of the family, and she, as his representative, was jealous of its dignity,—“You’ll both be old enough some day; but I doubt for the wisdom.”

“My Joseph is quite as wise as I’ll ever want him,” retorted Joseph’s wife.

“You are a disgrace to the whole family!” thundered Mme. Ignace. “I don’t know how you ever came into it.”

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"By birth, madame; not by marriage," flashed the little mischief-maker so quickly that her husband had no chance to interfere.

At which Madame Ignace very properly left the house, stating emphatically her opinion of both parents, and prophesying an unpleasant future for their eldest daughter, Marie Anne Josephite de l'Es-tringan de St. Martin.

All this was when Josephite was quite old enough to have known better; so were her father and mother; but even when a few years went by and they were all a few years older, they still knew no better way to get their best out of life than by going on in the same happy-go-lucky manner, a family whose goods were freedom and affection held in strict community.

"Depend upon it, Joseph and Magdeleine will some day repent of allowing such nonsense as the children dining when they have company," criticised Mme. Ignace to her husband.

"Surely you wouldn't have the children starve," soberly answered her husband.

"Have some sense, Ignace! Certainly no child should be seen when the Governor is present."

"Well, Josephite is no child now; the Governor said to me only yesterday he was surprised that St. Martin had been able to keep so pretty a bird in his nest so long."

"That is just what I say! The idea of allowing a great girl like that to be seen and talked to by every Tom, Dick, and Harry who chooses to come out from Quebec with him."

"Do you mean the Governor, ma vieille?"

"No, I don't mean the Governor, imbecile"—for Mme. Ignace disliked above all things to be called "ma vieille," and M. Duchesnay should have remembered this—"I don't mean the Governor, imbecile, I mean such trash as that young Monthol  on, who comes from no one knows where."

"He happens to come from a place called Paris."

"A pretty place!" she snorted.

"So I've been told."

"Then why didn't he stay there? M. Boulard says only the trash come out here."

"M. Boulard has a fine nose, but he'll get it too high in the air if he turns it up at every one whom he meets from Paris. Leave the lad alone and tell M. Boulard to do the same or he may run foul of Joseph a second time." And M. Duchesnay ended the discussion by walking off towards the mill.

And M. Duchesnay was quite right as regards Louis de Monthol  on, for in spite of Cur   Boulard's nose, he was a fine young fellow and came of most respectable people in Paris. I'm afraid his fault in the eyes of Mme. Ignace was that he had borne a letter to M. de St. Martin, instead of to some more influential member of the family; that he had found the little house by the church more to his liking than the manor, and most of all, that her short-sighted brother-in-law allowed the handsome young fellow to go in and out at all hours and make one with his family in their expeditions into the woods. Of course, had Josephite not been so young it would have made less difference, for Mme. Ignace was fond of her pretty niece in her own imperious way, and M. Louis de Monthol  on added a new anxiety to Mme. Ignace which she shared together with her indignation with M. Boulard, who found all her points well taken.

As for the young gentleman and Made-moiselle Josephite, they were innocent of all cause of anxiety or offence. He was as much at home with M. and Mme. de St. Martin as if they had been his own father and mother, and was like an elder brother to Josephite, Magdeleine and Fran  ois. But gradually there came a change; Josephite became more silent when in his company; she no longer proposed their usual visits to the traps or to the quiet reaches of the Montmorency where trout abound; she preferred to go off alone with her father, and when at home stuck very close to her mother's apron-string.

Louis was somewhat troubled at first, but, having a clear conscience, decided it was only a girl's way, and she would probably come round in time. So he wisely made no change in his relations

towards her, and Josephite gradually became reassured and in her own good time she came round. Her natural upbringing saved her from all affectation, and, once over her first startled apprehension of this new element in her life, she fell back into her usual relations without misgiving or explanation.

That both the young people were in love was clear, and, being of a suitable age, neither father nor mother made any objection. Louis satisfied M. de St. Martin that he was in an independent position, that his marriage would please his mother, from whom a warm letter of approval was soon received by Mme. de St. Martin—for he had written long before the innocent Josephite had suspected his feeling—and, best of all, he announced that, once married, he would remain in Canada.

Now had Mme. de St. Martin known all the wheels in the case, she undoubtedly would have confided this important news to Mme. Ignace. Had she done so she would have made a strong ally, for Mme. Ignace would have welcomed such a step for Josephite, as young men of respectable family and sufficient means were not to be found every day in the colony, and the sight of his mother's letter would have won her own important approval. But Mme. de St. Martin had not as yet dreamed of speaking of so private a matter to any one but her husband; so neither Mme. Ignace nor her coadjutor, M. Boulard, was informed of the projected marriage.

It was one of those days in the late Indian summer of November, and Louis with Josephite were high on one of the upper slopes of Beauport in a quiet spot still known to lovers. She was intent on plaiting ribbons of birch bark and he lay at her feet. Neither had eyes for the valley below, the river beyond, nor the walls and towers and steeples of Quebec encircling the bald heights of Cape Diamond. They saw only each other and had neither eyes nor ears for outside sights or sounds.

"Josephite," said Louis, joyfully kneeling and taking both her hands in his, "I feel as if I must tell the whole world!"

At which Josephite laughed merrily, snatched one of her hands away, and

struck his black curls lovingly; but he caught it as she struck and kissed it, and then, despite her struggle, kissed her, as lovers have often done before and since.

"Shame on you, good-for-naughts!" thundered a voice above them, and they sprang to their feet to find the Curé Boulard glaring at them. "Go home to your mother, you hussy, and stay there unless you wish to do penance in your shift before the church! As for you, sir, be off to Quebec, and the sooner you take your shameless ways off to France the better for you. I want none of your sort aound my parish!"

"Hold your tongue, M. Boulard," thundered Louis. "Josephite is my promised wife; and, priest or no priest, I'll choke the life out of you if you dare say another word to her."

M. Boulard looked at the indignant face before him for a moment in silence, then he said quietly, but with an unpleasant little laugh: "Your promised wife, eh? Well, there's where the matter is likely to remain."

And he turned at the words and walked away.

When Louis recovered himself somewhat Josephite was crying, and, begging him not to follow, made the best of her way home to pour out her indignant shame and mortification on her mother's sympathetic breast.

"You must not breathe a word of this to your father, my child," said her mother when she had succeeded in calming her. "I don't know what he would do to M. Boulard. Remember that, whatever we think of him, he is our priest, and 'tis here you must be married. Why in the world did I not say a word to your Aunt Duchesnay?"

"But I cannot be married by him, mamma. How can I when he has said such things to me?"

"Hard words break no bones, my love," laughed her mother, hiding her indignation in her desire to comfort. "Keep a brave heart! Go on as if nothing had happened, and it will all come out right in the end. You can tell your father after M. Boulard has married you, if you care to—though by that time you'll be laughing at it as a good joke."

But the few days of Indian summer had barely fled when M. Boulard met M. de St. Martin on his first return from Quebec, and with that bold outspokenness which so often rendered his other more admirable qualities invalid, he straightway exposed what he held to be the reprehensible conduct of Josephite and Louis.

To the father it was so impossible that any one should impute evil to his girl that he was more moved to indulgent pity than anger.

"Tut, tut, M. le Curé! Remember you were young yourself once. All the world has been making love since the days of Maître Adam and Mme. Eve.

"Dieu bénit ce couple charmant  
Dans le moment,  
as the old *complainte* says."

"A very different matter. Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden."

"Oh well, Louis and Josephite will soon be."

"Don't be too sure of that, monsieur."

M. de St. Martin stared at the obstinate face of the Curé in angry surprise, but firm in his resolution not to quarrel, ended the conversation—

"Oh, yes they will, M. le Curé. M. de Montholéon will wait on you and ask you to marry him all in due form."

On the morrow M. de St. Martin and his intended son-in-law, dressed in their best, set out for the presbytère. They found an atmosphere within quite as frosty as that without.

M. de St. Martin plunged boldly into his business.

"M. le Curé, my wife and I have known M. de Montholéon since he came out from France last year, recommended specially to me. He and my little Josephite imagine they are sufficiently in love to set up house together, and, as they have enough to keep the pot boiling, we wish you to proclaim the banns next Sunday so they may be married hard and fast before the New Year. Is there anything special you require of us?"

"Yes, there is a good deal I require of this gentleman," said M. Boulard, looking hard at Louis. "Before there can be any question of marriage, I require to be thoroughly satisfied about him."

"Isn't this going a little far, M. le Curé? I should have thought that question rested chiefly with my wife and myself."

"I am not given to talking about other people's business, M. de St. Martin. Where does this young man come from?"

"Ask him yourself," said M. de St. Martin, shortly; which was not a good beginning.

"I come from Paris, monsieur. My father was an officer in the King's household, and my mother, Mme. de Nesle, still lives."

"Have you any occupation?"

"None, monsieur."

"Have you ever been married?"

"Hardly, monsieur. I am only twenty-four now."

"That is no answer. Are you married?"

"Monsieur, that is very nearly an insult, before M. de St. Martin," said the young fellow, reddening.

"Answer my question. Are you married?"

"No, monsieur."

"How do I know?"

"Because I tell you so, monsieur."

"You have no certificate from your parish priest?"

"No, monsieur. Why should I? Every one knows me here," stammered poor Louis, for he was unused to brow-beating of this description, and was woefully distressed at such insinuations before the father of his Josephite.

"Nobody knows you here that counts for anything," answered the priest arrogantly. "Let me tell you we don't choose to marry every adventurer who strays out here for reasons best known to himself."

"M. Boulard, what do you mean by such impertinence?" broke in M. de St. Martin. "Speak out like a man and tell me what you mean."

"If you attended your religious duties better, M. de St. Martin," said the Curé in his ordinary tone, "you would know there is a mandement of the Bishop forbidding marriage with persons arriving from France unless they bring proper certificates and produce reputable witnesses to the same effect. This gentleman—"

"His name is M. de Montholéon," interrupted M. de St. Martin, angered

by the intonation the Curé put on the word.

"It may be—this gentleman does not seem to me to have fulfilled any of these conditions."

"I have a letter from my mother to Mme. de St. Martin, in which she approves of my marriage," put in Louis, anxious to avoid further discussion. "Will you not see it?"

"No, I will not. I will take what the Bishop requires and nothing else. M. de St. Martin, I am busy this morning. I tell you plainly your daughter shall have no wedding until you bring a proper suitor before me."

Imagine the indignation and anger in the house by the church that evening! The worst of it was that no letter could be sent off to France before the end of next May at earliest, and before an answer could be received, the certificates examined and admitted, the banns published, a whole year might have gone. The thought that M. Boulard was fully aware of this was an additional aggravation. A whole year seemed an eternity to the month they had counted on, and the young people were in despair.

That evening Mme. de St. Martin said to her husband: "No, Joseph, you have tried your hand at this business and no one could have done it better. Now I'm going to try my hand on him and see if he can understand a woman's good reasons."

"All right, ma vieille," assented M. de St. Martin, greatly relieved, for he could see no way out of the tangle.

And Mme. de St. Martin, who did not mind being called "ma vieille" at all, kissed her big husband, calling him her "p'ti chou," her "grand ours" and other equally affectionate names, and there the matter rested for the night.

But Mme. de St. Martin, alas! made no better progress with the unreasonable M. Boulard than had her husband. She returned home, very indignant, but unconquered. All the fighting qualities of the Juchereau were aroused within her, and she announced to Louis her determination to go with him the next day and appeal to M. Glandelet, the Grand Vicaire of Quebec.

M. Glandelet was white and austere like his dwelling, and invited neither familiarity nor appeal.

When Mme. de St. Martin began her story, he waved his thin hand and said:

"I have already seen your Curé, M. Boulard. He is right in the position he has taken, and there is nothing to be discussed."

"But, monsieur, allow me to explain," protested Louis.

"You can explain, M. de Montholéon, when you produce the certificates required by the Bishop's mandement."

"But, monsieur, 'tis winter now, and though I am perfectly willing I cannot possibly receive any certificates before next autumn."

"That is your affair, monsieur."

"At least allow me to produce my proof."

"What proof?" said M. Glandelet, leaning forward with some show of interest.

"My mother's letter."

But M. Glandelet fell back in his chair with a gesture of weariness. "Oh, la, la, la, monsieur, this is an old story. M. Boulard has refused to accept your so-called proof, and I am not going to waste my time nor my temper over such matters. The Bishop's mandement is there, it is perfectly clear. Comply with it and M. Boulard will marry you with all the pleasure in the world. And there's an end of it!" And M. Glandelet rose to point his words.

Unfortunately it was not the end; for M. Louis de Montholéon, burning under a sense of personal injustice, and outraged in his tenderest feelings, gave way to his indignation with words that certainly did nothing to help forward his cause.

Mme. de St. Martin did not accept it as a defeat. Soon her influence worked on Joseph, who after a day or two, went singing about her work. No one in the household could guess what kept Mme. de St. Martin so cheerful or inspired her un-failing assurances that all would come out right.

For her, marriage was in the air, so much so that she apparently could leave no single people in peace. So thought Michel Potvin, that staid, quiet-going

bachelor with the mature wisdom of forty years and better, when his mistress came into the kitchen one night after the maids had gone to bed and he sat before the fire mending his snowshoes.

"Michel," she began without preamble, "have you any thought of getting married?"

"Boutique! madame. Why should I get married?"

"Because I wish you to."

"Get married, madame? Me?"

"Yes, certainly. Didn't I speak plainly?"

"Pour l'amour! madame. That is a poor jest to bring to a quiet man at this time of day. I've had trouble enough by myself, and 'tis a poor fool that would double it. No, no, leave such things to the young people who don't know any better."

"Vendredi' Levêque's daughter is a good girl, Michel."

"Then let her be a comfort to her father, madame."

"Now, Potvin, no more nonsense! I wish you to get married and that's all about it. I'll see you have enough to start with, and old Levêque's daughter is willing. What more do you want?"

"I don't want Levêque's daughter, madame," said poor Louis, dolefully.

"Good gracious! man. One woman's much like another. Who do you want?"

"Well, to speak frankly, I don't want any; but if madame is set on the matter—perhaps, Marie Belanger—"

"Marie Belanger be it!" closed Mme. de St. Martin, quickly. "I'll speak to her father to-morrow, for the banns must be read next Sunday."

"That will make the wedding, madame—?"

"Early in January."

This important business being settled to Mme. de St. Martin's satisfaction, she then entered into some explanations which so satisfied M. Potvin that every cloud vanished from his face and by the next day his cheerfulness rivalled that of Josephite; he proved as ardent a lover as Mademoiselle Marie Belanger or any reasonable girl could demand, so their banns were duly read in the parish church of Beauport by the Curé Boulard the very next Sunday.

The New Year came with its obligatory round of visits between relations and friends, but no unpleasant remarks were made, either at the presbytère or the manor; the young people were apparently in good heart, and Mme. de St. Martin had a light of triumph in her eye which nothing appeared to justify unless it were the approaching marriage of Potvin and Marie Belanger.

The marriage was fixed for Wednesday, the 7th of January. To do honour to their faithful servant and the lady of Mme. de St. Martin's choice, the whole St. Martin family were in the church with the exception of M. de St. Martin, who was on duty at the Château in Quebec.

Louis de Montholéon stood beside Josephite, and a very handsome couple they made. The bride and groom were in their proper places, M. le Curé Boulard officiated, and the marriage was duly performed. He then prepared to celebrate the benediction, but the moment the consecration of the elements was complete Louis de Montholéon arose in his place, and holding Josephite by the hand, declared in his clear voice:

"I, Louis de Montholéon, before M. le Curé Boulard and in presence of you all as witnesses, do take Marie Anne Josephite de l'Estringan de St. Martin as my wife."

Then mademoiselle, very pale and trembling now, in her turn said:

"I, Marie Anne Josephite de l'Estringan de St. Martin, before M. le Curé Boulard and in presence of you all as witnesses, do take Louis de Montholéon as my husband."

The consternation was general. M. Boulard turned as red as his altar cloth; but what could he do, dear man! It was after the consecration and he could not interrupt his mass. He stood still, in speechless indignation, while whisperings began to run through the congregation: "Un mariage à la Gaumine! Oh, la bonne blague!" and the like, until he recovered his composure, when, raising his hand to command attention, he went on with his office steadily to the end.

Once outside, every one by common accord waited, eager to see the pair who had awakened such sudden interest in their eyes. Side by side, hand still in hand, they stepped out of the door and



"I, Louis de Monthol  on, . . . do take Marie Anne Josephte de l'Estringan as my wife."

*Drawn by Lucius Hitchcock.*

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paused at the edge of the narrow platform which ran across the front of the church. Then Louis spoke.

"My friends," he said, "you have seen what has happened. Every step I have taken," continued Louis, "up to the day that I went to ask M. Boulard to marry me to this lady has been with the full knowledge and consent of M. and Mme. de St. Martin and of my mother.

"M. Boulard refused to marry us. Why? Because, he says, I am a Frenchman, because I must bring to him a certificate from my parish priest, from a notary, from some one or other, whom he has never seen—to prove what? That I am not married already.

"I have, as a good Catholic, the highest respect for M. Boulard as a priest, and I now declare that if I have in any way offended him as such I humbly ask his pardon and forgiveness, but I have done nothing I am ashamed of. I know I am

in the right and M. Boulard will yet say so himself. No man or woman will ever be able to say that any scandal save such as he himself has forced upon us shall ever fall on my wife, for, in spite of all you have heard, my wife she is, married by him, in the face of the Church, and I call on each one of you as a witness!"

When he ended there was no doubt of the popular verdict; though some of the elders might shake heads over the scandal, the shaking was more perfunctory than condemnatory. There were few who did not press forward to shake hands with the rebels, and while the feather-brained laughed over the ruse, the more serious assured the young people of their sympathy and support.

"Dame!" exclaimed Potvin to his bride, "we are very much like the dead man at his funeral—all the compliments for the company."

## Beyond the Veil

BY JEAN BLEWETT.

YOU lifted eyes pain-filled on me,  
Sad questioning eyes which did demand  
How I could thrust back churlishly  
The friendship true you offered me.—  
Ah, Sweet, to-day you understand!

'Twas that my heart beat rapturously  
At smile of thine, at touch of hand,  
At tender glance vouchsafed to me,  
The while I knew it must not be.—  
Ah, Sweet, to-day you understand!

There's neither pain nor mystery  
In that far-off and fragrant land  
To which you journeyed fearlessly,  
By golden street and jasper sea.—  
Ah, Sweet, to-day you understand!

# "Maskee!"

## A Tale of the City of Peking

By EVE BRODLIQUE-SUMMERS



ILVA West flashed out into the Legation gardens with a swirl of her white petticoats and a pout of her pretty lips. Like a discontented bird she bobbed about among the palms, the ferns, the potted plants, which made the Legation court as a huge, but roofless, conservatory. The sun gleamed upon the copper of her hair, and vainly searched her young face for some wrinkle or flaw. To such as she the world should have been "fair and very fair," but she dwelt this morning among dark clouds of her own making. It was all on account of a little god, not the small winged creature who usually acts as the disturber of peace with young ladies, but a squat little Buddha of the inner temple, near the Legation.

"How muchee plice can catchee b'long my?" she had eagerly inquired of the pale, yellow priest, stately and calm, who was escorting this lively young visitor through the dim temple. He shook his capped head.

"But I want him. I must have him—he's so perfectly dear," cried the excited girl, lapsing from her shaky pidgin English, and pointing with one imperative forefinger to the little gilt bronze she had so stubbornly fancied.

"God makee no tra-la, all got in Temple, no tief can takee," exclaimed the calm priest, with great lucidity. Ilva frowned and took out her purse. It was not particularly well-filled, as the Priest's sharp eyes at once perceived. When she tried to press it into his hand, while at the same time she reached forth for the coveted Buddha, his slim yellow fingers deftly returned her the purse, and protected the grotesque little god. She shrank from the silky heathen touch, but her blood was up.

"Pay my!" she pleaded.

"He topside joss," explained the Priest, still more laboriously, slyly offering her

as a substitute another bronze Buddha which he took from the recesses of his flowing garments.

She repudiated the compromise. Ilva knew very well what she wanted. Her fancy had been captivated by the smaller god, and she would not be put off with another and inferior Buddha. She rushed to the Legation to enlist aid and sympathy.

The Minister looked grave. "My dear Ilva," he said, "you already have trunksful of 'loot' to take home; you can't possibly need this especial small god."

"But I do!"

"Then I am afraid you will have to go needy. If this is a 'topside joss,' you simply cannot get it. Why not be satisfied with the nice little unconsecrated Buddhas you can buy in the Bund?"

"And bring home by way of the Maloo in a Peking cart," she pouted. "Oh, Uncle, haven't you any sentiment? What is the use of belonging to the Legation if you can't have some privileges? Anybody can buy these things in the Bund."

"Well, no Chinese bronze is worth breaking the Tenth Commandment."

"There isn't a thing in the Tenth Commandment about coveting your neighbour's gods," snapped Ilva.

"Then it is the First Commandment you are set on smashing."

"Don't be so silly, Uncle! I'm not making any genuflection before the thing. Lieutenant Turner, won't *you* help me to get this darlingest little Buddha?"

The young attaché laughed uneasily. "I'd go through fire and water for you, Miss Ilva, or any other little thing like that, but you see, these brutes of Chinamen really do pin their faith to some of their fat, cross-legged bits of earthenware, and it's a—well—a sort of a sacrilege for us 'foreign devils' to even touch them."

"Oh, of course, if you are *afraid*," began the young beauty, disdainfully.

The attaché flushed crimson, and the Minister spoke—more sternly than was his wont.

"That is distinctly unfair, Ilva. I tell you once for all, that this Legation will not countenance any insult to the religion of these Orientals. You do not understand what you are talking about."

It was then that Ilva bounced out into the garden in an unmistakable fit of sulks. Her heart burned hot within her. She had been reproved like a naughty child—she—who had queened it over the Legation for the past three months—reproved before Lieutenant Turner, her hitherto devoted slave. At first it had been only a passing fancy for the freakish little god, but now she was mutinous. She was determined she would not give up. She would show them. She would have that little god yet. But how? She went up to her own apartments to think it all out.

Her maid was packing her treasures; rare specimens of celadons, famille vert, jade, sang-de-bœuf, censers, tripods, wine cups, tea-pots, candlesticks, carved ivory and teak, bone and bamboo and crackleware. "Ain't they just beautiful, Miss?" cried the admiring maid, but Ilva barely acquiesced. At that moment all the splendid collection was as dust and ashes to her without the little gilt Buddha of the inner temple.

She sat disconsolately down by her window, amid roses and hyacinths and chrysanthemums, real and pictorial, blowing either in or on vase and pot and jar. From where she sat she could see the broad, bright street of the Legations, and the large walled square of the Tartar city, lying northwest of the oblong Chinese city, and through all the distance never a spire or a minaret, only pagodas shining in the sun.

Down in the court below she heard a masculine voice humming:

"Bloomin' idols made of mud  
What they calls the great God Budd."

She poked her fair head out of the window, and met Lieutenant Turner's upturned, worried gaze.

"Won't you come down?" he asked.

"I'm down, desperately down, already."

"I didn't mean in the matter of spirits," said the young man, heavily. "I shouldn't want to drag you down to my level in that regard."

"Why! Is your barometer pointing 'low,' too?"

The Lieutenant languished effectively. "Aren't you packing up to leave Peking?" he queried.

Miss West laughed, then paused, her bright head on one side, more like a pert little bird than ever. "I'm merely waiting for my keepsake," she said, and then ran blithely down the stairs.

"What keepsake?" asked the young man, eagerly, as she joined him.

"Oh, that dear little Buddha Uncle was so horrid about."

The face of the young man clouded. "I'm afraid that—you—you—don't quite understand," he stammered.

The girl stopped abruptly in her promenade. "I fancy I've heard about my lack of intelligence before," she said, sharply. Beads of perspiration stood out on the young man's brow. Ilva watched him closely. "If we did not live in such degenerate times I might have found a knight gallant enough to get me a piece of bric-a-brac from a difficult place," she said, with a fine air of contempt.

"But the knight always did his spectacular deeds for a reward," said poor Turner, trying to laugh the matter off.

"Ah, well the reward could be easily managed," said Ilva sweetly.

Turner stared, flushed rosy red, hesitated, then caught her pretty sun-burned hand in his.

"Would it be this—Ilva?—this?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Yes," whispered Ilva, dropping her eyelids demurely, and drawing her hand slowly—very slowly—away.

\* \* \* \* \*

That evening a disconsolate lover sought his lady in her bower—or what passed for her bower, the forest of potted trees and plants in the Legation Court.

"Have you got it?" she whispered, with all the impatience of a spoiled child for a forbidden toy.

Slowly he drew a little image out of his pocket. She clutched at it, and held

it up to the light. Then gave a cry of anger, and dashed it to the ground.

"This is not my Buddha! It is the same common thing the priest tried to sell me! How dare you try to hoodwink me so!"

The lover protested, humbly. "It was the best I could do. The old fellow said the disposal of this would get him into disgrace, but that to let the other go would mean death. It seems that it's an awfully high-mucky-muck sort of a god that you've set your heart on, for all it's so small. This one is nicer looking, to my mind, as well as bigger, and not so dragon-y. The other isn't a pucca Buddha, you know" (Lieutenant Turner had been in India). "Anyway, you wouldn't want to get the old fellow murdered, would you? I noticed another yellow rascal watching us terribly closely as I tried to strike the bargain. I fancy he was a spy. It looked suspicious."

Miss West's expression was unutterably scornful and very wise. "They fool you and the Minister," she said. "Of course they see I have set my heart on this one article—I don't care if he's a pucca Buddha or not; I like 'em dragon-y—and they are holding it for all they can get. I suppose they are afraid the tall priest may let it go too cheaply. That is what the watching means, unless it is merely a part of the game to impress us. However, a man playing at being a spy does not terrify *MÉ!*" and with a withering glance she left the young Lieutenant, a man who had never known fear, and who never would. Birth and breeding and training made it impossible, but he was clear-sighted enough to be careful, especially when others were involved.

For the matter of that, neither was Ilva easily frightened. Nothing daunted she traversed the dim temple again and again, always stopping before the little gilt bronze hung with jewels, and always followed by some keen-eyed priest. Whenever it was he of the tall form and the serene face, with pale yellow skin satin-smooth, she tried to wheedle, to bargain, to coax. The calm priest always shook his gentle head.

"Me catchee killum," he would say, but the wilful girl believed him not. It was a part of her most firm belief that all these yellow heathen lied, and lied constantly. Besides, her heart was more than ever set upon the little gilt god. It had become a matter of pride. She wanted to show the Minister and Lieutenant Turner how much cleverer than they she was, and how utterly unafraid. Still the expiration of her visit was drawing near, and she had made no further visible progress, though even the priest's Oriental stolidity could not hide from her sharp eyes the fact that she was a welcome visitor to his temple.

She grew desperate. One dull afternoon she filled her purse with every available coin she could spare. She selected several rings, a brooch or two, and put them in her chataleine bag. She wreathed flowers in her hair until she looked like a mischievous fairy, for Ilva had been a belle too long to despise the day of small things, and she knew of a surety that the tall priest appreciated her beauty and unlikeness to the women of his own race. Then with her hands filled with flowers for the altar, she tripped, like an embodied Flora, to offer her priest a final bribe. He was there, in an attitude that suspiciously suggested waiting. When he caught sight of her, his slant eyes shone in unveiled welcome, for this butterfly girl had come to be a daily sunbeam in that dim place of carven teak and sandalwood and bronze. She put her flower-decked head coquettishly on one side:—"Chin-chin joss pidgin," she said imperatively, and then, holding out her open purse, "pay my!"

The priest looked at her wistfully, hungrily, for he was young (if Chinamen are ever young), and she was fair to see. Then he answered softly, without more than a sidelong glance at the gleaming little purse: "You wanchee he? My no can gettee. You sabe my catchee killum." Ilva laughed. To her mind the priest was evidently weakening, and for his allusion to capital punishment for the theft, she cared not one whit.

"My talkee tlué, pidgin," he said, reproachfully.

Ilva made a merry little grimace. "Of course, you dear old ivory image," she

said in English, then "Can? No can?" holding out a little pearl ring in addition to the purse.

"That belong what ting?" he asked, anxiously.

"Mine, my ring," answered Ilva, collapsing into regular English again, but quickly drawing the ring on and off her finger to indicate its use. The priest looked at her straight in her blue eyes as his own oblique gaze would permit.

"Maskee!" he murmured; then, with fingers unbent and knuckles out, he beckoned her into a dimmer corner, near the place where the little gilt Buddha stood. He held out one thin, yellow finger for the ring. She tried to put the purse and the bauble into his hand. To her amazement, he repudiated the money, but still held his finger stiff and outstretched to receive the ring. She slipped it on—his fingers were as slim as her own. Then he stood looking at her, humbly, worshipfully. She shrank beneath his gaze.

"What time can make god b'long my?" she asked in a business-like tone, fully aware that she dared not remove the god there and then. The priest stood like a pale ivory carving, and Ilva noticed how singularly straight and intelligent his features were.

"Can do chop-chop," he answered humbly; then, with a rush, "Kissee my one time, one little one time?" Ilva sprang back. Here was the influence of the foreign customs of the "foreign devils" with a vengeance! Her eyes blazed. She turned to go. As she went, the Celestial reached forth to touch a fold of her dress with caressing fingers, and caught a flower as it fell from her hair. But she went without a word. "Maskee!" he breathed, "Maskee!" and held the little ring to his bosom.

\* \* \* \* \*

Notwithstanding the manner of her departure, Ilva felt sure that the coveted treasure would be forthcoming, and went to sleep that night happier than for weeks. The next morning when she opened her eyes, there the Buddha was, standing on her window-sill, sheltered by a trailing vine from the outside world, and yet set so that the early sunshine glistened on the jewels about its fantastic little neck. With

a cry of delight, Ilva cuddled the grotesque thing in her hands, and then slipped it into the blouse of her morning dress, and hurried down to air her triumph to the rest.

But the moment she entered the breakfast-room she intuitively knew the time unpropitious for her declaration. The Minister was striding up and down the apartment with an anxious frown knotting his fine iron-gray brows. Young Turner stood by the open window, looking worn and harassed. Dull reports boomed discordantly from a distance. The Minister's wife sat pale and trembling behind the coffee urn. Evidently this was more than a domestic disturbance among the retinue of servants necessary for official residence in that flowery land. Ilva crept up to the motherly presence behind the steaming urn. "What is it, Auntie?" she whispered.

The poor lady patted her niece's hand in a feeble attempt at reassurance. "The Minister is troubled, my dear, for this morning a dead priest was found lying across our doorstep, and he thinks the Chinese mean mischief to the Legation. Oh, I am so glad you are going away from it all!"

"Do you remember that tall, yellow fellow we used to see so much in the Temple?" asked Turner of Ilva. "Poor chap, they've bow-strung him! He seemed a pretty good sort, too."

Ilva felt her lips stiffen with horror. The Minister regarded her kindly, in spite of his pre-occupation. "Don't look so woe-begone, child," he said. "You had no hand in this matter. Indeed, I expect the fellow wasn't worth troubling over, for the servants say there was a ring on his finger—a pearl ring—which he very likely had stolen from one of the Legations."

"Yes; and inside the breast of his robe they found a rose such as we alone raise," said the Minister's wife. "It is dreadful to think that the man died stealing—he a priest, too!"

"Well, I'm jolly glad we had nothing to do with him, or any of his little old gods," said Turner; "but I can't for the life of me see what is meant by their laying his body here! Just hear those yellow

beggars now exploding firecrackers to drive away the devils from their joss house."

They listened. The booming grew more insistent. Detonation after detonation marked the effort to repair a sacrilege. Ilva felt that every one was a shot in her heart. Then the Minister resumed his conversation with Turner: "I wish I could understand," he said. "Did you notice last night, and again this morning, a mysterious scratching on the boards of the house? It annoyed me so that I could not sleep, and I sent the servants out to find the cat, or the rat, or whatever it was. But nothing could be located. Now that part of it is not surprising. This is—this morning the servants unite in telling me that the scratching proceeds from a beast, half dog, half dragon, which comes from the Temple near by, and that this strange animal only pays visits when some awful calamity is about to happen."

"I see," broke in the young Lieutenant, eagerly. "You think that the servants are trying, in a vague way, to warn us of approaching danger, and put us on our guard?"

The Minister nodded, and glanced significantly towards the women. "We must get them out of the way as quickly as possible," he said.

Young Turner ruffled up the pages of his newspaper. "The *Empress* sails from Taku the day after to-morrow," he said. "We must get them off to Tien-Tsin tonight, and then they can go down the river in the morning. There is no time to lose."

That night the Minister's wife, Ilva West and the attendants were quietly driven out of the Legation in Peking carts drawn by sturdy mules, whose legs sank deep in the thick mud which oozed along the uneven streets, and splashed the occupants of the carts in dismal splotches. Ilva had been strangely silent all day. The others thought she was frightened, when it was but the fear and horror of what her wilfulness had accomplished. Her little Buddha she still wore in the blouse of her gown, afraid to return it to the Temple, or to anyone who might take it thither, now the friendly priest was gone, and restitution might very likely be more

dangerous than concealment. She had worked enough mischief. She had brought death to a human being—perhaps bitter danger to her friends. It was horrible, horrible, and the knowledge of it all crushed her.

As they drove out through the Chien-mên, quietly as might be, then by the Chi-Huro, past the Liang-Kung-Foo, she looked back, shudderingly, at the walled cities, seeing with aching eyes the Temple she had persistently haunted, and beyond it the awesome Imperial City, court upon court, which she had dreamed of in its yellow glory, with piles upon piles of gleaming gold, and its topaz-embroidered yellow velvet draperies. She thought of Nineveh and Tyre, her terror deepened and concentrating, until she hid her face in her aunt's lap to keep from shrieking aloud. That good lady bravely turned her thoughts from her own sorrows to comfort the weeping girl, believing that her tears were for the brave lover she was leaving behind to almost certain danger.

All through the days of their flight westward, the little gilt god weighed like iron on the breast of the girl, but she could not summon the courage to drop the thing overboard of the Taku river-boat, nor later into the sea. Before the fugitives reached home, the Peking massacre had begun, and the quiet river banks of the Taku had been foreground for stirring, dreadful pictures of war. There a varied host had been gathered, there had fought in unison an admiral of England, a field-marshal of Germany, and Sepoys of India, and there the Stars and Stripes had been drenched in the blood of Liscum's brave men. It was a terrible time. The whole civilised world was raging at the Chinese procrastination which prevented it from knowing whether the diplomats and foreign residents of Peking were dead or alive. Report after report appeared, only to be contradicted. The little bronze god sat on the edge of the mantel in Miss West's boudoir and smiled hideously, as though conscious that the hour of revenge had struck. Ilva loathed the thing, yet it held her by its fascination, as it had from the first. She could not destroy it. It had become an

embodied penance to her, as ever-present as the albatross to the Ancient Mariner. Before its stony countenance she made moan, and prayed, helplessly and hopelessly, to the God of the Christians that the awful consequences of her folly might be stayed. So the dross of her nature burned away in the quick fires of remorse and repentance.

Then definite news came. China was receiving its chastisement, weltering in the dreary, decadent grandeur of its thousand yellow years. The West had recognised its duty towards the East. But alas for the spilled blood, the broken hearts!

The Minister wrote that he had escaped, hungry and nerve-worn, but unhurt. Turner, poor chap, had lost an arm. It was cut away by the sword of an undersized yellow priest from the near-by Temple. Good boy, Turner! It was ten thousand pities! And he was coming home by the next boat.

Ilva went straight to her wounded warrior as soon as he landed. He turned away from her. She implored. "I wanted you to marry me when I was a whole man; I wouldn't tie you down to a battered cripple," he said, bitterly. Then she drew him gently home, and laying one hand tenderly on his empty sleeve, looked straight into his face, and told him all her tale, all her remorse—all her love.

Gaily he clasped her with his strong remaining arm. "Why, little woman, you musn't blame all this uprising on yourself,"

he cried. "Losing their trumpety little old god may have helped matters a bit with those fellows at that particular Temple, but the whole thing had been brewing long before. If I were to recount half of the reasons and conditions your precious little head would spin with weariness. But surely you remember how anxious the Minister used to be long since, over the isolated Boxer outrages which were so constantly cropping up even then?"

"Ah!" she sighed. "But the poor murdered priest—and he did like me, in his queer way. And this—this—is my fault, too." She pressed her cheek against the empty sleeve, embroidering it with tears.

The happy lover laughed, for even the loss of an arm seems little to the young beside the loss of a sweetheart, and what was a yellow priest more or less? And as he laughed he cast his eyes up to the squatting, cross-legged figure on the mantel edge, and hummed as he had hummed before among the palms in the Legation court:

"Bloomin' idol made of mud!"

But Ilva only sighed, thinking of the havoc she had wrought, and the sorrow, for she had seen the light in the slant eyes of the yellow priest, and knew that he had laid down his life to gratify her mere caprice. "Greater love hath no man than this," she thought to herself, but aloud she only said, softly: "Maskee!" which being interpreted is "Kismet!" or "The Fates will it! What's the Use?"

## Endeavour

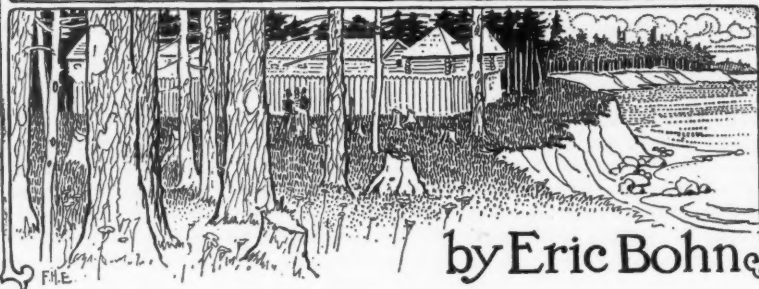
BY J. BEVERLEY ROBINSON

WE cannot climb beyond a certain height,  
We cannot pass beyond a settled mark  
We cannot hope to reach that shining light  
Which we perceive but dimly in the dark.

But hark!

What is that voice that seems to come from heaven,  
Cleaving the azure pureness of the sky?  
"You cannot strive, perhaps, as some have striven,  
But you can try!"

# THE BUILDERS



by Eric Bohné

**RESUME**—Harold Manning, an officer in the 100th Regiment, which is ordered to Canada for service in the War of 1812, has just been married in London. He secures the consent of the Colonel to take his wife to Halifax, and on the overland trip to Georgian Bay. They sail for Halifax on H.M.S. *North King*, arriving safely after a six weeks' voyage. Preparations are at once made for the rest of the trip. In the meantime Mrs. Manning becomes acquainted with Mrs. Mason, wife of the commandant of the Citadel, and other persons. The annual military ball is about to take place. At it, Mrs. Manning meets Maud Maxwell and the two become great friends. Miss Maxwell would like to try the overland trip, but it is impossible. A few days afterwards, the two companies lined up in the Citadel square, and the bugles sounded for the long march. The long procession of sleighs and men moved off. The first night was spent in a lumber camp. Many of the following nights were spent in roughly-made camps, and strange were the experiences of the pilgrims in an almost uninhabited region. Mrs. Manning conceives a dislike for Captain Cummings who is too attentive and decidedly insinuating. After but one skirmish with the enemy, the troops arrive safely at Quebec, having made a record march. After a few days' rest they proceed to Montreal and thence westerly along the Ottawa and Madawaska Rivers. Penetanguishene is reached. The erection of buildings begins, Helen finding refuge on the schooner *Bumble-bee* and discovering in Mrs. Latimer a nurse-maid known long ago. In Halifax new troops land under Colonel Battersby and proceed to the West, Captain Morris being entrusted with a letter to Mrs. Manning from Maud Maxwell. The life at Penetang is described, and one event is Big Thunder's account of the death of Tecumseh.

## CHAPTER XXXII

**I**T was July before Colonel Battersby's column, after a long march from Montreal, reached Kingston and joined the forces of General Drummond; and none too soon, for word had been forwarded of the disastrous invasion of the Niagara frontier under Brigadier-Generals Scott and Ripley. Fort Erie had been taken, and Commander-in-Chief Brown, with a heavy force, had advanced against Major-General Riall and defeated the British forces at Chippewa. The country was ravaged, St. Davids burned, Niagara threatened.

With all possible speed General Drummond pressed forward his troops, but it was the 25th of the month before Niagara

was reached and Riall reinforced. Part of Colonel Battersby's command was left with the veterans and Indians stationed at Queenston, to oppose the landing of American troops there; while the balance, including Battersby himself, as well as Captain Morris and his company, continued with the main force in the advance toward Lundy's Lane.

At six o'clock of that memorable night when Drummond's forces met Riall's, at the junction of Queenston Road and Lundy's Lane, the latter were retreating before the superior force of the enemy. Countermanding the retreat, the General at once placed his guns in strong position on the hill. Eight hundred soldiers, however, added to the British troops still came short of balancing the forces. Nevertheless,

the famous battle of Lundy's Lane at once commenced, and before night it was fiercely raging. As it progressed, reinforcements were received on both sides—this only added fuel to the flame—and it was not until midnight that the battle ceased.

Among orchards laden with fruit, on hill-side and summit, in little copses of woodland, in open plain, throughout that long twilight, until the pale moon sank in the west:

"Roar of baleful battle rose  
And brethren of a common tongue  
To mortal strife like tigers sprung."

What gave enthusiasm to Canadians and British in the contest was that they were fighting for home and country. The attitude of defender and invader can never be the same. The balance of heart and soul against mere mentality can never be equal. The one has virile force in every fibre of its being, ready to sacrifice life and limb to principle—the other mere elusive energy, begotten of baser metal with the hope of ultimate gain.

Still the American infantry fought with gallant determination. With unflinching energy they made charge after charge to capture the British guns. General Riall, now second in command, was wounded and captured; and at nine o'clock it seemed as though the Americans would win. Then reinforcements poured in on either side. Though tired from long marches on that hot summer day, they at once rallied to the support of their respective commanders; and lighted only by the faint moonlight, and the flash from the rifles, the struggle continued with redoubled fury.

The English gunners stood manfully at their posts, and swept with deadly fire the lines of Brown's battalions. The carnage was terrific. White men of the same blood, the same language, the same religion; nay, in the highest ethics, of the same race, shot each other down by hundreds, as if life were of no moment, bayonetting each other to death in the light of the silvery moon.

At last, spurred on by the determination to win the battle at any cost, Colonel Miller of the Twenty-first made an impetuous

rush and for a time captured the British guns.

Now began the wildest scene of all—a hand to hand and bayonet to bayonet struggle for mastery. General Drummond's men rallied on every side, determined to fight to the bitter end, and hour after hour the slaughter continued. Everywhere the fight went on. The shouts of command, the thunder of artillery, the continual flashing of powder, the clashing of steel, mingled with the roar of Niagara and the groans of the dying, made it seem as though the demons of hell had been let loose to ravage the earth.

But six hours of mortal conflict were enough. Seventeen hundred men, Britons and Americans, lay side by side, dead or wounded, on that field of battle. The position of the British was too strong to be taken and held; and the invaders, realising the futility of further effort, withdrew from the field; returning to Fort Erie, which they had already captured, and where they more adequately intrenched their position.

Left to themselves the British were not long in making a change. Lights were lit and at once men were dispatched to examine the field and search for missing comrades.

Colonel Battersby, although he had led his men in the thickest of the fight, had come off unscathed; but he knew that some of his officers had been slain and others wounded. To his horror, Captain Morris, the man of his own selection, was missing. Eager to know the truth, accompanied by orderlies, he went carefully over the field. Headless trunks, disembowelled bodies, the dead, the dying, the wounded, were everywhere. Agonising groans came from the fallen, both English and Americans, while side by side with them, stoic Indians with impassive faces did not utter a sound.

As they passed on limbs were straightened, a comfortable position given or a wound stanching; while now and then a few drops from a pocket flask were poured between the lips of a life fast ebbing away.

"Colonel, here's a captain's epaulets," ejaculated one of his men at last. A light was thrown upon a body, whose face was hidden in the moss beneath an oak shrub

The man, unconscious, still breathed, though he lay in a pool of blood. Wiping his face they gently turned it upwards.

"My God! It is Captain Morris," exclaimed the Colonel.

Tenderly they placed him in an easier position. Blood from his scalp and arm and leg were flowing freely.

"Tell one of the surgeons to come at once," was the Colonel's order, while he stooped to loosen his clothing.

In a few minutes the Doctor came and made an examination.

"Suffering from concussion as well as loss of blood," were his words. "Let us lay him on a stretcher and carry him to quarters."

In a few minutes they reached a vacant house on the lower side of the hill, which they purposed using as a temporary hospital.

"Who is it?" inquired General Drummond as they approached.

"Captain Morris, sir."

"Ah! Another brave man. One of our best officers! How many we have lost in this terrible fight! Will he live, Doctor?"

"He is not conscious, but he opened his eyes just now."

"Thank God! You must do your best for him."

"I will, sir."

They placed him on a low settle, on one side of the room, and the Doctor dressed his wounds.

"I saw him fall," came in a low tone from a man in the opposite corner, whose foot had been shot off. He had fainted from loss of blood, and his leg had been bound up until it could be properly dressed. It belonged to his company. Twice we were driven back—half our men had fallen—but he drew his sword and rushed on again, calling us to follow him—then a Yankee officer struck at him, so he knocked his sword back and ran him through—but a couple o' sogers came at the captain with their bayonets—that's the last I saw for I got dizzy and fell—I didn't think I was hurt."

"You've said enough," said the Doctor sharply. "We don't want you to faint again."

"All right, sir."

There was a deep flesh wound in Captain Morris' thigh, and a bayonet thrust in his arm, while the top of his scalp had been torn to the skull by a bullet.

"Pretty badly knocked out," said the Doctor. "But not hopeless. His pupils are still sensitive to light."

The General expressed satisfaction as with Battersby he left the house. Several other shanties near by were being utilised for the wounded.

"I suppose the owners all fled on the approach of battle," said the General to Colonel Scott, who had charge of the relief department.

"Yes," was the answer. "This battle has been impending for days, and orders were issued to the people to escape to the back districts without delay."

"They may as well stay away now," said Drummond. "There are hundreds of wounded and our first care must be for them. We may have beaten the enemy, but it has been at terrible cost."

"Your arrival, General, was a God-send. If your men had not come, I don't know where we would have been."

"Your own vanguard helped to save the cake, Scott. But the horror of it all! A thousand men have bit the dust."

"If we have many fights like this, thousands more may do it yet before we are through."

"True, but it is a fight to the finish. We must hold our own. Every foot of it. Never relinquish an inch."

For more than an hour Captain Morris remained unconscious. His continued insensibility caused much concern, and Sergeant Dennis, his faithful subaltern, was placed beside him to watch.

After a while he opened his eyes again, and looked vacantly around him through the dim light of the candles. Gradually he took in the situation.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at last, fixing his eyes on Dennis, and looking at his bandages. "I got hurt. Did I?"

"Yes, Captain, a trifle," was the answer.

"And the battle—is it over?"

"Yes, Captain, keep still."

For a time there was a pause, and the sergeant put some whiskey and water to his lips.

"I must be badly knocked out," he ventured again after a while.

"Not so bad as some," was the answer.

"Bad enough."

"I will call the Doctor or Colonel Battersby," said the Sergeant. "I had orders to report at three."

"Wait a minute, Sergeant. It can't be that yet."

"It is nearly."

"There is something you can do for me."

"I will do anything in the world for you, Captain."

"Thanks—You will be with me all night, won't you?"

"Yes, till daylight."

"Well, I'll tell you later. After the doctor comes."

"He's here now."

So the communication was delayed.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII



HALF an hour later the Sergeant again had charge of the Captain. He was weak and pallid but his mind was clear and he fixed his eyes on the Sergeant's face.

"Now, I can tell you," he said at last with some difficulty.

"You had better not," returned the man.

"The Doctor says you must sleep before you try to talk again."

"It will only take a minute—I've got to say it now," said Morris.

"Very well," said the Sergeant, bending over him. "Speak low, Captain. Don't say more than you can help."

"It is only about two letters—they are in my wallet, and I want you without fail to send them on— One is directed to Penetang— I intended to forward it from York—but it was in the bottom of my wallet—and in the hurry of leaving I did not do it— The other is one of my own to Halifax. It, too, should have been sent on before we crossed the lake—but the order to march was so sudden that I had not time— Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"I might have given them to the Colonel—but I did not want to bother him—

Whether I get well or not—I want this off my mind."

"All right, sir. I will have them forwarded by the very first chance. You may depend upon that."

"Thank you, Sergeant."

The Captain pressed his hand and closed his eyes. Soon he was asleep.

The Sergeant, while he decided to carry out his instructions faithfully, thought it singular that so trifling a matter should occupy the attention of so sick a man.

"Well, I have something for you at last," said Miss Maxwell to her sister, one bright morning, several weeks earlier than the tragic events of the last chapter. She had just returned from the Citadel, and holding two letters high above her head, shook them gaily at Maud.

"I am so glad," returned that young lady, holding out her hand. "Who are they from? One from Mrs. Manning I am sure."

"Who do you suppose the other is from? Which of your lovers has written you a letter?"

Handing over one she still held the other aloft.

"How foolish you are, Genie! This is the one I want to read first, anyway."

Sitting down she broke the seal and commenced reading Mrs. Manning's letter, apparently unconscious that the other was waiting for perusal. The letter was a long one, and Maud's face glowed with pleasure as her eyes ran rapidly over its pages. Parts of it she read aloud, and other parts to herself. By-and-by when she had finished, she put it back within its cover, and held out her hand for the other one.

This was from Dr. Beaumont, and she flushed slightly as she perused its contents. Still she read it through to the end, without speaking a word.

"Are you not going to read any of it to me?" Eugenia asked as she sat opposite, watching her sister's face.

"You may read all of Mrs. Manning's letter and welcome," said Maud, handing it over; "but this from Dr. Beaumont I must keep to myself," and she slipped it into her pocket. "Was not Mrs. Manning brave?" she continued.

"Indeed she was. She tells all about the journey and the new settlement and the trials she had."

"Yes," said Maud, "but there's an undertone of joy through it all—even in her account of that terrible march along the Madawaska."

Maud turned to the window and looked dreamily out, while unconsciously she took the Doctor's letter from her pocket and tapped the sill with it, to keep time with her thoughts.

"Dr. Beaumont comes in for his share of praise," said Eugenia as she read on. "I don't see how they could have done without him."

"Would not Dr. Fairchild have done as well?" Maud asked in a low voice.

"He did not get the chance," was Eugenia's quick response.

"I always had doubt as to the real reason of that," said Maud.

"Mrs. Manning says," continued Eugenia, "that she sent a letter a few days before this one by a man in a sailboat round by Lake Huron; but that this would be sent through the woods by Little York. Did you get the first one?"

"No; possibly it may not come at all, and if it does it will be later, as the way out West by Georgian Bay, and then through Lakes Huron and Erie, would be much longer than the overland route."

"Have you been studying geography lately?" Eugenia asked, drawing down the corners of her mouth.

"It is not long since I left school, Miss Inquisitive, and then I was at the head of my class."

That afternoon they called upon Mrs. Mason, and as they expected found her loquacious upon the subject of Penetang. She said that Sir John Sherbrooke and Colonel Mason had both received despatches from Sir George.

"I understand that you are a favoured one, also," she continued, good-humouredly turning to Maud. "Two letters all for yourself from the little new garrison, while not another lady in Halifax has received one."

"All owing to my fortunate meeting with Mrs. Manning," returned Maud with a slight flush. "Nearly all the troops were fresh from England, so their letters

would naturally be sent home instead of here. Mrs. Manning's letter is very interesting. I brought it over for you to see."

"Thank you, and may I read it to Colonel Mason?"

"Certain parts, but not all. You will know what I mean."

"I'll take care, my dear. Trust me for that—but was there not another letter?—ah, ah, my lady—but I will ask no more questions," and Mrs. Mason with twinkling eyes laughed softly to herself.

"Did not a ship come in to-day?" Eugenia asked.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mason, "with another regiment. The Colonel says it is imperative for it to leave at once for Montreal, as the war is not over yet, and it has important letters to carry."

"When will it sail, or did you hear?" Maud asked.

"To-morrow morning, I believe."

On the return home Maud was in a thoughtful mood again. When in doubt she rarely sought the confidence of others—not even that of her sister—but considered the matter out for herself. It was her own business, why trouble others with her perplexities? True, she had only received the letters that day, but when such an excellent opportunity for immediate replies occurred, why postpone to another time, which might be long in coming?

Her candle burned late that night, and when the ship left for Montreal the next morning, the mail bag contained two letters for Penetang—one to Mrs. Manning—the other to Dr. Beaumont.

More than a month passed away. The fortunes of war had been ebbing and flowing first on one side and then on the other—the belligerents on neither being as yet satisfied. Still the conflict was nearing the end. News travelled slowly then; but word of a battle, even when three weeks old, was as interesting as it is now when the happening was only yesterday.

The news of Lundy's Lane had arrived. The Citadel and all Halifax were excited over it, for although the British claimed the victory, yet one of the companies that had served in the fort for years, had been

in the brunt of the fight, and had lost more than half its men.

In small garrison towns, stationary troops soon become identified with the people; and the results of battle create intense interest. Having once heard the rumour of the conflict, the people were anxious to hear more, and soldiers off duty were asked repeatedly for the latest details. At every street corner the battle was discussed; while in the homes it was the one absorbing theme.

With the news also came that letter to Maud, forwarded by the Sergeant, but, as already noted, written before the conflict.

"Captain Morris' name is in everybody's mouth," said Judge Maxwell to his family that evening. "The people are wild over him. They say he is one of the bravest officers in the service. What a pity he was so nearly killed!"

"Nearly killed! Is it so bad as that, father?" Maud asked with trembling voice. "I didn't know he was wounded."

"The news is three weeks old and we cannot tell what may have happened in that time, but he was shot in the scalp, and bayoneted in the arm and the leg. What is more, he was leading what remained of his men for the third time, and he struck down his opponent with his sword the very moment that he fell. If that is not bravery you will have to search the pages of history to find it."

Maud's eyes flashed into her father's face a look of mingled exultation and anguish.

"But his wounds, father, are they dangerous?"

"Colonel Mason says, from the despatches, that he would not anticipate serious trouble from one of them by itself—but from the whole combined, particularly with midsummer heat, there might be. Still, without doubt, all will be done that is possible for him."

"Where are they keeping him, father?"

"In a cottage near the battlefield, on the Niagara River. If they can hold the place they will retain the settlers' houses for the use of the wounded until they are well enough to be removed."

"Who nurse the men, I wonder?" was Maud's next question.

"There won't be much nursing," replied the Judge. "The men will do what they can to carry out the Doctor's orders, but the poor fellows will have a tough time of it no doubt. It is always the case in a military campaign—no matter where you go or who is injured."

"And can we do nothing?"

"Nothing whatever, my dear. It is beyond the pale of civilisation, one might say. Throughout that region there are few settlements and no regular roads. Supplies are taken in with great difficulty—and often have to be carried on the backs of the soldiers. As for people here going over to help, by the time they arrived the whole place might be deserted."

"You are a Job's comforter, father."

"Father's quite right," said Eugenia. "But it is terrible to think of poor, brave Captain Morris suffering so frightfully. I wish those dastardly Yankees were in —"

"Not in Halifax," interrupted the Judge with a smile. "We don't want them here, even if we could whip them, which I am not so sure about. But you are on the wrong tack, Genie. The Yankee soldiers are not dastardly. They are just as brave as ours are—and in that very battle lost as many men as we did."

"But when the battle was over and the Americans retreated," said Eugenia, "who looked after their wounded?"

"The British of course."

"And dressed the wounds of their enemies just the same as those of their own men?"

"Certainly. That's the only bit of civilisation in it."

"And what would the Americans do if they were the victors?"

"Just as the English do."

"Then there is Christianity in war after all," said Maud.

"Another paradox," said the Judge.

"It is always the Christian nations that do the most fighting."

"Were not Napoleon's wars an exception?"

"Not by any means. It was the Christian nations that opposed him—and more than half of his own men professed the faith."

"But how soon do they expect to hear

again of the wounded?" Maud asked somewhat impatiently.

"The way is open now and word will come every week," replied her father.

Captain Morris' letter affected Maud differently to Dr. Beaumont's. It stirred the martial enthusiasm in her nature to know that he had been a hero in the fight. But the feeling changed as she thought on. He had fallen bravely, probably without a murmur, but it was weeks ago. How was he now? and in any case how intensely he must have suffered! And then to know that he had written that letter—the only one she had ever received from him—only a day or two before the fight that may have cost him his life. Over and over again she read it—every word seemed to have a new meaning. Was it not sad in tone—premonitory of coming evil? Was there not a shadow behind the hand rendering dark the future? Filling his life with the elusiveness of love and producing on his heart the passion of disdain?

She shivered when she thought of what might have happened to him, and while proud that such a man should have given her his confidence, she was carried away with a passion of feeling, that at the time she could neither analyse nor understand.

Would a letter reach him? If it only could? At any rate she must do her part and send him a message. This time she wrote rapidly. She seemed to be under physical obligation to do her most and her best, without a thought of any one but the wounded Captain. After a while she finished the letter and went to bed.

Notwithstanding the restless tossing and wakefulness that followed, she rose early to post it. Then her mind wandered off beyond Niagara to Penetang; and taking out another letter which she had often read before she thoughtfully perused it again.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.



THE ebb and flow of battles on sea and land in the war of 1812 and '14 do not belong to this story. Sir John Sherbrooke's despatch of men fresh from the European wars to Eastport, Castine, Bangor and Machias, in Maine; and the retention of the Penobscot and St.

Croix by the British till the war was over, are matters of history. So also is the victory of the American General Maccomb, at Plattsburg, where with five ships of war, and fifteen hundred men, he drove back twice as many British vessels and troops under the command of their weak and incapable head. No wonder that the officers broke their swords and vowed they would never fight again under such a leader. But on the war dragged. Sometimes with success on one side, sometimes on the other; and if it had not been for the harassing blockade of the Atlantic seaboard, when Britain's navy, let loose from European conflict, came over to fight the battles of her Colonies, it is hard to tell where the fratricidal war would have ended.

Month after month passed by. Villages were pillaged; forts were captured and recaptured; cities were bombarded and wasted; York was ransacked; Niagara was burned; Washington was stormed by shot and shell and its buildings set on fire. Even after peace was declared, the final battle of New Orleans still had to be fought, where two thousand of the flower of the British troops were lost within the trenches, their General slain, and the remainder put to flight; while only a handful of the American defenders in their entrenched position were either wounded or slain.

Such is war with its mighty agony, its seas of flowing blood, its tumultuous passion, its frenzied rage—the most inhuman of all human things—and yet, with all, the purifier and ennobler of the races of men. Who would not do without it, and thank God that it was abolished? And yet, when rights are trampled on, when liberty is invaded, when oppression is rampant, who would not draw the sword again, and thank God that by its glitter and fury wrong could be righted and truth made plain?

At last peace was declared, and the tired people, of both nations but of the one race, wondered what they had been fighting about. Without solving the question they smoked the calumet, offering up the fumes as incense, while they fervently prayed that the vicissitudes of life should never again force them to draw swords against each other.

To Penetang, however, the din of battle did not come. Month after month during that first long summer the troops revelled in the ways of peace; and it was astonishing what progress they made in the practice of the mechanical arts. In Captain Payne's engineering corps were carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, saddlers, tailors, and men who had followed other trades—all useful, aye, more than useful—in the founding and establishment of the new garrison.

By the end of August the walls of the stone fort were up, and an army of men were working with energy towards its completion. The design was to have it ready for occupation before winter arrived. The trail cut through to Little York had also proved of service, for, as the months passed by, mail matter and goods were carried regularly over to Penetang.

While all else denoted prosperity, the non-return of the *Bumble-bee* caused much anxiety. Month after month passed by, yet nothing was heard of it, not a single word came from either Corporal or Skipper. Many were the conjectures, and night after night was the subject discussed around the camp fires of the little garrison.

Mrs. Bond had a little room in Mrs. Hardman's quarters, and from her larger experience and fuller confidence in her husband, was the more hopeful of the two.

"Whatever happens to Latimer, Peter Bond will be sure to come back. He's the honestest man alive, and he'd die before he'd turn traitor," were her words.

"That's true, but suppose the Yankees 'ave shot the men and cabbaged the boat?" suggested her pessimistic friend.

"It might be," returned Mrs. Bond, tightly drawing in her lips. "But the *Bumble-bee* wasn't a fighting craft. Yankees might steal 'er and all she 'ad on board, but it wouldn't be natural for 'em to kill the men. They'll both turn up sometime. I'll warrant that."

"She's just right," returned Private Hardman. "They may 'ave taken 'em prisoners and looted the craft, but that's the worst that could 'ave 'appened 'em."

"An' vat about de voman?" asked

Bateese who had just come down from Helen's cottage.

"They'd set her free and she's hanging round till her ole man gets off," said Hardman.

"Mebbe," commented his wife.

"Yes, mebbe," said Hardman. "They're not dead anyway. The Corporal will come back again in time, but Latimer and his wife mayn't. Why should they? They're gone three months. What 'ud be the use?"

"We'll miss the woman worst," said his wife. "She's like one of ourselves. It's too bad, when there's so few of us."

"If my man turns up I won't care much about the rest," said Mrs. Bond. "Though I did hear Mrs. Manning say, that if it hadn't been for Latimer's wife when she first come, she didn't know what she would 'a done. But my! She had a sperit. She kept the ole fellow in his place I tell you."

"Vas she de boss?" Bateese asked.

"Inside that little box cabin of her's she was."

"What about the obeying bizness as the prayer book says?" enquired Hardman.

"Inside he did the obeying—outside she did."

"By Gar, dat's about vat it should be!" exclaimed Bateese. "Now, my Emmeline she boss me inside alvays. She say 'Bateese, you come here.' I come. 'You go dere,' I come too. She say, 'Bateese, vous garçon, vat you make dat splash on de floor?' I say pardonnez-moi, mon ami. She say 'All right,' an' I don't make it no more. Den I go outside and make splash all ovare if I vant to."

"And do you want to?" said Hardman. For answer Bateese shrugged his shoulders.

"How is Emmeline to-night?" Mrs. Hardman asked. "I 'aven't seen her since morning."

"She be nice—but I stay 'most too long—she vant you to come and see her again right vay."

"And how is the boy?"

"Fine! Oh, mon fils, he beeg, bouncing garçon. Doctare say he weigh ten pound—an' he so goot he almost laff."

"Bateese, you're crazy."

"Vell! he open his eye and try laff—Den—cause he can't, he cry."

And Bateese hurried off after his long wait to tell Emmeline that Mrs. Hardman was coming.

One Sunday morning several weeks later, the Chaplain was waited upon by Bateese. Breakfast was over and having arranged his books and notes, he was putting on his surplice in preparation for the service he was about to hold in the barrack yard.

"Good morning, Bateese," said the Chaplain.

"Goot-mornin', Padre," replied the habitant, pulling his forelock.

"What can I do for you?"

The exceeding gravity of Bateese's countenance made his mission very uncertain.

"Nothing wrong, I hope. Is Madame Bateese well?"

"Oui, oui, Padre."

"And that big bouncing boy of yours?"

"Yees, 'ee tres bien, Monsieur."

"Well, my man, I'm glad to hear it. Tell me now what you want. You see I haven't much time to lose. The men are gathering in for the service."

"Vell, Monsieur, it iss about de boy. Ve call him George, after de Colonel, and Louis after me, and Emmeline want to have him baptise, vat you call christen."

"I'll be glad to do it, but you are too late for this service."

"Dat all right—ve don't vant no service—ve vant it done all by 'isself."

"But the Church does not baptise its children that way. They are done in the congregation before the people."

"But, Padre, me an' Emmeline goot Cat'liques. Ve no Engleese. Only no priest in de troop—and Emmeline go clean crazy if ve no get it done. You know, Padre, ve loss our dear petite babees. Ve no vant to loss dis one too."

"I see," said Mr. Evans. "You want me to christen the child privately."

"Yees, Padre."

"Well, bring him over to my quarters at three o'clock, and I will do it then."

Bateese, while expressing his thanks for the Chaplain's kindness, still appeared nervous, and stood twisting his hat as before.

"One more t'ing, Padre, Emmeline always goot Cat'lique. Always go to church, always count her beads at night. Vell she see de curé before she leave Kebec and he say—if she ever 'ave child again, an' leeve vere dere is no priest—she must burn holy candles and have holy water—an' den some minister of some oder church could baptise de boy all de same."

"And have you got the candles and the holy water?" the Chaplain asked with a smile.

"Oh, yees—Emmeline bring everyt'ing."

"So she got them from the priest six months ago, and brought them with her to celebrate the christening."

"Oui, Padre, she did."

"She's a good woman," returned the clergyman, laughing heartily; "and although it's against the rule to use holy water and candles at a christening, tell her I will do my best—and shall baptise the boy as well as any priest could do it in Quebec—and to please her I will use both."

A halo of light spread over the little Frenchman's face; and, happy as a king, he hastened away to tell the good news to Emmeline.

So that Sunday afternoon was celebrated the first christening among the troops at Penetang. It was made memorable, too, in more ways than one, for at the request of Emmeline, Mrs. Manning acted as godmother, while in honour of its priority and from the fact that the child was named after himself, Sir George accepted the position as godfather; both of which events delighted not only the parents of the child but the whole garrison as well.

TO BE CONTINUED



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# The Ride of Waster Cavendish

By W. A. FRASER, Author of "Thoroughbreds," etc.



ACK CAVENDISH was a really Cavendish. This in England stands for something; a really Cavendish is a Brahmin of the social caste. But in the valley of the Saskatchewan, in the great North-land, all this stood for nothing; Hogan or Montmorency were at sixes as regards primogeniture table, the man was the thing.

And Jack Cavendish, *apsi*, that is, out of his own acts, was of the sweeper caste, which is the seventh remove from desirability. He had lived in the tepees of the Crees and half-breeds; and had foregathered with eaters of husks. He had shovelled the gravel bars of the Saskatchewan River for flour gold, homing in a hole in a clay bank.

Half-yearly some sovereigns came from England to the Hudson's Bay Fort at Edmonton to the credit of this socially elided one. The gold created a ripple in the stream of Jack's life; it was an evanescent influence running the length of a week, perhaps; a seven-days' saturnalia that filled the old clap-boarded hotel at Edmonton with noise of carouse while the Englishman sifted in his remittance. And because of this and the written word on his goal, "Futility," he was named "Waster" Cavendish.

In fact everything pertaining to life was evanescent and subject to change with Cavendish, except "Wenotah" and "Montana Gold." Wenotah was a Cree woman; and Montana Gold a chestnut mare that was an equine gentlewoman of lineage.

Cavendish was quite content with the nomadic life of sometimes breed, sometimes roystering white man, and sometimes labourer, until Louis Riel raised the flag of rebellion, and the half-breeds and Indians snapped and snarled like wolves at the British overlord. This woke Waster Cavendish. For himself it had not mattered; the drink and the bad food, and the exposure, was a sin against his own physical owning; and the aftermath of punishment he would take and stand for;

the filth of the tepees; the repulsive, coarse immorality of the dwellers therein he could put up with; but here, at last, was something that warmed the sluggish Cavendish blood.

It was Wenotah who told him that Yellow Bear and his Indians had massacred the whites at Frog Lake; and the next day they would surprise Fort Andrew and kill the small force of redcoats that was there. Then it was that Cavendish woke up.

He gave Wenotah her choice—it was a simple choosing, white or black. The Cree woman had not thought of this. Somehow she looked upon her ogama as cut off from the whites; as a solitary, out-casted buffalo, herding not with his own.

Cavendish was an ogama, a love lord, an indistinct sun-god; but aside from this Wenotah was a Cree, hating the whites, and, psychologically akin to the Cavendish's own philosophy, her people, her land, her pagan gods first.

Very stolidly, crouching in their little tepee, she chose the life trail which forked from the way her ogama would travel.

The man took his rifle and Montana Gold, kissed the Cree woman on the thick, heavy lips, left her the little buttons of river gold, the slab of bacon, the flour, everything. He gave her a paper on which was written the date she should go to the Fort at Edmonton and draw the money he would arrange for—half of his remittance. You see, when he was squeezed, and the blood came, it was red blood, red from the vermillion microbe of honour.

Then Montana Gold carried the Waster to Fort Andrew with his warning of the advent of Yellow Bear.

The red tide, the blood-thirst Crees, had not swept up to the stockaded wall of Fort Andrew when the tired mare loped into the square of the Hudson's Bay post.

Major Woodcote, the Superintendent of Police, knew nothing of the Frog Lake disaster; he simply knew the wires were down, and no news was coming his way. He discredited Waster Cavendish's tale until four o'clock; that was for two hours.

At four a police constable, as he dipped a pail in the blood-brown waters of the Saskatchewan, dove into the river, a 45-90 Winchester bullet plowing down his spine, cutting a pulpy canal beneath the skin. A puff of blue smoke, hanging like a gentle bit of lace-work over a clump of wolf-willow on the opposite bank, was a convincing attestation of Waster's unbelieving message, and the subtle malignity that had come to hover over Fort Andrew.

The rebels had struck at the vital part first—the water; the film of smoke intimated that the water supply was cut off; no man could go down that bare clay bank, a hundred feet from rim to river edge, and hope to return alive.

"If I'd had a day," the Major lamented, "to have laid in water, we could have held the fort against these cowardly coyotes till snow flies."

No rebels appeared on the fort side of the river as yet, and the Major decided that he must send a message to Fort Saskatchewan before his communication was cut.

That night two constables rode forth; the log gate closed behind them, as, their horses' hoofs muffled in bags, they melted silently into the night gloom. The dwellers in the fort strained their eyes, and their ears, till the murmur of their own hearts grew articulate. The minutes went by, and the black pall that was over the face of the river valley held nothing but the weird cry of a loon, as, unseen, the harsh-voiced diver passed up the river.

"Thank God, the boys have got through!" the Major whispered hoarsely. "I was afraid; this Yellow Bear is a blood-thirsty brute. Heavens! *there* they go!"

Over on the trail there was an eruption of noises as though lost souls issued from the doors of hell. Rifles crackled; there was the deeper bellow of shot-guns; the Cree battle-cry caught up from point to point, till it rang in a circle the full sweep of the compass. The watchers could see the red serpent-like tongues of fire, vermillion letters of alarm on the black background of night.

"What's that cry—who knows? Here, you, Cavendish—what's that?" as the turmoil crystallised in one unintelligible scream.

"They win," Waster answered; "the devils have got the boys, sure—that's what the cry means, Major."

In the morning the two dead constables were brought out into the open, and then their hearts were stuck upon stakes, that the garrison might know of the method of Yellow Bear.

The rebels' ambush had been betrayed; and now the prairie, holding its cheek to the love kiss of spring, trembling to wakefulness at the hot breath of the sun-god, held a dozen foot trails smooth-beaten by the moccasined feet of blooded Crees, who slipped stealthily from poplar bluff to poplar bluff; and the green ribbon of spruce and tamarac, through which the gleam of Little Otter wove like a silver thread, held camp-fires that sent many shafts of purple smoke skyward. These seemed like monuments of constancy; they were shadows of evil against the blue sky writing the sombre message that until the post yielded the fires would burn.

Twice in the night Yellow Bear's Indians wriggled, belly to earth, as indistinct as the small prairie fox, to the wall of the fort. Each time the rebels were beaten off, dowered with gifts of death; each time their back trail carried red blotches that were neither blood lilies nor other growth of the prairie.

Now an Indian or a Breed, born to the lust of killing, dislikes to face death to the length of repugnance, so Yellow Bear's wolves said in wisdom: "The throats of the grey-eyed thieves who are white men, will close up, and they will die, if we keep the river."

But not to wait in peace. Each day had its fruitage of malevolence, and each night its phantom of murderous surprise.

On the fourth course of the sun there fell upon the shingle roofs of the post a sputtering rain of fire arrows—air serpents, clothed in oakum that blazed with a resinous flame.

"It will hasten the going of the water," Duplisse, the half-breed lieutenant, said to Yellow Bear.

"The redcoats are cowards, they are dog-hearted," said the chief; "send them a wampum tied to an arrow—a wampum to come forth, then we will not kill—"

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"Not kill the Company men," Duplisse added; "but the redcoats—hell!" His voice carried the pent-up hate of years.

So the haft of an arrow carried a message of literary kinship to the episode of the staked hearts, as barbarously malignant. And if the redcoats did not give up the fort, their hides would be used for the making of snow shoes at the time of the post taking.

Strange to say the arrow clove, in influence, between two factions; it rested in the rift that was between the Factor's authority, and that of the Major's.

Factor McNeil existed that the Hudson's Bay Company might acquire fine furs cheaply. Pelts and hides dominated all else; and to save for his company the marten, and black fox, and bear, and all the wealth of Winter's kill, he was for surrender.

With the Major the British flag was trumps; and, as he said to the Factor's face, "Damn your furs! We're here, and here we stay."

Then Factor McNeil said the Major should send a messenger to Fort Carford for relief. But Woodcote, pointing to the gruesome earnest his men had given of their courage, the hearts drying in the sun, told the Factor to send one of his own men. In fact neither official would ask a man to go to certain death.

Then it came out why Fate had corralled Jack Cavendish with these people of routine who were not of his way of life.

"Waster Cavendish thinks he can get through the rebel lines, Major." It was Factor McNeil who had brought this message.

"If he thinks that, Factor, we'll call him *Mister* Cavendish. He's outside? Ask him to come in. How are you going to pass a thousand breeds and nichies?—Hello! where did you learn that trick?" as Waster clicked his heels together, and drew his figure up like a slim poplar, with finger to eyebrow.

Perhaps Cavendish had been in the Blues or a line regiment, or something at home; however he answered along the lines of the business in hand, ignoring the irrelevant dab at his military salute,—"I want four horses, sir, and a good revolver in exchange for my Winchester."

"You've got one," the Major clicked, nodding toward Waster's belt.

"I want two, sir. I'll have to ride like bally hell before I pass the rebels, and can't monkey with a gun."

"All right, you can have the horses and revolver. What's the plan of campaign?"

"I'm going to play breed—juice my skin—it's pretty dark now—it won't need much. To-night I'll slip up the coulee from the fort with the horses, riding my own mare, and I want your men to cut loose with their carbines—sound the alarm—shout that the horses are stolen, and generally convey the impression that a breed has looted the bronchos. Louis Duplisse's tepee is yonder—I'll call for Louis—"

"And he'll shoot you," the Major interrupted.

"A breed won't waste ammunition on a dead bird. There's a bit of a moon to-night, and they'll see one man riding into their lines with horses; they won't shoot. There are breeds from all over the country out there—half a thousand of them—they'll think it's one of themselves. While they're busy with the bronchos, I'll make a break on Montana. Once on the trail they'll never catch her."

"It looks a good plan to get shot,"—Woodcote commented; "but it's a straight, plucky English way of doing things. If you get through you ought to have a V.C.; of course you can't get that; but—ahem—I mean—" The Major fidgeted with the braid on his jacket, looked at Cavendish, and, rising, continued: "Come into my quarters, Mr. Cavendish, I want to give you the despatches."

Inside, Woodcote shut the door. "Now, sir, what about the folks at home? Damn it! you're a gentleman—you can't hide that; there must be somebody there that ought to know—how it was at the end; I dare say they know how it is now—with you."

"Give me a slip of paper, sir. There is an address; if I don't get through—the breeds'll show you in the morning—you might write that the blood hadn't turned to water; it'll wipe something off the score. If I have luck, and you're relieved, you can burn this slip."

Then Waster went about his campaign with methodical precision. At four o'clock

he gave Montana Gold six quarts of oats, and no hay, saying: "Old lady, chew every grain of it, that's the last bite you'll get till you've run a matter of fifty miles or so. Your lean belly 'll stand us in good stead to-night, sweetheart, if we can make a race of it."

He fed the other four horses as though they were geese whose livers were being magnified for patè. "You see," Waster said to the sergeant of the day, "the breeds might catch these mounts, and give me a run for it. Their own cayuses will be everlastingly chewing at the police hay they've come by in the stacks outside, and they'll run beery—they'll crack up."

It was ten o'clock before the valley of the Saskatchewan cradled enough of darkness to blur the trail-scored prairie to a dim field of mystery. Even then a low-hanging half moon wove the poplar shadows into a fretwork of chased silver. Behind the Fort, from the bosom of the river, a ghost-like mist streamed through the valley, an attenuated cloud of vapour as though a steamer had passed.

The rebels flitting from camp fire to camp fire, dark shadows like rabbits in a musk, were suddenly stricken to silence by the defiant crack of a carbine on the Fort walls. Crack-k-k-k! the echo went beating against the high banks of the valley; and immediately the imperious blare of a bugle sounding the alarm came to the ears of the listening breeds.

Then the sombre stockade of the Fort, a gloomy blotch in the grey transition of light, spurted patches of fire; the valley cracked as though it were a tin pan beaten with sticks.

From the human hedge of the rebel force a shrill cry went up, and the Indians, throwing themselves into the trenches they had steadily thrust towards the Fort, and behind trees, waited the sortie they fancied was coming.

There was the rolling thunder of hoofs beating the sleeping prairie, and above this, that was like the melody of drums, a shrill voice calling in Cree: "Ho, brothers! help me—I bring the police horses! Ho, Louis Duplisse! Brother Louis—ho, brother!"

Silent, grim, waiting, half a thousand marksmen lay hidden, rifle in hand, wait-

ing for the closer manifestation of the hoof-thunder, and the voice claiming blood kinship. Now the galloping shadows were close to the watchers, and surely, even in the dim moonlight, it was but one man and a handful of horses.

Now the rider reins his steed to his haunches, and calls again: "Ho, Louis Duplisse! Ho, Maskotic! Ho, brothers that did the brave battle at Frog Lake!"

"Hi, hi, yi, hi, ya, hi!" From a trench the shrill signal started a yelp of wolf-like calls; from poplar bluff and the green-blushed prairie rose up the warriors, calling to each other that here was someone of themselves who had stolen the police horses. And behind the log walls of the Fort the redcoats were firing their ammunition at the moon.

They crowded about this one of the brotherhood who had done this brave thing.

"Ho, nichies!" he was saying; "where is the tepee of the great chief, Yellow Bear? Say to him that Buck Roland has brought a present of four horses."

"This way is the tepee of Yellow Bear. I am Louis Duplisse, and frien' to any Roland."

The horses excited by the gallop, the flashing torches held by the breeds, the rifle fire, were ready to create the diversion Waster Cavendish had meant for their part. On the toe of each boot he had fastened a big Mexican spur; and, as eager hands stretched forth to clutch at the prizes, Waster, crying, "Don't get kicked, my brothers," tickled the ribs of the horses with his spurs.

All the time they were moving towards the Chief's tepee. Now the stronger music of iron shoes against gravel came up to Waster's ears, and he knew they were on the beaten trail.

"Here, brave one, is Chief Yellow Bear's tepee," Duplisse said.

As he spoke, Cavendish ripped the flank of a horse with his toe spur, let the leading rein slip from his fingers, and as the startled brute plunged, his three mates broke away and stampeded.

The wave of humans rolled back from beneath the fierce hoofs of the charging beasts; the torches twisted bewilderingly; clamorous uproar lent delicious confu-

sion to the scene; the gods were most happily disposed towards Waster Cavendish.

"Off the trail, brothers," he yelled; "I will round up the horses." And that minute the hoofs of Montana Gold beat passionately at the path that led to the saving of lives.

Not a rifle called halt to the fleeing man; the breeds were busier with their feet than with their brains; like flushed prairie grouse they ran here and there chasing the terrified horses.

It was the swift runner, Big Moose, flying over the trail at the heels of Montana Gold, who suddenly sent back to his comrades an angry call that the one who rode was fleeing beyond the loosed horses. They had been tricked.

Yellow Bear's Indians unhobbled their ewe-necked, cow-hocked cayuses, and, rifle in hand, swinging to their bare backs, chased the one who had called to them with a forked tongue that he was of kinship.

Montana Gold had the long-reaching gallop of her thoroughbred sire. For a mile the trail lay over a level prairie, and her stride carried Cavendish into the wind until it was like a brush against his face.

As they dipped into the hollow of a creek bed, he eased the mare to a walk. Up the other bank he stayed the mettlesome beast until she clamped eagerly at the bit; then he let her swing along at a hand gallop. Presently his ear caught clickety-patter, clickety-patter, clickety-patter; the erratic bearing of untrained hoofs that carried unwise riders. Then he let the mare go forward at a strong gallop.

Through the few hours of night Cavendish rode the race of a long trail. Across patches of open prairie, where millions of violet eyes blinked sleepily at the huge something that passed, and at times crushed their slender stems beneath the young grass; through poplar bluffs, up and down the cut banks of creek valleys, with sometimes a muskeg, half dried and rich in a bristle of dead wild hay.

Three times Waster slipped from his saddle, and, hand in stirrup leather, ran a mile to ease the mare. When the light had come Cavendish rested in a jack pine clump, from which he could see a mile of

the back trail. There he gave Montana Gold a little breakfast of oats he had brought in a bag tight bound to the horn of his saddle.

For the time they were as two humans. Waster talked to the mare; and from the tired head, low-drooping in restfulness, the beautiful big, full eyes, soft and gentle in their courage, looked at him in understanding, and said plainly enough, "Everything is all right—we can manage it."

Cavendish led the golden chestnut down to a stream of ice-cold water that stole from a bronze-green blur on the horizon, that was a spruce forest, and let the mare stand where the waters babbled over a gravel-studded crossing; and with his hand rubbed the fever of the night's gallop from her tendons; and with his neck cloth washed her nostrils, and her lips, and her eyes, and held it between her ears, and all the time he patted her as though it were a gentlewoman he ministered to.

"There, old girl, I bet a shilling your head aches. The yelp of the damn nichies is still in my ears. That'll cool your legs, my beauty. Gad! but they're like iron. Breeding will tell, old girl—man or beast—there, don't blush; you're a human, Montana; you know what I'm talking about. Now we must skip. By Jove, it's not playing the game to rest in a hollow; come on, Gold."

Then the loosened girth was cinched tight, each foot examined to see that no stone lurked in the frog, and on again the two, that were like comrades, raced on their mission.

Cavendish knew the trail well. He had passed Vermillion Creek—that was fifty miles from Fort Andrew; now he skirted Egg Lake, just an elongated pond, its waters strangely blue, dotted by myriad ducks.

At midday he gave the mare an hour in the young blue-joint grass that clothed the little valley through which wandered Sturgeon River, watching the trail from the bank. At three o'clock Waster came to a stack of hay in a muskeg which he remembered—it was John Whitford's, and his shack was just beyond. Whitford, being an English half-breed, was supposed to be loyal.

"I ought to jump the trail," Waster said; "a breed is a breed, and this duck may be a rebel." Then he looked at the mare—she stood low-drooped in the neck, and her feet wide apart. "You're tired, old girl, and it's rough going off the trail; I'll take a chance—this pinto man may have information—and grub."

He slipped his own revolver into his shirt letting the other rest in its place in his belt.

As he rode up to the turf-roofed, low-slouching log shack, a colony of train-dogs charged at him; and then a dozen breeds came forth, rifle in hand. Cavendish realised that he had popped his head into a dangling noose that the slightest mischance would draw tight about his throat.

"Every devilish one of that outfit is a rebel," Waster muttered. Then aloud, in answer to their greeting, he said: "Ho, boys; it's a hell of a long trail from here to the Beaver. Got any grub? I'm pretty damn hungry, me;" which was absolute half-breed patois, rich in deceit. Then in Cree he rattled on: "This shack he's John Whitford's, isn't it?"

The breeds crowded round and eyed Montana Gold from every point. Waster watched them narrowly. He saw Felix Monkman among the others. Some of them would be sure to recognise Montana Gold—she had raced at Fort Saskatchewan, and at Edmonton.

"Dat's pretty damn fine hoss, I t'ink me. Where you get broncho lak dat?" asked Monkman.

"Bought him from Buck Rolan', me."

"Who's Buck Rolan'—where he get dat hoss?"

"I don't know me; he say dat a Englishman is die, an' mak' him presen' dis hoss."

"Dat's Waster Cavendish's cayuse."

"He's my hoss now, I t'ink me."

"You want for sell him?"

"An' be set afoot wit' de redcoats poppin' der guns lak damn fools, an' swearin' for keel ever' fell what's hot white man!"

As he spoke Waster uncinched the saddle, threw it and the bridle in a careless heap on the sod, and hobbled Montana Gold's forelegs. He cursed softly to himself as he offered the indignity of the hobbles to the mare; indeed, her big brown

eyes seemed to open wide in wonderment. But to have picketed her at the end of the line would have been unlike a breed's careless method.

Then he swaggered nonchalantly into the shack, adopting the awkward profanity of a half-breed in his discourse; sometimes he switched to Cree.

"By Goss! I'm so bloody hungry me, I could eat that sow-belly raw," and he nodded at a side of bacon hanging on the wall.

As Waster ate the food Whitford set out for him, he developed a plan for getting away. The rebels in the shack would all be mounted, and Monkman always had a running horse to carry him. Working from this data, Waster's vocabulary became of a lurid sportiveness.

"By Goss! dat's hell of a fas' hoss," he swore through a mouthful of bacon. "I never see me a broncho run lak dat mare. I tink' I don' sell dat yellow mare 'tall—jus' keep him for race."

"How you lak for try beat my ol' hoss?" Monkman asked. "I got ol' cayuse dat I drive all time in Red River cart. By Goss, I'll mak' match wit' you' yellow mare."

"All right," Waster answered. "I'll race your cayuse. How many skins you wan' bet—how far you wan' run?"

"Same 's alway race in de ol' time—de man dat win tak' both hoss," Monkman answered.

From the first Cavendish had intuitively felt that a huge breed, who was evidently the leader of the party, was suspicious of him. Whenever he raised his head from his food, from beneath the half-breed's massive forehead a pair of piercing black eyes returned his look.

The prospect of a race, an episode almost as prolific of pleasure to a half-breed as the letting of blood, acted as a relieving distraction upon all the rebels except the yellow-red giant who, like a wolf, seemed incapable of entertaining any thought but his vindictive suspicion of the stranger.

The distance and form of the race led to an interminable wrangle amongst the breeds. Waster affected a gentle indifference; saying, "Dat's new hoss for me, dat yellow mare; p'raps she's bloody fas' for half mile, p'raps she can run down buffalo

bull—I don't know me. I t'ink 'bout mile pretty fair for ever' fell."

Then the others jabbering in Cree, he would join in and agree first with one and then with the other. Once he said to himself, "If I can make that long sweep of a Mephistopheles think I'm a bit of a fool, I may not have to plug him with lead to get away. His fingers are itching now to lift my hair, I can see that."

Finally the race committee, which consisted of every one in the shack, decided that the two were to gallop half a mile out along the trail, turn a mark, and gallop back. It was a sweeter arrangement than Waster could have hoped for. Mentally he ran the race. He would let Monkman gain a length on the outward way, then, when the leader had swung around the mark, which was a dead poplar, Cavendish would bid adieu to these people who smelt like smoke-tanned noose-skins and proceed about his own business. He prolonged the wrangle to the end that Montana Gold should have a rest before the heavy assay of clearing out from fresh horses.

But when everything seemed satisfactorily assorted, the malicious one of the evil look declared that the run with a turn half-way was like stopping to eat grub in the middle of a buffalo hunt. He had a better plan.

"Yes, and you'll get shot over it," Waster muttered in his subdued anger.

"I will take Lengthy Howes," the leader said, "and together we will go to Spring-creek, which is a mile. There we will start these two swift runners, and they will gallop back here to the shack. That is a good way, is it not, brothers?"

Waster smiled to himself when Monkman's hope was brought up out of the creek flat. He knew the horse well; a flea-bitten, half-bred roan, named Keewatin, meaning "the north wind." Waster had seen him win at Fort Saskatchewan the year before.

When they were ready, with an inward groan Cavendish ostentatiously placed his blanket and caribou-skin coat against the log wall of the shack; then he loosed his belt, and taking from it the big revolver carelessly threw it with his other goods, saying: "Dat's good lookin' hoss what

M'sieu got; goin' to be a damn hot race, I t'ink me. I don' wan' for carry no dead weight."

He saw the black eyes that were always watching him clear a little at this evidence of his intention to return to the shack. But this voluntary sacrifice of Cavendish's brought no response in kind from the owner of the eyes; he carried his rifle swung across his knees as they jogged out toward the starting point of the race.

"Here is de start," the tall one said, wheeling his cayuse.

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"Go on!" Waster called to Monkman, and the two horses, familiar with the racing game, sprang forward like hounds slipped from the leash. With joyous eagerness the breed stole a length of start. Her nose lapped on the roan's quarter, the chestnut mare, her mouth wide open, was straining at the reins that her rider had knotted short.

Now they were within a stride of the starter, who sat grim and erect in his saddle, ready at the first suspicious movement to send a bullet through the heart of the man he distrusted. Ah! by the great Manitou, it *was* to be a race. His blood leapt hot to the beat of the mad hoofs that sounded a loved rhythm in his ears.

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"Sacre—hell!" the oath died away in a scream of fright and rage, as the chestnut mare swerved and crashed into Lefevre.

The big breed's startled cry had not ceased to vibrate when it was echoed to silence by the crack of Waster's long-necked colt's; and a hot fragment of some-

"I ought to jump the trail," Waster said; "a breed is a breed, and this duck may be a rebel." Then he looked at the mare—she stood low-drooped in the neck, and her feet wide apart. "You're tired, old girl, and it's rough going off the trail; I'll take a chance—this pinto man may have information—and grub."

He slipped his own revolver into his shirt letting the other rest in its place in his belt.

As he rode up to the turf-roofed, low-slouching log shack, a colony of train-dogs charged at him; and then a dozen breeds came forth, rifle in hand. Cavendish realised that he had popped his head into a dangling noose that the slightest mischance would draw tight about his throat.

"Every devilish one of that outfit is a rebel," Waster muttered. Then aloud, in answer to their greeting, he said: "Ho, boys; it's a hell of a long trail from here to the Beaver. Got any grub? I'm pretty damn hungry, me;" which was absolute half-breed patois, rich in deceit. Then in Cree he rattled on: "This shack he's John Whitford's, isn't it?"

The breeds crowded round and eyed Montana Gold from every point. Waster watched them narrowly. He saw Felix Monkman among the others. Some of them would be sure to recognise Montana Gold—she had raced at Fort Saskatchewan, and at Edmonton.

"Dat's pretty damn fine hoss, I t'ink me. Where you get broncho lak dat?" asked Monkman.

"Bought him from Buck Rolan', me."

"Who's Buck Rolan'—where he get dat hoss?"

"I don't know me; he say dat a Englishman is die, an' mak' him presen' dis hoss."

"Dat's Waster Cavendish's cayuse."

"He's my hoss now, I t'ink me."

"You want for sell him?"

"An' be set afoot wit' de redcoats poppin' der guns lak damn fools, an' swearin' for keel ever' fell what's hot white man!"

As he spoke Waster uncinched the saddle, threw it and the bridle in a careless heap on the sod, and hobbled Montana Gold's forelegs. He cursed softly to himself as he offered the indignity of the hobbles to the mare; indeed, her big brown

eyes seemed to open wide in wonderment. But to have picketed her at the end of the line would have been unlike a breed's careless method.

Then he swaggered nonchalantly into the shack, adopting the awkward profanity of a half-breed in his discourse; sometimes he switched to Cree.

"By Goss! I'm so bloody hungry me, I could eat that sow-belly raw," and he nodded at a side of bacon hanging on the wall.

As Waster ate the food Whitford set out for him, he developed a plan for getting away. The rebels in the shack would all be mounted, and Monkman always had a running horse to carry him. Working from this data, Waster's vocabulary became of a lurid sportiveness.

"By Goss! dat's hell of a fas' hoss," he swore through a mouthful of bacon. "I never see me a broncho run lak dat mare. I tink' I don' sell dat yellow mare 'tall—jus' keep him for race."

"How you lak for try beat my ol' hoss?" Monkman asked. "I got ol' cayuse dat I drive all time in Red River cart. By Goss, I'll mak' match wit' you' yellow mare."

"All right," Waster answered. "I'll race your cayuse. How many skins you wan' bet—how far you wan' run?"

"Same 's alway race in de ol' time—de man dat win tak' both hoss," Monkman answered.

From the first Cavendish had intuitively felt that a huge breed, who was evidently the leader of the party, was suspicious of him. Whenever he raised his head from his food, from beneath the half-breed's massive forehead a pair of piercing black eyes returned his look.

The prospect of a race, an episode almost as prolific of pleasure to a half-breed as the letting of blood, acted as a relieving distraction upon all the rebels except the yellow-red giant who, like a wolf, seemed incapable of entertaining any thought but his vindictive suspicion of the stranger.

The distance and form of the race led to an interminable wrangle amongst the breeds. Waster affected a gentle indifference; saying, "Dat's new hoss for me, dat yellow mare; p'raps she's bloody fas' for half mile, p'raps she can run down buffalo

bull—I don't know me. I t'ink 'bout mile pretty fair for ever' fell."

Then the others jabbering in Cree, he would join in and agree first with one and then with the other. Once he said to himself, "If I can make that long sweep of a Mephistopheles think I'm a bit of a fool, I may not have to plug him with lead to get away. His fingers are itching now to lift my hair, I can see that."

Finally the race committee, which consisted of every one in the shack, decided that the two were to gallop half a mile out along the trail, turn a mark, and gallop back. It was a sweeter arrangement than Waster could have hoped for. Mentally he ran the race. He would let Monkman gain a length on the outward way, then, when the leader had swung around the mark, which was a dead poplar, Cavendish would bid adieu to these people who smelt like smoke-tanned noose-skins and proceed about his own business. He prolonged the wrangle to the end that Montana Gold should have a rest before the heavy assay of clearing out from fresh horses.

But when everything seemed satisfactorily assorted, the malicious one of the evil look declared that the run with a turn half-way was like stopping to eat grub in the middle of a buffalo hunt. He had a better plan.

"Yes, and you'll get shot over it," Waster muttered in his subdued anger.

"I will take Lengthy Howes," the leader said, "and together we will go to Spring-creek, which is a mile. There we will start these two swift runners, and they will gallop back here to the shack. That is a good way, is it not, brothers?"

Waster smiled to himself when Monkman's hope was brought up out of the creek flat. He knew the horse well; a flea-bitten, half-bred roan, named Keewatin, meaning "the north wind." Waster had seen him win at Fort Saskatchewan the year before.

When they were ready, with an inward groan Cavendish ostentatiously placed his blanket and caribou-skin coat against the log wall of the shack; then he loosed his belt, and taking from it the big revolver carelessly threw it with his other goods, saying: "Dat's good lookin' hoss what

M'sieu got; goin' to be a damn hot race, I t'ink me. I don' wan' for carry no dead weight."

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thing like molten iron ripped at the breed's thigh—even at the base of his skull he could feel the mad thing tearing as though a serpent fanged him in a dozen places.

Twice Waster's gun spat from its narrow mouth, its hard thin lips, a vicious command, and "Lengthy" Howes lay beside his chief, his thin fingers clutching at the short grass in animal rage.

Then the chestnut, plunging from the collision, and all but thrown, was wheeled, and her slim, pointed ears pencilled the southern sky, which was the way of Fort Carford. Low to her neck, flat on the wither, leaned Waster; and there was need. Gather your loins and race, gallant mare; make small the mark, brave rider. Lefevre seeks to rise; he cannot. Hate concentrates his mind; his Winchester—he reaches it. It is at his shoulder. Along the open trail he trains the sights; the hazard is cast, and the bullet, speeding in the groove of chance, flattens against the shoulder blade of the brave messenger.

"Ugh; almost a cropper!" Waster's voice drove the mare faster, as he pulled himself back to the saddle.

Monkman, racing with the method of the plains, which is to drive, drive, until the horse totters to a walk, raked his Mexican rowels up the pepper-and-salt flank of the roan, yelling with joy because he had stolen a start.

Ten yards and the imperious harsh bark of the pistol came to him; and again; then the voice of his chief—a cry of hate and pain.

The breed sawed the roan's head high in air, and swung him to a turn. With an oath he galloped back to where the two men lay. Curious dabs of red flecked their bodies; their own blood cast back by the leaves as the wounded men writhed.

Howes clutched at the air, then at his shirt collar; his legs twitched; he sat bolt upright, his eyes wide staring, not seeing, and then—he was dead.

Lefevre's gun, a sigh of smoke issuing from the muzzle, dropped from his hands.

"Trail de moneas—tak' dat odder gun!" In fragments he gave the orders.

Monkman was down; he had the dead man's gun; then on the back of the speedy roan he raced, his hatchet face of swarthy greasiness hung forward like a hawk's. It

was a Hudson's Bay trade gun he carried, a muzzle loader, and his only ammunition was the one charge it held. On they raced; stretch her muscles as Montana might, the roan could not be shaken off.

Waster's breeches were glued to his hips. "I'm bleeding," he muttered. "Gad, I'll crack up. God help those women at the Fort."

Over his shoulder he could see the powerful roan galloping, galloping. "If I weaken I'm a loser; that hound is waiting for a pot shot," he muttered.

Soon he rode unsteadily; he rolled in the saddle; the blood-drain was telling. The mare, checked in her stride, changed her feet.

"If I could plug that hole I might make it; if I could wing that breed, and take it easier."

He *must*—Waster must wing the breed, or the breed would creep up, and up, and at the last get his pot shot.

Ahead, the tops of spruce showed, springing from the prairie as though the trees were buried; that meant a creek bed.

Waster rocked violently in his saddle, clutched the horn and let his body dangle to one side as though he would fall; and as the mare drove into the coulee, he drew the rein, slipped to the trail, and struck her over the quarter with his heavy hat. Startled she plunged forward through the little ford, and up the other bank.

Waster slipped into the undergrowth of dogwood, and, creeping back to the edge of the hill, lined his body behind a black poplar. He knew exactly what his pursuer would do. The breed would see that Cavendish was falling from the saddle; then the riderless mare, galloping in affright, would convince him that Waster was down. Monkman, with the caution of a Wood Cree would dismount and with the cunning of a wolverine creep to the brink of the hill for a shot at his victim.

As Waster listened there was a slipping sound as though leaves scurried over dry grass. Again. It was from *beside* the trail—his side. The wounded man could see nothing—just that sound as of palms rubbed together; and then silence, as the breed, creeping, searched the coulee for his mark.

Closer, closer came the whisper of the crushed grass and the troubled leaves, until it seemed as though Waster could stretch out his hand and grasp the cautious stalker who sought his life.

And then as a little cloud of dust suddenly spirals up from a roadway, the head and shoulders of the murderous breed silently topped the grey-leaved wolf-willow ten feet from the black poplar.

Monkman turned his head sharply at a sibilant whistle from Waster's lips, to look down an unsympathetic lane of steel, at the bottom of which lurked death.

"Hands up! That's right—walk toward me! There; turn the butt of that gun this way—so; pass it now! *Marsel* steady, just in front—so!"

Out on the prairie, Waster spoke again. "I didn't kill you because I needed you. Peel that shirt from your back and tie up this shoulder good and tight. Plug the wound with this—wet it;" and Waster tossed the breed his wedge of tobacco. "If you make a break I'll kill you."

The breed was too much afraid to do anything but obey, and that with pleasing alacrity; the granting of his life was a fair price for the little services he might render Waster.

Still covering Monkman with his gun, Waster made the breed lead the roan, who had been tied to a tree, over the coulee and along the trail until they came to Montana Gold, who was quietly clipping the young grass, waiting for her master.

"Now, I'm going to confiscate your cayuse and gun, nichie," Waster said, "and you ought to be damn glad to get off with your life. Now, *marsel* hit the back trail."

Cavendish climbed wearily to Montana's back, and leading the roan, once more took up the trail to Fort Carford.

It was midnight when the sentry challenged him. And when a regiment swung out of the fort gates in an hour, Waster, hearing the drums, said: "I've made good. Someone tell Major Woodcote to burn the paper I gave him, and not blab."

## Consule Planco\*

BY FRANK PARKER DAY.

I LISTENED, while the grave professor told  
Of pleasures, when for him the world was gold;  
How he and graver dons about our halls  
Had ruffled it with lads 'neath London's walls.  
'Consule Planco,' what a life was there!  
E'er came to them, alas, corroding Care,  
Then had they lived like boys 'mid pleasures rare,  
Then matchless spring-times, purer blues in skies,  
And sweeter sweethearts, lovelier melting eyes.

Love and I wandered forth in youthful dream,  
Among the purple hills, by noisy stream;  
Dear modest flowers were at our feet,  
Blue violets and mayflowers sweet;  
God had sent Spring into our world of snow,  
Nature to us was matchless high and low.  
If ever clearer song from near or far,  
More silver in the streams of Tantramar,  
Or softer, balmier air or bluer skies,  
Maidens with riper lips and lovelier eyes,  
'Consule Planco!' has been, I surmise,  
A sweeter time than that of Paradise.

\*"Non ego hoc ferrem calidus juvena Consule Planco."—Horace Odes (III, 14, 27-28). "I would not have brooked this when warm with youth in the Consulship of Plancus." Consule Planco has hence become a phrase used by Thackeray and others to denote the time which a man loves most to dwell upon in later life—"the time when he was a youth."

# Journalism and Public Life in Canada

By J. S. WILLISON, *Editor of Toronto News*



HERE is no permanence in the work of the journalist. His work is not literature and does not pass into literature. He speaks as the needs or the exigencies of the hour demand, and his word dies and is forgotten. I think it was Hall Caine who said that the grandest chorus in the English language is that which declares that "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." So a great book goes marching on through all the centuries. For it death has no sting, and over it the grave can have no victory. It is not so with the editorial, and yet if the work is well done it must do something to shape the thinking and set the standards of our time, and in the long processes of the years the results may be far greater than we can know.

There is this to be said for the craft to which I belong, that it offers us neither great wealth nor great distinction, and that the root-motive which lures us into journalism is the public spirit which was born into us and which will not be denied expression. The worst of us are more than partisans, and the best of us are very human in the day of battle. Pope described the life of a writer as "a warfare upon earth," and that is particularly true of the life of the political journalist. The game of politics is a great game; it is played with men as the standing figures on the board, and it is full of joy to the journalist who loves his work, his country and his kind. Whatever may be our faults and our follies, our errors and our prejudices, still we do the State some service and forever sound the advance in the long and painful march towards human betterment. As Lord Houghton said of the Men of Old:

"Blending their souls' sublimest needs  
With tasks of every day  
They went about their gravest deeds,  
As noble boys at play."

It is a common charge against the Canadian press that it is slanderous, vindictive, and malevolent. Less than a year has

passed since the Province of Ontario was released from a political campaign in which the fundamental issue of public morals was the dominant consideration. A religious journal, exercising its undoubted right of criticism, has deplored the "heat and virulence" which characterised the secular press during that contest. I am not sure that I would look to the religious press, or even to the pulpit, for moderation of statement or balanced judgment in the field of politics. In this particular contest many clergymen appeared, and it is not clear that their utterances were distinguished for charity and steadiness, in comparison with the political journals. At the great Liberal convention which met in Toronto a year ago, there were clerical speeches, and they were not remarkable for serene temper and exceptional freedom from the heat and virulence of political partisanship. I recall the famous utterance of the Rev. Dr. Burchard in the memorable Presidential contest between Blaine and Cleveland. I recall the glowing rhetoric and the bursting vehemence of the Rev. Dr. Douglas in his swinging attack upon Sir John Thompson when that statesman was Prime Minister of Canada. I recall that the one was a noble Christian teacher and the other as fine a type of civil patriot as this country has produced. There are sentences in the political utterances of Principal Grant which bite and sting as do few of the statements which can be culled from the editorial pages of political journals.

"Public opinion," said George William Curtis in an address on the Public Duty of Educated Men, "can do what it has a mind to in this country. If it be debased and demoralised it is the most odious of tyrants. It is Nero and Caligula multiplied by millions. Can there then be a more stringent public duty for every man—and the greater the intelligence the greater the duty—than to take care, by all the influence he can command, that the country, the majority, public opinion, shall have a mind to do only what is just and

pure and humane." He insists that if a country under free government accepts the contemptible rule of the mob, and even longs for a splendid and vigorous despotism—"then remember it is not a government mastered by ignorance, it is a government betrayed by intelligence; it is not the victory of the slums, it is the surrender of the schools; it is not that bad men are brave, but that good men are infidels and cowards." It was said by Robert Lowe that "monarchies exist by loyalty, aristocracies by honour, popular assemblies by political virtue." The seat of political virtue is in the constituencies, and its organ is the public journal. It is not mere glorification of the press to say that no other agency has equal power to maintain a sensitive and independent public opinion in the country, to bring before the people the solid merits of public issues, and to hold rings, factions, caucuses and corporations in subjection to an instructed electorate and a representative parliament. And judged even by British standards, the Canadian press is not generally careless of its duties, is seldom a willing apologist for political evils, and seldom engages in that calculated exploitation of scandal and crime which distinguishes a very few of the public journals of the United States. Nor do I believe that corporations, so-called, have any large control over the press of Canada, however influential they may have become in legislatures and parliaments.

To my mind the chief fault of the Canadian press and the chief fault of the Canadian people is, the excessive political partisanship which tends to corruption in elections, to abuses in administration, and to the general degradation of the public morals. I have told more than once that story which appears in Russell's "Collections and Recollections" of the young daughter of a Whig statesman who had heard Tories denounced from her infancy, and once said to her mother:—"Are Tories born wicked, or do they grow wicked afterwards?" and the mother answered with judicial temper and with adequate severity:—"They are born wicked and grow worse." I recall also a story which the late Rev. D. J. Macdonnell used to tell of a shoemaker in Peterboro'. He was a

Conservative who under no circumstances would be re-constructed, and for many years he would not admit *The Globe* into his shop. But as time passed he was found reading *The Globe* occasionally, and when questioned he said that now and then he found a statement in *The Mail* which he could hardly accept, and at such times he turned to *The Globe*, and if he found the statement there also, then he knew it was a lie. These are after all not bad illustrations of the political temper of the great mass of the Canadian people.

I have no quarrel with the party system; but I have only contempt for the theory of hereditary partisanship, and the remarkable notion that loyalty to a party leader is as sacred an obligation as loyalty to king and country. The proposition baldly stated amounts to this—that the young men of the country as they come into the franchise shall adopt the political opinions of their fathers, and no matter what crimes are committed or sanctioned by the party to which they adhere, no matter how weak its leadership, or how inefficient its administration, no matter how shifty and tortuous its course upon public questions, no matter what new problems or new conditions may arise in the country, they shall be forever loyal to the old party and forever faithful to its leaders, through all the changes and vicissitudes of time and fortune. The acceptance of such an obligation means that there can be no independent opinion in the country, no visitation of wrath for political offences, no progress in public morals, no growth of political virtue in the people, no check upon mercenaries and corruptionists who may seize control of parties, and dictate the methods and policies of Governments. "Corruption," said the London *Spectator*, "arrests the employment of the best men in leading positions, for the best men will not stand it; and the whole energy of the corrupt is devoted to preventing their promotion, or if they are promoted, to rendering their positions untenable." Corruption, *The Spectator* declares, makes energetic administration impossible, is fatal to the very idea of duty, to the habit of performing duty, and to all efficient conduct of public affairs. And the very bulwark of corrupt and inefficient administration is slavish

partisanship and the criminal conception of loyalty which binds great masses of the people to party leaders and party shibboleths, and sets the stigma of treason upon men who may dare to express their own opinions and exercise their own franchise as their conscience and judgment may dictate. As a result of these unsatisfactory political conditions we have feeble attempts at the organisation of third parties, a steady withdrawal of the best men from public affairs, and a constant increase in legislative checks and safeguards, which, necessary as these may be, and valuable as they often are, seldom accomplish what is expected. The truth is that we shall find no adequate or effective remedy except in a free, energetic, and independent public opinion, and an uncompromising insistence upon decent administration and rigid integrity in every department of the public service. Charity becomes men in their private relations, but the very life and character of the nation require that men who undertake the business of government shall serve with honour and integrity and count the loss of office of small account in comparison with faithful performance of duty and simple fidelity to principles and convictions.

You may tell me that there was unspeakable corruption in British elections a hundred years ago. So there was. But how does that justify electoral corruption in Canada a hundred years later? You may tell me that there is still bribery in various forms in the old country, and even the vulgar purchase of votes in isolated instances. So there is. But the ballot box is sacred and the bulk of the expenditures are for purposes of education rather than for purposes of bribery. You may tell me that the party system is rigorously maintained in the mother country. So it is. But no one defends electoral corruption on the floor of parliament; no British journal teaches the doctrine of comparative political honesty and justifies one piece of party rascality with another from the records of the opposition; no minister who abuses a public trust, or infringes upon the code of public honour finds defenders in the press, in the Parliament or in the Cabinet. They know there, as we know here, when a trust has been betrayed, evil methods

employed, the national honour tarnished, and no consideration of party loyalty or effort of party discipline abates the public censure, or turns aside the public judgment. So when a great new issue arises in British politics, cabinets are dissolved, political clubs divided, great journals shaken from their old alliances, and vast bodies of voters in the constituencies forsake cherished leaders and dare to exercise an independent franchise. That is what should happen in a free country, and only where that can happen have free institutions their full force and effect.

It is vain to think that we can all agree upon free trade or protection, public ownership or corporate management, prohibition or regulation of the liquor traffic, but surely we can agree that bribery, and ballot-stuffing, and personation, and the use of bogus ballot boxes, and the gerrymandering of constituencies and the distribution of public money and public works as the private property of party are villainously wrong, and that the practices which we would not tolerate on a field of sport are not legitimate in the politics and government of the country. But if we say that we have always voted Liberal, or Conservative, and that we always will vote with the party, and so make loyalty to party a part of our religion, we are powerless to check the meaner element in politics, and, whether we like it or not, we are the docile allies of the party corruptionists. If we would check corruption we must punish the Government which practises corruption, or profits by corruption, and, believe me, the protest which stops short of voting has no terrors for the practical politician. This is a young country in the mid-stream of a great development, and with increase of wealth and abounding material prosperity will come a troop of public cares and dangers. It is the high privilege of the press to keep its public spirit free and strong, and to maintain the freedom of the citizen to possess his own soul and exercise his franchise as his conscience dictates, and the honour of his country demands.

Mr. John Morley, speaking at a special convocation of the University of Toronto a few months ago, declared that he had known only four men who had the sincere

love of truth. As rare as the love of truth in public affairs is the exercise of simple courage. During all of the twenty years that I have been more or less intimate with political leaders, it has been freely admitted that the salaries of the Superior Court judges of the country were inadequate. But, until a few months ago, no Government dared to give the increase which justice demanded, out of an unworthy fear that the action would prove unpopular with certain elements of the population. The back benches over-awed the treasury benches and the representatives of a prejudiced and uninformed minority in the constituencies exercise an undue ascendancy in Parliament. "I will take care," said Sir Robert Peel, "not again to burn my fingers by organising a party. There is too much truth in the saying, 'The head of a party must be directed by its tail.' As heads see and tails are blind, I think heads are the best judges as to the course to be taken." It is my conviction that many public men mistake the character of the people, and appeal to passion and prejudice when simple courage and frank dealing would make for the truer interest of the party and infinitely for the truer interest of the country. Cleveland was never a favourite with the politicians. But he is the only Democrat who has been elected to the office of President of the United States since the Civil War. Roosevelt was distrusted by the managers of the Republican party, and held in suspicion by great corporate and financial interests. But the politicians who plotted to prevent his nomination were swept aside by the masses of the party, and he was re-elected by such a majority as no other candidate for the presidency had ever received. It has been said of Cavour, that he had all the prudence and all the imprudence of the true statesman. Only the public man with the rash courage which dare venture upon a great and noble imprudence is equal to the government of a free people in times of emergency and crisis. There are, perhaps, seasons of great popular unrest and of social and economic disturbance when sound and courageous counsel counts for nothing with the people, and visionaries and enthusiasts mould a democracy as they will. But these moods are fitful, the remedies of the

empirics aggravate the disorder, evolution succeeds to revolution, and the nation takes again its orderly course, repairs the ravages of its season of delirium, and loyally and wisely accepts the guidance of sane, responsible, and courageous statesmanship.

Thirty or forty years ago the faith that the liquor traffic could be abolished summarily by prohibitory legislation was firmly rooted in many minds. Still the conviction is cherished and the principle urged upon reluctant legislators. We are slow to accept the unerring teaching of history that law can be no stronger than the public opinion by which it is supported, and that sound and enduring reform comes only through the long and laborious processes of the years. It is significant that all over this continent the cause of legal prohibition recedes steadily but surely, that state after state repeals prohibitory enactments, and that the policy of compromise gains over the principle of compulsion. In the United States this may be due in some measure to the great admixture of foreign elements in the population, and in Canada to the hostile attitude of the French Province towards sumptuary enactments. But it is due also to a generation of practical experience with prohibitory legislation, and to a growing, if reluctant conviction, that the law of compulsion can operate only with the general consent of the community, and is enforceable only against offences which are clearly immoral and criminal. No right thinking person will estimate lightly the heroic and patient work of the temperance agitators, objects of coarse jest and fashionable ridicule in other days, who have waged an unceasing warfare upon the liquor traffic, and fought into disrepute the drinking customs of an earlier generation, any more than he will refuse to hold in reverence the pioneer circuit riders who carried their message along the blazed trails and through the unbroken forests of this continent in its primeval time, and whose names are remembered only at the firesides of their descendants, or written upon crumbling grave-stones in country churchyards. From those old heroes has come much of the moral fibre of our civilisation. They were mighty in accumulating the reserve of moral power which braces and

steadies these nations in days of stress and storm. But nothing alters the unchangeable fact that the law of progress lies through evolution, and not through revolution, and that excessive restrictions upon personal freedom and the social habits of the people bring reaction and disaster. So, to my mind, we are still unready for absolute legal prohibition, and yet surely ready for a great advance in restrictive legislation. But how few statesmen of Canada who hold these views deal frankly with the people, and reason out the great facts of history to legitimate conclusions. "Lay low," said Raggybug, "is the beginning of all wisdom." The whole course of our political dealing with the liquor traffic is marked by deceit, evasion and cowardice. Mr. John Morley has said that "no reformer is fit for his task who suffers himself to be frightened off by the excesses of an extreme wing," and however fine and admirable may be the zeal of the extremist spirits, the truth of his observation is unassailable, and it applies to the management of the liquor traffic as to other fields for progressive and constructive legislation.

We had even less of courage and of candour in political dealing with the great question which engaged the attention of the Federal Parliament during its last session. We created two new provinces in the West, and in defiance of the plain letter of the constitution, limited their control over the vital question of education. This was done, we were told, in obedience to a constitutional compact and in order to serve great national interests, and to guarantee peace and good-will between the various races and creeds in Canada. The truth is that sectarian schools were imposed upon the West at the demand of a dominant church, which throughout all its wonderful history has been the resolute foe of popular education, and the aggressive pretender to sovereignty in state affairs. It has been said that "unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations," and

it is not conceivable that in a free country any settlement can endure which recognises ecclesiastical privilege and establishes denominational ascendancy. Thus by entrenching clerical privilege in the very letter of the constitution, we are breeding mischief for the future, and perpetuating a quarrel which has distressed and divided the country for two generations.

Mr. Gladstone has said that ideals in politics are never realised, but true as that may be, we must still cherish the ideals and struggle for their ultimate ascendancy. No other people in the world faces greater problems than does this young Canadian nation, and when all is said, the ground is solid beneath our feet, and the foundations of the national structure firm and strong. Evils in our politics there are, and forces there may be which make for discouragement and unrest. But nothing material has been lost, and much that is fine and true abides. There is still virtue and honour in our Parliaments, the judiciary is pure and vigilant, the press has spirit and courage, the people have a robust common-sense and a reserve of moral power which ensure to us the perpetuation of British traditions and all the slow but certain gains of free constitutional government. It is our royal privilege to rear new nations in the West, to establish social ease and political freedom for millions of the race, to govern in the liberal temper and with the strong, steady hand of the old mother of parliaments at Westminster, and to learn industrial efficiency from the great Republic to the south. Who in the world's history have had greater possessions, greater privileges, and greater responsibilities? And according to the measure of these possessions, these privileges and these responsibilities are our obligations to keep the sources of political power untainted, and to make the legislative bodies of the country the strong, responsive organs of a free and independent people.

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# A Glance Over Twenty-five Volumes

By THE EDITOR



THE first five volumes of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, edited by J. Gordon Mowat, Esq., cover the period from March, 1893, to October, 1895. Mr. Mowat had been editor of the *Lake Magazine*, which had a precarious existence during 1892. Despairing of making it a success, he secured assistance for the establishment of a more national and pretentious publication to be known as THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. The first number was issued in March, 1893, and its opening article dealt with the Manitoba Public School Law, and was written by the late D'Alton McCarthy, M.P. The second article, Anti-National Features of the National Policy, was from the pen of the late Principal Grant. Among the other contributors were Professor Clark, Hector W. Charlesworth, William Wilfrid Campbell, (Prof.) J. H. Cameron, and S. T. Wood (Uncle Thomas)—all of whom are still writing. This excellent number was followed by others equally good, and the publication has since maintained in a considerable degree the character desired by its founder—it has dealt mainly with topics of national and imperial importance.

Among the other articles in these first five volumes, the following are noticeable: The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, by J. Castell Hopkins; The Battle of Stony Creek, by E. B. Biggar; The Behring Sea Question, by Z. A. Lash; British Trade and Imperial Reciprocity, by A. McNeill, M.P.; Nova Scotia Coal Mines, by the Hon. J. W. Longley; Down the Yukon and Up the Mackenzie, by William Ogilvie; Humour in the School Room, by James L. Hughes; Let us Smelt our own Steel, by William Hamilton Merritt; Referendum and Plebiscite, by Hon. G. W. Ross; The American Indian, by (the late) Prof. John Campbell; Evolution of Self-Government in the Colonies, by (the late) Hon. David Mills; Lampman, by Arthur Stringer; Among the Eskimos, by J. W. Tyrrell; Canadian Homes, by Hon. James Young;

Reminiscences of Parkam, by (Sir) James LeMoine; The Art Spirit, by (the late) O. A. Howland, M.P.P.; Canadian Copyright, by Prof. Goldwin Smith; and Surveyor-General Holland, by (the late) Dr. Scadding.

From the first, fiction and poetry by Canadian writers was a feature of the MAGAZINE. Among the better-known of the contributors to the earlier numbers were W. T. James, Charles Gordon Rogers E. Pauline Johnson, (the late) James A. Tucker, (the late) Professor Chapman, Jessie Kerr Lawson, Arthur J. Stringer, Ella S. Atkinson, Frederick George Scott, (the late) Theodore H. Rand, Agnes Maule Machar, Bliss Carman, Bernard McEvoy, John McCrae, Mrs. Harrison, Clifford Smith, Jean Blewett and J. Cawdor Bell (Prof. Campbell). The poetry was much better than the fiction.

The ten volumes from October, 1895, to October, 1905, have been issued under the supervision of the present editor. The two most notable developments are in the quality of the illustrations and the character of the fiction. The former is due to better technical knowledge on the part of Canadian engravers and illustrators; the latter is to be credited to the greater skill in story-writing now being exhibited by those who devote their talents to the production of fiction. Another reason for both improvements lies in the generous support accorded by the Canadian public in recent years to this national publication, and the consequent ability of the publishers to pay higher prices. Practically all the material used in the last ten years has been paid for though not always at as high a rate as the publishers have desired. Still even small payments were an improvement over the conditions which obtained in Canada previous to the founding of this publication.

In volumes six, seven and eight may be found a series of illustrated articles on the universities of Canada—McGill, Toronto, Queen's, Victoria, Trinity, Laval, Manitoba and Nova Scotia. In volumes eight

and nine is a series of historical articles on the Premiers of the different Provinces from Confederation. In volumes ten and eleven are a series of twelve illustrated articles on "The Makers of the Dominion" by Dr. (afterwards Sir) J. G. Bourinot. Similar series have been, more or less, a constant feature of the MAGAZINE ever since.

In February, 1896, Ian Maclaren's story "Kate Carnegie" was begun. This writer was then at the height of his popularity and the enterprise displayed in securing the Canadian rights of his material marked a new epoch in the career of monthly publications in this country, and had a notable effect upon the circulation of the MAGAZINE. This was followed in January, 1897, by a series of articles, entitled "My Contemporaries in Fiction," by David Christie Murray, the British novelist.

In July, 1897, *Massey's Magazine* which had been published for a year and a half, amalgamated with this publication. *Massey's* was a splendid ten-cent publication, but the competition of the cheap United States publications proved too powerful for it.

The series of Canadian Celebrities was begun in the following year, Mr. E. S. Clouston being the first, and (Sir) Thomas G. Shaughnessy the second. The next in order were Dr. Drummond, B. E. Walker, William McLennan, (the late) Sir William Dawson, Joseph Martin, D. McNicoll, Robert Barr, J. Stuart Thomson, Hon. (now Sir) F. W. Borden, Senator Cox, James Bain, Arthur Stringer, Provost Macklem and the Roberts Family. The list now comprises over sixty prominent names.

For one year from December, 1900, the issues were sprinkled with military articles, commencing with an illustrated account of the departure of the First Contingent.

In 1902, "The Four Feathers," by A. E. W. Mason, was the serial story. Its later success in book form showed the keenness of the search for good material for the MAGAZINE.

In 1903, appeared the most successful series of illustrated articles ever published

in this periodical—"The War of 1812," by James Hannay, the well-known historian. This was followed in 1904 by an equally valuable though less popular series: "The Fight for North America," by A. G. Bradley.

There have been times when the MAGAZINE was accused of favouring one side or the other in politics, and there have been subscribers who ceased to be such because of fancied political bias on the part of the editor or management. Some of these persons afterwards admitted their mistakes and again allowed their names to be entered in the lists. On the whole, however, the people have been generous, sympathetic and constant in their treatment. There was only one aim in the beginning—and there was never any other. That aim was to produce a national monthly equal to any similar publication in the world. It is not yet accomplished, but to-day there is no magazine in the Empire, including London, which excels it in excellence of printing, general illustration and the educational value of its contents. That it has been brought up to this standard is as great a compliment to Canadian writers, engravers and printers as to those immediately responsible for its production.

During the twelve and a half years, the MAGAZINE has mirrored Canadian thought with an earnest effort to miss no discussion that was important, no great event or pageant which would make history, and no important movement affecting the social, economic and political life of the people. In addition, it has aimed to publish those writings which showed the keenest thought, the highest fancy, the greatest scholarship, and the most profound inspiration. That which was deemed purely ephemeral was avoided, in favour of that which would be permanently beneficial.

To combine entertainment with information, and yet produce a publication which is popular is quite a difficult task. To do it in Canada under the peculiar conditions which obtain here, was well nigh impossible. Nevertheless, the twenty-five volumes—one hundred and fifty-two numbers, fifteen thousand pages—are completed, and the end is not yet.



HON. A. E. FORGET  
Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan  
*Photo by Query Bros.*



HON. G. H. V. BULVEA  
Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta  
*Photo by Birnie*

## The New Provinces

*By F. W. HUNT*



SEPTEMBER 1st was the birthday of two new Provinces in the Canadian West. Seldom are governments ushered into existence under more favourable auspices than were the new governments of Alberta and Saskatchewan. Each of the new Provinces has an area of more than 250,000 square miles. Each possesses untold riches of forest and mine. Each has millions of acres of agricultural land of unsurpassed fertility and a climate healthful to live in and well adapted for the growth of all sorts of cereal crops. Each, within the next few years, will have passing through its most productive regions two new trans-continental railways.

Settlement in the new Provinces is, roughly speaking, confined to the southern and central portions. Here the raising of grain and live stock are the chief industries and never has there been a more bountiful harvest than the one reaped this present autumn. In the northern part of Alberta is the Peace River, draining a vast country,

of great agricultural possibilities, which, in the near future, will be opened up by the new lines of railway. Here also, in the northern portions, are indications of immense deposits of mineral and petroleum. Aye, one has but to travel over the long reaches of rich prairie, to penetrate the deep woodlands, to examine into the many resources and advantages of these new Provinces, to reach the conclusion that they are indeed born rich.

The writer was present at the inaugural celebration at Edmonton, the provisional capital of the Province of Alberta. The day was warm and clear—typical autumn weather of Canada's middle west. Standing on the high embankment above the Saskatchewan River I looked upon the mammoth parade as it wound its way down the broad grade to the Exhibition Park on the flat. Behind me was a young city decked out in birthday splendour, with magnificent arches spanning the principal streets. Had I stood on the same spot twenty-five years ago, and predicted such a scene to the few pioneer residents of that



THE SWEARING-IN OF LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR BULYEA, EDMONTON

*Photo by Toronto "Globe"*

day, I should have been called a dreamer. Had I said that here, a thousand miles beyond the borders of civilisation, in twenty-five short years would be a city dazzling and beautiful with its electric illuminations by night, teeming with thousands of busy people; that here on the river flat where the Redman camped while he exchanged his beaver-pelts for trinkets at the Hudson's Bay Company's store, would be a gathering of men and women, 20,000 strong, that 2,000 bright school children could be mustered at the schools and marched through the streets in parade, that there would be automobiles and elegant, footmen-attended carriages—had I drawn such a picture I should have been counted insane. Yet these were



THE SWEARING-IN OF LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR FORGET, REGINA

*Photo by Toronto "Globe"*

features—a few of the features—which marked the inaugural celebration at Edmonton on September 1st.

The first event of the inaugural occasion took place on the evening of the previous day, in the form of a grand concert given by the city, free to the public. Earl Grey and party had arrived a few hours before and were the guests of honour. In pass-

ing, this concert and likewise the inaugural ball on the evening following are, for several reasons, worthy of note. First, the singing as well as the music furnished by the orchestra was all by local talent, and yet was equal to what one might expect to hear at any similar function in the large centres of the east. Second, there was the distinctly urban and elite atmosphere which pervaded both functions, both in the matter of dress and manners. There was the expansive shirt front and the claw-hammer coat; there were beautiful ladies with fashionable dresses; there were grace and refinement; there were courtly manners. And third, was the significant fact that in the gay throngs might be pointed out ladies in all the glory of fashionable dress, and possessing every outward sign of grace and refinement, who, years before when there were neither railways nor hope of railways, pioneered here in log shacks with their husbands or fathers; and there were gentlemen still comparatively young, gay and debonair, in full evening dress, who, in the earlier period, had trudged over the long trails, shoulder

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to wheel with their Red River carts.

At nine thirty on the morning of September 1st, the events of the day began with a grand procession formed at the Immigration Hall, to march to the Exhibition Park. Limited space forbids a detailed description of the procession. There were the "old-timers" following the Red River cart. There were the school children, some—the smaller ones—conveyed on beautifully decorated floats, the remainder marching four abreast, in perfect order, all cheering and waving flags. There were veterans of South African campaigns. There were bands and societies and trades unions. On the brow of the hill the entire procession passed in review before the Governor-General and party.

By eleven o'clock the procession, followed by immense crowds, had reached the grounds, the Governor-General with his escort arrived and there was the military review of the three squadrons of Royal Northwest Mounted Police. Soon after, the Mayor of Edmonton escorted the Governor-General and party of distinguished guests to the platform and the inaugural ceremonies began. First there was the address presented to the Governor-General and His Excellency's fitting reply. Then came the swearing-in of the Lieutenant-Governor of the new Province. At exact noon the Clerk of the Privy Council Mr. J. J. McGee, announced the appointment of George Hedley-Vickers Bulyea to the position of Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta. Inspector Knight read the Commission making the appointment. Mr. Bulyea came to the front of the platform, and the Clerk of the Privy Council administered the oath of office, the guns on the hill, meanwhile, booming forth the royal salute. The newly made Lieutenant-Governor was then presented with



A BIT OF THE PROCESSION AT REGINA  
*Photo by Toronto "Globe"*

an address by the Mayor of Edmonton, to which he responded with an appropriate speech. After this followed addresses by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. Wm. Paterson, Minister of Customs, and Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P. Then amidst congratulations and much cheering, the Vice-Regal party withdrew, and the crowd slowly scattered. The inaugural ceremonies were over and Alberta was a Province, with the nucleus of a government.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER AS HE APPEARED ON HIS  
WESTERN TOUR



AN OLD-TIMERS' CART IN THE PROCESSION

*Photo by Toronto "Globe"*

Early on the following day, Lieutenant-Governor Bulyea called upon Alexander C. Rutherford, M.L.A., of Strathcona, to form the first executive council for the new Province of Alberta. Mr. Rutherford was immediately sworn in and, as Prime Minister, at once set about framing a government.

A somewhat similar ceremony occurred at Regina on September 4th, when the Province of Saskatchewan was formally constituted as one of the members of the Dominion of Canada, entitled to all the privileges which the Imperial Act of 1867, and the Canadian Act of 1905 had formally set forth as her right and heritage. Arches made of wheat and oats in sheaf and

trimmed with evergreen spanned the roadway through which the Vice-regal procession passed to the formal ceremony in the Exhibition grounds. "World's Granary," "North-West Forever," "God Save the King," and "Saskatchewan" were the four mottoes which embodied the sentiment of the population. The songs were "The Land of the Maple," "The Maple Leaf," and the national anthem. After singing the usual chorus of the "Maple Leaf," it was repeated with the words:

Saskatchewan, Saskatchewan,  
Saskatchewan forever;  
God save the West and Heaven bless  
Saskatchewan forever.

The 90th Battalion of Winnipeg, a troop of mounted Indians, a prairie schooner, and other features made the procession worthy of the occasion. Lord Grey's address to the children, and his reply to the civic address were also noteworthy, and the King's representative did not fail to speak a word for His Majesty, and for the glory of his government. He also read a special telegram from King Edward himself. The Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. A. E. Forget, was sworn in after Commissioner Perry had read the commission of office. He afterwards called Walter Scott, Esq., M.P., to Government House and requested him to form a cabinet, which he has since done.

The other Provinces of the Dominion warmly welcome Alberta and Saskatchewan, and wish them all the prosperity, all the influence, all the greatness to which their natural wealth, their magnificent climate, and their intelligence and manhood may win for them in this great Confederacy of States.



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# The Literature of Nova Scotia

## An Outline

By ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

### I



LIKE "home" and "gentleman," "literature" is a word not to be used lightly, or applied without nice discrimination. Unconscious of their impiety, traders dare to call their advertising pamphlets, machine politicians their screaming campaign hand-bills, and dry-as-dust professors their stupefying lists of books and articles all by this high and sacred name. Since the world began it has been granted to some few scores, or hundreds perhaps, out of all her uncounted myriads to write words that live, that may justly be called—literature. For one who hits the mark, you shall have ten thousand missing it. They are not, however, to be greatly pitied. They engage in a high calling, they know something of the divine glow of creation, and follow, no matter how lamely or afar off, still they follow the Gleam. But if we will not understand too much by the term, we may apply it to the mass of writings of all kinds, produced in and about a little sea-board province of a new country, in a new world, wherein, as yet, no great poet, no famous romancer has arisen. To forestall the sniffing critic, however, I prefer to call these rough notes a sketch of literary activity in Nova Scotia.

### II

Elsewhere I have called the Mayflower Province the brain of Canada, a boast not hard to justify. From its foundation in the mid eighteenth century, Halifax has been a city acquainted with culture and literary taste. When New France was in its last agonies under its unspeakable Vaudreuil and Bigots, or drained, but for the clergy, of its educated class, after the Cession, when the rest of the present Dominion was wilderness or virgin forest,

Halifax had its books and book-sellers, its book-binders and even book auctions, its own newspapers, and even its own magazines. That Nova Scotia led in the intellectual development of this country is too clear to be disputed for an instant.

It is now generally admitted by American historians that the cruel expulsion of the Loyalists from the United States deprived the new country of her educated and cultured classes. Confirmatory is the interesting fact that it is precisely in the period of Loyalist immigration into Nova Scotia that our first magazine flourished. In 1783, Governor Parr wrote that there were 25,000 Loyalists in the Province. Of themselves, they were able to found a city, Shelburne, of 10,000 inhabitants. In July, 1789, the year of the Rights of Man, there appeared in Halifax the first number of *The Nova Scotia Magazine and Comprehensive Review of Literature, Politics and News*. This was a monthly magazine of eighty pages, and double columns, well printed on good paper, if with rather small type. The printer was a Loyalist, young John Howe from Boston, who was to beget a famous son. That was the age of classical education, and the title is decorated with two learned mottos, the first, "*Orientia tempora notis Instruit exemplis*," declaring the purpose of the editor, and the second, "*Scribentem juvat ipse favor, minuitque laborem*," hinting delicately at consideration and support. The magazine is necessarily a "compilation," as the editorial preface declares it, but there can be no doubt of the tastes of its constituency. Literature comes first in the sub-title, and in fact. The very first article is historical, retrospective, and appeals to local patriotism, even then evidently strong. It is a reprint of the life of Sir William Alexander, favourite of James I, and original grantee of Nova Scotia, taken from the *Biographia*

*Britannica*.\* The preface is certain that "Everything that is connected with the history of this Province must be interesting to the people who inhabit it." One feature is a long list of new books classified according to subject, and taken with due acknowledgment from *The Analytical Review*. There are extracts from Du Paty, and Mr. Gibbon's new history of Rome. Collins's *Ode on Highland Superstitions* is printed in full. Much space is given to the debates in the British House of Commons. There are echoes of notable happenings in France and England; the appeal of the Duke of Orleans to representatives in his respective bailiwicks finds a place beside the protest of Warren Hastings. Ten pages are devoted to foreign, and perhaps a column and a half to local news. The list of subscribers appears in the first number; it contains names of families that have been prominent in the city from that day to this, Almons and Albros, and so on through the alphabet. In a note to the second volume, the editor hopes that the magazine "may long continue an evidence of the literary taste of the Province, and a record of its prosperity and happiness." The "evidence" is undeniable; but his pious wish for length of days was not granted. The *Nova Scotia Magazine* came to an end in 1791, when the Loyalist population ebbed.

The *Nova Scotia Magazine* was succeeded by *Novater*, a small literary paper, that lived for two years, memorable in the history of the world, 1809-1810, when Napoleon's star was at its zenith, and Halifax was prospering, as she always does in the big wars.

Next in order came *The Acadian Magazine, or Literary Mirror, Consisting of Original and Selected Matter on Literary and other Subjects*. This was a large, double-columned monthly, apparently

modelled on *Blackwood*, and boldly venturing on illustrations. "Embellishments" appear, to lighten the letter-press, a view of the Province Building, a view of Windsor from the west, and excellent engraved portraits of Canning and the Duke of York. Since the first magazine, local patriotism has grown apace. This is no longer a compilation like its predecessor, but a magazine in the modern sense. A corps of contributors from all parts of the Province and beyond it send articles, sketches, letters, poems, signed with pseudonyms and initials. One mathematical genius offers a method (with diagram) of squaring the circle, and a lively discussion follows, Pictou and Musquodoboit joining merrily in the fray. Between 1789 and 1826, when the *Acadian* began its all too brief career, a new generation had grown up, proud of their Province and the things that were theirs by right of birth. In the first volume, there is a series of articles called "Characteristics of Nova Scotia," with Scott's proud line for motto:

"This is my own, my native land."

The mental attitude may be further inferred from a single sentence, "We . . . without assumed ostentation or empty arrogance must declare that Nova Scotia possesses many legitimate sources of pride." The writer mentions with approval two poems which seem to begin a nativist literary movement. The first is "The Rising Village," written by Oliver Goldsmith, grand-nephew of his great namesake. It tells how a local Edwin jilted Angelina, and sketches the growth of a backwoods settlement. The second, "Melville Island," was the first attempt of young Joseph Howe to express his love for the natural beauty of his Province, in this case for the incomparable North-West Arm, on whose shores he was born. The *Acadian* was avowedly "literary," its title says so twice over, and soon dropped the local news, because it was all anticipated by the regular journals. It publishes such things as a translation of one of Michelangelo's madrigals, evidently to gratify the taste of such readers as founded the old Halifax library and bought first editions of *Imaginary Conversations* to put in it.

To the *Acadian* succeeded *The Halifax Monthly Magazine* (1830-1832), a most

\*On January 19, 1779, a Halifax merchant advertised for sale the *Biographia Britannica*, 7 vols., fol., together with Collier's *Body of Divinity*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, elegantly bound, *Laws of the Province of Nova Scotia*, Littleton's *Latin and English Dictionary*, Collier's *Moral Essays*, Mrs. Glass's *Cookery*, Clerk's *Sermons*, 10 vols.; Rousseau's *Works*, French, 8 vols.; Pascal's *Letters on the Jesuits*, 3 vols.; Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Terence, Florus Justin, and sundry other books too numerous to enumerate.

interesting and lively periodical, invaluable as an index to the literary preferences of by-gone Haligonians. The appeal is exclusively to the educated and the refined. Choice bits from Praed, Scott, Macaulay, D'Israeli are reprinted. Notice is taken of the great lights going out—"Lacon," Colton, Bentham, Cuvier, Goethe. The editor has an eye for local talent, and reviews Cooney's "History of New Brunswick," and criticises at length the annual exhibition of the painting club. Great questions are discussed such as a railway to connect the colonies. All this in 1830, when Toronto was just emerging from the status of "Muddy York."

It is impossible to notice here each of these enterprises as it deserves. To the *Halifax Monthly* succeeded *The Pearl*, a large weekly devoted to "polite literature, science and religion." The editor was the father of Sir John Thompson. After *The Pearl* came *The Provincial*, a large monthly magazine, and after *The Provincial*, *The Maritime Monthly*, which brings the story down to 1873. For a century, you may say then, Nova Scotia has had her own magazines, a new one for almost every decade. It is nothing against them that they were short-lived. They are all in a tale. They show an ever growing local patriotism, and an ever broadening culture. They tell of an atmosphere in which letters would flourish.

### III

The first book printed in Nova Scotia was a volume of provincial laws compiled by John Duport, Esq., J.P., and printed by Robert Fletcher in 1766;\* but "Statutes at Large" belong to Elia's catalogue of books that are no books. The first book which may be rightly classed as "literature" is Haliburton's "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia," printed by Joseph Howe in two volumes, with illustrations, in 1829. Its significance is not slight. As far back as 1789, the editor of our first magazine desired a "connected history" of the Province, and referred to a "hand which is amply capable of doing

justice to such an undertaking," and was, in fact, about to write it down. This must have been the Rev. Andrew Brown, the learned pastor of historic St. Matthew's, afterwards Professor in Edinburgh University. He collected the materials, but the manuscript, after its strange escape from destruction, lies still unpublished in the British Museum. In 1825, a brief history of some 200 pages was printed in Halifax without the author's name. Some good authorities, Mr. George Johnson, for instance, consider it Haliburton's *ballon d'essai*. In any case, Nova Scotia is the first Province to have a history of its own. Haliburton was chiefly interested in the romantic story of the early days, Lord Stirling, the La Tours, the Acadians. After the expulsion, history ends for him; and he jots down mere notes for annals. The second volume is devoted to the "statistical" account of the Province. This work had its part in inspiring "Evangeline," the poem that has made Acadia classic ground. Since then the study of local history has flourished greatly. Beamish Murdoch digested the MS. and printed materials for our history into three portly, indispensable volumes of annals. Campbell and Hannay have each drawn their connected histories from it. Howe, when he came to power, had a Record Commission appointed to gather up our muniments, and set an ideal man at the work, Thomas Beamish Akins, an enthusiast in his subject, and a charming gentleman of the old school. He collected, arranged, classified, indexed our multifarious records into some 600 volumes, and skimmed the cream of them into his "Nova Scotia Archives" of 1869. This Parkman used, with grateful acknowledgments, for his monumental history. The Nova Scotia Historical Society was founded in 1878, and has issued twelve volumes of its "Collections." Every county has its history, almost every one its printed history. Yarmouth has two. Patterson's history of Pictou, and the Calnek-Savary history of Annapolis are most valuable. The Methodists, the Baptists, the Anglicans have each their voluminous and painful chronicler. The colleges, King's, Acadia, Dalhousie, have their historians. "Old King's" has two in print. Nor has biography, the history

\* Bushel published previously the annual statutes of the province, after 1758, but the precise dates are unknown.

of individuals, been neglected. Hill wrote the life of Sir Brenton Haliburton, Patterson, the life of MacGregor\* the "Seceder" minister, one of the fathers of the church, whose name is still a household word in the field of his apostolic labours. Patterson also wrote memoirs of our missionaries Johnson, Matheson, and the martyred Gordons, who spent themselves for the faith of Christ in the far-off islands of the sea. There are three lives of our hero, Howe, Fenety's interesting sketch, Grant's fine appreciation, and Judge Longley's fuller account in the "Makers of Canada" series. Richey's life of the pioneer of Methodism in Nova Scotia, the Rev. Wm. Black, "Bishop" Black, one of Wesley's trusted lieutenants, is full of interest. Allyne's autobiography "Journal" is a contribution to the literature of religious experience, and is used by Professor James in his Gifford Lectures. Even our venerable North British Society, now in its 131st year, has its enthusiastic chronicler in Mr. James S. Macdonald, whose "Annals" has just gone in a third illustrated edition.

Nova Scotia has a history, Nova Scotians write history, and some of them have made history.

Nor has the science of nature been neglected here. Nova Scotians, being a seafaring people, are great travellers. In the forties, Sir Edward Belcher, a Haligonian in the Royal Navy, published his narrative of H.M.S. *Sulphur's* voyage round the world in 1836-42. What is I suppose the most important book of Canadian travel, "From Ocean to Ocean," was written by Grant, then minister of historic St. Matthew's, before he made Queen's University his monument. Our Province is one great plum-pudding of ores and minerals and strange formations, and early drew down the scientific eye. Dawson's "Acadian Geology" is a classic in its way, and is only one of a score of similar writings. But long before his day, in 1836, Abraham Gesner, a Granville man, the discoverer of coal oil and of Albertite, had written an able geology of Nova Scotia, when the very

science was in its infancy. The dons of our little colleges have their various learned works in botany, metaphysics, mathematics and so on, *biblia a-biblia*, unread except by students. MacGregor of Dalhousie, before his promotion to Edinburgh, had produced some fifty scientific papers and memoirs, so much can restless energy accomplish with an empty laboratory and a teeming head-piece. The scientific movement has drawn to a head in the Nova Scotia Institute of Science, which has its own library and its series of publications, and is now in its forty-third year. Much of our literary activity must be dismissed in a sentence, such as the volumes of religious controversy, of sermons, of agricultural lore, treatises on education, pamphlets without end on all subjects. Journalism is a subject by itself.

Of our minor, not to say minim poets, there is no dearth. Almost every generation of Haligonians has had its singers, or satirists, or occasional versers. From the first there were those who strung Popian rhymes in the newspapers. They are always faint echoes of the prevailing literary fashions, Pope, Scott, Moore, Byron, Mrs. Hemans. There is also the workman poet, a Scot of course, who tries to walk in the footsteps of Robert Burns. But their volumes tell the same tale as the magazines; intense local feeling. I could make you a rather stout anthology of poems on the provincial floral emblem, the mayflower, *epigæa repens*, now happily under the ægis of the law. Nova Scotian verse has generally two leading motives, edification, and the celebration of places. You might not think that anyone would poetise on Musquodoboit or Stewiacke, though you might admit the claim of the flowing Gaspereaux, but only if you had been so unhappy as never to have looked on those enchanted streams. New Brunswick will not let us claim Roberts or Carman (just like her New Brunswickedness!), but some of their best work draws its colour and life-breath from the landscapes of Nova Scotia. They are well fitted to set poets rhyming, being themselves poems. Roberts's "Ave," his finest poem in my judgment, is rich in this special and peculiar charm; and Carman's "Low Tide on Grand Pré" is even fuller of Acadia's

\*The grandfather of Dr. MacGregor, formerly Professor of Physics in Dalhousie College, now Professor of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh University.

gramarye. Rand's "At Minas Basin," and Herbin's "The Marshlands," are distinguished by sincere feeling, and often apt interpretation of a scenery to be found nowhere else in the world. Mrs. Lawson's "Frankincense and Myrrh," and Hamilton's "Feast of St. Anne," deserve mention. Another posthumous volume, "Thistledown," selections from the verse and prose of Alex. Rae Garvie, one of a remarkable family, shows most unusual cultivation, with his versions of Horace and Heine, and his tribute to the genius of Holman Hunt, when his name was hardly known in England. Nova Scotia has also contributed to the hymnology of the Christian Church. "We love the place, O God," is taken from a *Christian Year* by the Rev. W. Bullock, published in Halifax in 1854; and Dr. Robert Murray is the author of "From Ocean unto Ocean," with its reminiscence of the title of Grant's travels. The Rev. Silas Rand, the missionary to the Micmacs, and translator of the Bible into their language, issued a volume of Latin hymns, *Hymni Recentes Latini Translationes et Originales*.

## IV

But Nova Scotia has more famous names than these. The first is Thomas Chandler Haliburton (1796-1865). He was born in historic Annapolis Royal, the most beautiful town in Nova Scotia, or the world, and was educated at King's College, Windsor. Williams of Kars, Inglis of Lucknow, and he are the most famous sons of that venerable foundation. He died a D.C.L. of Oxford, and a member of the British House of Commons. His literary career began with the histories already mentioned; but his first hit was his "Recollections of Nova Scotia," which ran in Howe's newspaper from September, 1835, until February, 1836. The next year these scattered papers in a provincial journal were collected and published in London, as *The Clockmaker*, and Sam Slick, the smart Yankee, became a figure in literature and made his author famous.

The sketches of life in Nova Scotia were not the first of their kind. McCulloch, the first President of Dalhousie, had contributed "The Letters of Mephibosheth

Stepsure" to the *Acadian Recorder*, in 1823, and had collected and issued them as a book; but the judge had a pungent humour, a command of dialect and a gift of telling a story the divine could not approach. He was a shrewd observer. A gentleman of Halifax told me that once, when travelling in the stage-coach with Haliburton, a fellow passenger, a buxom country woman, spoke of a temperance lecturer who was to give an address, "sugar off" she called it, at a given time and place. From his corner, Haliburton eyed her, took out his note-book, and jotted the expression down. His distinction is to be the first of the American humorists. He is a teller of stories that go well after dinner; he is fond of Rabelais' easy chair; but he entertains you well and keeps you laughing. Although he achieved the honour of being reprimanded by the Assembly for one sarcastic fling at the old women of the Legislative Council, he remained to the end a fine example of the crusted old tory, the colonial Englishman who reverted naturally and easily to the life of the old world. He was capable of believing that anarchy in the United States was due to their lack of a State Church. Mr. F. Blake Crofton has written a full and sympathetic appreciation of the man and his work.

The effigy of Howe, in bronze, stands today on the sunny side of the Province Building, where he planted the oak on the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth, and made one of his greatest speeches. The inscription on the base styles him "Poet," conferring a patent of nobility which some might be disposed to question. Without dispute, however, he had the poet's temperament. Proof of this in plenty will be found in his "Poems and Essays," published in Montreal in 1874. There you have the best of Howe; you see his heart laid bare; you learn to know the great thoughts in whose society the man lived. The themes of his verse are the loveliness of his native Province, loyalty to it and the mother land, the primal sympathies of the home. Whatever the critic may say to the form, the feeling is always right and sincere. His prose is much stronger. Speeches do not read well, as a rule, but these are solid, and bear scrutiny. The Shake-

speare address is inspiring and ends with a fine tribute to Queen Victoria. That on "Eloquence" reveals the open secrets of his own success, simplicity, earnestness, character. The speech at the great family gathering of the Howes is a broad-minded, manly eirenicon. A British subject, he addresses an American audience at a time when their country was exasperated against his country. He speaks wisely, nobly, with great skill, without giving cause of offence, and yet without lowering his flag for a moment. He has such sentences as this:

"A wise nation preserves its records, gathers up its muniments, decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead, repairs its great public structures, and fosters national pride and love of country, by perpetual references to the sacrifices and glories of the past."

Whoever wishes to know what manner of man Howe was will learn more from his own words, winged words like these, than from the best efforts of all his biographers.

James DeMille, of Loyalist blood on both sides of the house, was born in the old Loyalist city of Saint John; but his life-work was done in Nova Scotia. From 1861 until 1864, he was Professor of Classics at Acadia, and from 1864 he held the chair of Rhetoric and History at Dalhousie until the day of his death in 1880. He was then only forty-seven years of age, but he had written nearly a score of books, for he swayed a fluent pen. His first publication was "The Martyrs of the Catacombs" (1865), a Sunday-school book, followed, in 1867, by "Helena's Household," a longer and better tale on the same theme. His first success was, like Haliburton's, humorous. This was his "Dodge Club," which appeared first as a serial in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* in 1868. It was no doubt suggested by his own tour in Europe with his brother in 1850-51. Here he struck the vein of comic travels which Mark Twain worked in the "Innocents Abroad." Six of his novels were published by Harper's, of which "The American Baron" was translated into French by Louis Ulbach, and went through several editions in that form. Appletons published "An Open Question" and "The Lady of the Ice,"

which seems to have been dramatised. He wrote nine books for boys, the B.O.W.C. series, which are based in part on his school-boy experiences at Horton, and are the only part of his work owing anything to the Province of Nova Scotia. No one could think more meanly of his books than their author; he called them his "trash," his "pot-boilers." But criticism may go too far; some of DeMille's critics have certainly done so, through malice or ignorance. Only a gentleman, a scholar, a man of something very like genius could have written DeMille's novels. There is fun, brisk succession of incident, capital situations in the despised "pot-boilers." Even in the lurid "Cord and Crease," which enthralled me as a boy, the description of the Greek play, of Langhetti's music, and the scene of the lovers in the church, show what he was capable of. Among his books presented by the family to Dalhousie College library, are hymnologies of the Greek Church, and a beautiful set of Euripides, books in modern Greek, Sanskrit, Persian, French, German, Italian classics with his pencilled marginalia, an indication of the range of his scholarship, and the learned foundation for some of his easy-going chapters. Since his death, his best book, "A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder," has been published by Harper's. This is a fascinating tale of an Antarctic Topsy-turvydom where lovers fly on tame pterodactyls, and unselfishness is the chief aim of the civilised cannibal inhabitants. His serious work was an elaborate "Rhetoric," on which he spent much labour; and a long poem, "Behind the Veil," published since his death. He was a tall, handsome, dark man, an excellent teacher, a good conversationalist, best in monologue, an amateur musician, an adept at caricatures and comic verses; in short, a most remarkable personality.

## V

The literary impulse which was so strong in the Province more than a century ago is by no means spent. Halifax is still a literary centre. In the old garrison city by the sea you shall have a retired colonel collating translations of the *Dies Irae*, an attorney-general "appearing" in the most

important reviews and magazines, writing an entire book on love, and preparing an extensive history of Canadian politics, and an Archbishop contributing learned papers to our Royal Society, and combatting the tendencies of the age in a novel and a poem *de longue haleine*. The output in prose is remarkable; verse has fallen to the rear. *Place aux dames!* Miss Marshall Saunders's prize-winning tale, "Beautiful Joe," has sold over 300,000 copies, and she has written twelve others. Miss Alice Jones, the daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor, has produced in rapid succession three successful novels. Miss Amelia Fytche has written a novel of Parisian life, "Kerchiefs to Hunt Souls." Mrs. Carleton Jones has written short stories for the American magazines. Mrs. Fraser, Miss Frame and Miss McLeod are all known as writers of sketches and short stories. Prose fiction is the favourite *genre*. Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, a Haligonian and alumnus of Dalhousie, began his career in the city of his birth, and has written some twenty stories. A. W. Eaton, a Bluenose,

living now in New York, has written his "Tales of a Garrison Town." He has also more serious work, a history of the Church of England in Nova Scotia, and a pleasing book of verse, "Acadian Legends and Lyrics." The Rev. James Falconer has published a scholarly treatise on the history of the primitive church, "From Apostle to Priest." Dr. E. Ritchie contributes to *Mind* and *The International Journal of Ethics*. Outside the capital, too, Nova Scotians are busy with the pen. R. R. McLeod has an interesting "nature book," "In the Acadian Land," while his voluminous "Markland," a sort of encyclopedia of Nova Scotia, is the latest manifestation of the strong local feeling, which is the stamp of Nova Scotian literary work.

The record from first to last makes a brave showing. The trouble is not to find works and authors, but to avoid omitting important names. The saying of the Preacher about the making of many books is as true of Nova Scotia to-day, as it was of the world he knew centuries ago.

## You

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

WHEN in the rowan tree  
The coloured light fades slowly,  
And the quiet dusk,  
All livid, breathes of you,  
Then, Heart's Content,  
I feel your hair enfolding me,  
And tender comes the night,  
Bringing me—you.

And when across the sea  
The rose-dawn opens slowly,  
And the gold breaks, and the blue,  
All glad of you,  
Then, Heart's Reward,  
Red, red, is your mouth for me,  
And life to me means love,  
And love means—you.

# Current Events Abroad.

**DIPLOMACY** registered one more triumph when the seemingly irreconcilable terms of the two contending powers at Portsmouth were at length accommodated. The end came unexpectedly and sensationally. The whole world had arrived at the unwelcome conclusion that the war would have to go on. The question of the indemnity seemed an insurmountable obstacle. The Russians were implacably resolved not to pay it; the Japanese seemed determined that it should be paid or the war would continue. Then something happened. There was natural amazement when it was announced that the Japanese plenipotentiaries had given way and that Russia had carried

her point in resisting the payment of an indemnity.

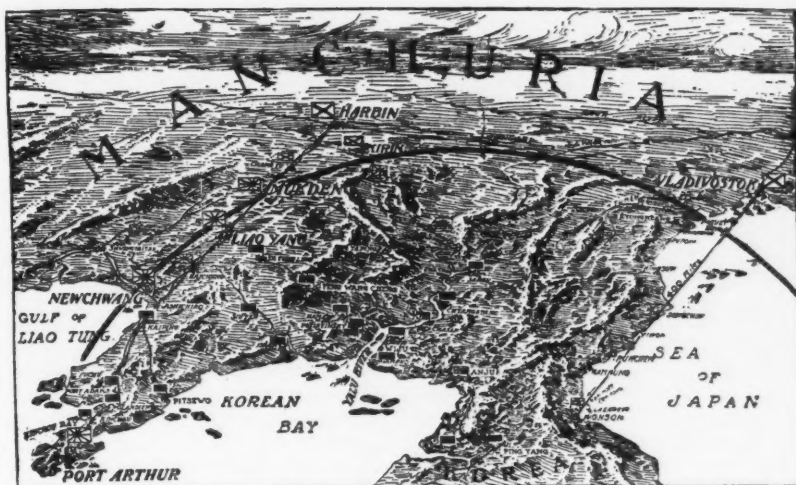
At the moment of writing, a rumour is in circulation that the cause of Japan's sudden retreat was that a secret treaty had been concluded between the Mikado and the Czar, by which the latter agreed to pay, practically as a personal debt, \$500,000,000 in five years. By leaving this financial consideration out of the formal treaty between the nations it was hoped, so the story went, that the mulcted nation would be saved the disgrace that the payment of a formal indemnity seemed to involve. What truth there is in this story cannot at the moment be ascertained,

although it must be regarded as highly improbable. If it is true, it means that the Czar, in the ways that only a despot can, will endeavour out of the revenues of the country and out of his own enormous income, manage to put away a \$100,000,000 a year for five years. It will surely be no easy task when the condition of the country is considered. The financial position of the colossal Empire was not easy even before the war. With the war debt added, with the navy almost obliterated, and tremendous losses of ordinance to be made good, it will be thought that the Czar will have his hands full in meeting his creditor. It could only be done by stopping every possible expenditure on what for the moment may be regarded as useless things, namely, for the re-creation of a navy and for the rehabilitation of the army. What would happen if Russia made no attempt to replace her sunken battleships for some years and allowed her army to remain a little



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

Who, it is rumoured, has secretly agreed to pay the Mikado nearly a hundred million of dollars annually for five years.



## WHAT JAPAN HAS GAINED

The boundary of Japan's sphere of influence in Asia is roughly indicated by the arc shown on this map. It is a great gain, even if rumour is wrong with regard to the secret indemnity.

down at heel and below strength? Nothing in the world. She is so circumstanced that there is not the least fear of aggression from her neighbours. It is true that there are some cherished objects that in such a case would be apt to slip out of her grasp. For a time she would cease to loom so large over the Balkans, and her voice would not be so compelling in the Yildiz Palace. She would not be regarded with such apprehension by her European neighbours. These are vanities, however, of which the moujik, cultivating his fickle acres in Saratov or Kasan, or any other of the Provinces of Russia, would be blissfully ignorant.

Whether this secret treaty is a fact or not, it can be said that Japan has emerged from the fearful struggle triumphant beyond the most hopeful dreams of her admirers. It seemed a conflict between Jack and the Giant. In romance Jack overcomes the giant by the exercise of his superior arts and this fancy of the storyteller has, in the case of Japan and Russia, been effectuated in real life. Japan entered the field as one of the little-considered

nations and has leapt at once into the position of one of the four or five great powers of the world. When Lord Lansdowne concluded a treaty of alliance with Japan a few years ago, it had to be announced almost apologetically. The treaty has now been renewed, and Sir Charles Dilke declared in Parliament a week or two ago, that the renewal of the treaty would be warmly supported by the Liberal Party. The treaty is said to be much more pronounced in its mutual engagements than the former one. In the latter both powers engaged to come to the assistance of the other in case either were attacked by more than one power. It is now said that the allies engage to come to each other's assistance even if attacked by but one power. This is probably an extremely wild guess. The announcement that such a treaty had been concluded would create a sensation in every capital in Europe and would cause a twinge even at Washington.

Would it be a message of peace? It would if other powers did not proceed to form alliances to meet it, which it is to

be feared they would do. It is impossible to consider the Anglo-Japanese treaty without remembering the understanding between France and Britain. All three have Asiatic possessions on the seaboard. Britain has India, France Indo-China, and Japan has now her foot on the Asiatic continent and has become the greatest of Asiatic powers. Does it look as if any other power will be allowed to disturb the *status quo* there? Not at all likely, and German dreams of realising her colonial ambitions at the expense of China have vanished into air. A significant announcement was made the other day that Wei-Hai-Wei would be abandoned as a British naval station. Nothing is more likely. It was occupied as an offset to the Russian occupation of Port Arthur and Germany countered by making a seizure of a pied-a-terre at Kiao-chou. How long will it be before China asks

what the Kaiser's soldiers are doing there? At all events we may be sure there will be no further additions to that territory.

Yet to the colonial ambitions of the Kaiser can be traced a great deal of the unrest of the past few years. It is perhaps a quite natural ambition. The Emperor perceives that some five millions of his countrymen have left the Fatherland within the past fifty years, and have gone to build up other States. The reflection is obvious that it would be an immense stroke of policy if this surplus population, instead of being lost, could be turned into a German colony. This idea haunts the Imperial mind and he has examined every part of the earth that promised such a refuge for the emigrating German. He has turned his attention to Brazil, where German colonies have established them-

selves in the Provinces of Rio Grand do Sul and San Paulo. But the Monroe doctrine is in the way. It was believed that the first object in creating a strong German fleet was in order to be able to tell Washington at some opportune time that Germany did not recognise the Monroe doctrine. Our American neighbours scented the hostility in the air and proceeded to build a formidable fleet of their own. He then turned his eyes to China and Kiao-chou was acquired, with hopes that it would grow, although China as a home for the white coloniser is hopelessly impossible. The only outlook there was for a Chinese India. The Transvaal undoubtedly attracted the Emperor's longing. That land of gold, where the old Low-German tongue was the language of the colonist—that seemed an ideal spot. One of the



THE SAME OLD PISCATORIAL STORY

FISHERMAN LINEVITCH—It was the biggest fishsky you ever sawvish. I had him on my linesky, but Peace interferred and he got awayakof. O, but he was a beautski.—*Montreal Star*.

emanations and symbols of this longing was the Kruger telegram. He has also had his eye on Palestine. But nothing has resulted from it all except a few odds and ends in Africa which are not white men's countries and which have always cost a good deal more than they are worth.

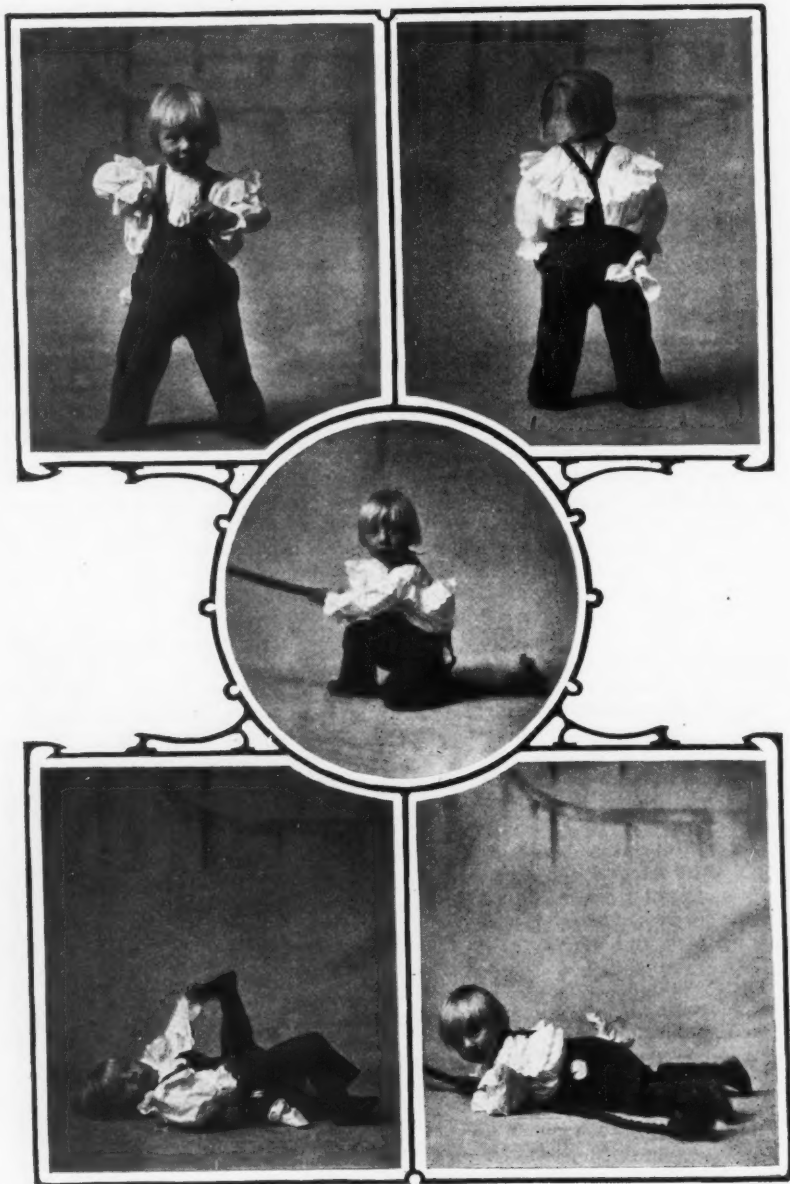
Is it surprising, therefore, that when he observed France and Britain arranging for the appropriation of the last bit of the African littoral of the Mediterranean that he should feel a little irritated? His irritation has so far not accomplished much. It is true that the future of Morocco will be settled by a European conference, at which Germany will be represented. Unfortunately the Sultan's misgovernment has been putting the game into the hands of France. A man named Bouzain, a native of Algeria, was seized by the Sultan and unjustly imprisoned. He claimed to be a French citizen, and this claim was upheld by the French Government. His release was demanded and refused, whereupon an ultimatum was served on the Sultan that not only must Bouzain be released, but that an indemnity must be paid and an apology offered. The Sultan resisted these conditions so long that a French squadron was about to depart for Tangier. Whether the Moroccan ruler endeavoured to get the backing of his powerful friend at Berlin has not appeared. At all events, France has prevailed and the Sultan has learned the lesson that his recent distinguished visitor is no protection for him when he contravenes the interests of his lively neighbours across the Algerian border.

The Emperor has been telling an audience at Hamburg that his chief care as a ruler is to preserve peace for his country. It must be said in all fairness that so far he has done this. He, the master of the greatest fighting machine the world has seen since the time of Napoleon, has never during seventeen years on the throne had occasion to draw the sword. Despite this record it is curious to observe that his neighbours do not give him credit for a

peaceful disposition. No such feeling prevails with regard to his uncle and fellow sovereign, Edward VII. They are both powerful monarchs. It may be held that while the one is almost autocrat, the other is bounded and restrained by constitutional safeguards. The fact is, however, that the ruler of the United Kingdom has gained such a personal ascendancy among his people that the nation would follow wherever he leads. He chooses to lead in the ways of peace, and has come to be recognised as a great influence in bringing about harmonious international relations. His influence is not exerted, however, for pusillanimity, "from coward fear of being great." On the contrary, the foreign relations of Britain were never more satisfactory nor her word of greater force and effect.

The appointment of Lord Minto to succeed Lord Curzon in the Governor-Generalship of India, certainly indicates that the former has a "pull," or is a most fortunate person. His best friend would scarcely say that he is in the class of the Lawrences, or the Wellesleys, Hastings or Dalhousies. Have we fallen upon an era which is barren of great public servants? One is inclined to think so when the personnel of the present British Ministry is scanned and that of the group which is likely to succeed them. Lord Kitchener the Empire knows to have many of the qualities of a great administrator and forceful man. The petulant way in which Lord Curzon laid down his great office has, on the other hand, caused people to wonder whether they have been worshipping a very small idol. There is an attempt to make his home-coming an incident of significance in the public affairs of the Mother Country. His lordship will sit in the House of Peers and we very much doubt whether any flames will be discovered on the bosom of the Thames as a result of his return to the ranks of the fighting politicians. The popularity of the personal newspaper in England seems to be responsible for that worst of national vices—namely, the tendency to regard our geese as swans.

*John A. Ewan.*



**CANADA'S FINEST PRODUCT**

Photographic Studies by N. B. Henry Clinton

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# WOMAN'S SPHERE



"Up to the hills where our tired hearts rest,  
Loosen, and halt, and regather their dreams;  
Up to the hills, where the winds restore us,  
Clearing our eyes to the beauty before us,  
Earth with the glory of life on her breast,  
Earth with the gleam of her cities and  
streams." —Archibald Lampman

## THE COUNTRY FAIR

CANADIANS take a just pride in the exhibitions held at such cities as Ottawa, Winnipeg and Toronto; but none of these are as truly representative of the ambition and progress of the people as the small exhibitions of two days' duration known as the "fall fair." One cannot but notice at these yearly "shows" how the field of woman's work has widened. Quilts and crazywork pin-cushions at one time stood for the sum of her skill; now, in all regions, an increased interest in the artistic, without a neglect of the useful, is abundantly in evidence. The spirit of mutual help is growing among the women of Canada in the industries that affect the home welfare. The encouragement given to the homespun-work in such affairs as the "Made-in-Canada" exhibitions held by the Daughters of the Empire, is just what is needed to make us realise how varied are the activities of our own Dominion. The relief from the worst forms of drudgery brought to farm life by the introduction of machinery has affected the work of the farmer's wife as well, and the rural exhibitions show an improvement in the quality of woman's work, testifying to greater leisure and something of that variety which is often sadly needed in country life.

7—577

## THE AUTHOR OF "LITTLE LORD FAUNTILERoy"

ALTHOUGH popularly regarded as an American, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, as a writer in the *Grand Magazine* reminds us, is English by birth. She was born in Lancashire and lived in that county for sixteen years. "That Lass o' Lowries," a story of industrial life in Lancashire, shows how deeply her youthful mind had been impressed by the hard life of the factory girls. "Little Lord



LADY PARKER  
WIFE OF SIR GILBERT PARKER  
Photo by Elliott & Fry

Fauntleroy" and Mrs. Burnett's Christmas play, "The Little Unfair Princess," show a deep insight into child nature, and a power of interpreting it with the utmost grace and simplicity. It is proof of her versatile talent that a writer of such charming stories for children should have produced those sombre and striking novels, "A Lady of Quality" and "Through One Administration." Mrs. Burnett is once more settled in England, at an old-fashioned manor-house in the village of Rolvenden, Kent.

#### A UNIVERSITY FOR WOMEN

YEARS ago there was much talk about whether women should be allowed to enter the universities. The upholders of co-education wrote so ardently in its favour that one would have thought the gates of the millennium would swing wide open when women were allowed to attend classes at the university. The opponents of the movement were quite as extravagant, and would have it that homes would be neglected, husbands would be buttonless and dinnerless and children would go unclad and uncomfortable, while women with a degree forsook the home for the platform. In the meantime, women went to the universities in classes of increasing numbers, and neither the millennium nor the deluge came upon us. But, while we have in Toronto and Montreal residences for women, there is not the free college life that should exist. Nor will we experience such a state of affairs until there is a Canadian University for Women, where it is possible to have such real college intercourse as is known by the students of Girton, Smith or Bryn Mawr. We have many good girls' schools, but the discipline necessary in such institutions is not that of college life. In fact, college is merely a courtesy title for such places, and academy or seminary would be nearer the truth. We need a university for women, and there is hardly a doubt that university professors and men students would welcome the institution. But it is an airy structure at present, planned by that obliging architect who has designed so many Castles in Spain.

#### A SEA SONG

The cliffs and for the winds  
When the rose of dawn  
When the gleaming waters  
My frail barque was gone.

The cruel light of noontide  
Smote fierce the languid wave,  
When lifting hands despairing  
He found no grasp to save.

O purple fall the shadows,  
And silver gleams the sea!  
But never o'er the shining path  
Sails back my lad to me.

#### THE CANADIAN NURSE

IT is unquestioned that the Canadian nurse is preferred in the United States to her sister-worker of American birth. Physicians in all the great cities on the "other side" readily admit their preference for Canadians. When asked his reasons for invariably telephoning "send a Canadian," a New York Doctor replied, "They have steady nerves and are more obedient." Now, we must really believe what the alien tells us, and if we study the conditions of the Canadian girl's life we shall find a reason for steadiness and obedience. In the first place, the Canadian life is much simpler, and the Canadian small girl does not get the "spoiling" which the average American mother considers the only proper policy. Hence, she grows up less nervous than the early-matured American, and she does not expect from her boy friends the constant supply of American Beauty roses and Huyler's candy by which the girl of the republic measures masculine devotion. The foolish confusion of liberty and license has not yet affected Canada to any great degree. Hence, to be obedient, to take orders cheerfully and practically, is not considered a disgrace, but a simple duty, and the girl who leaves Halifax, Montreal or Hamilton to become a nurse has made up her mind to do whatever her profession requires. We frequently hear of what Canadians are doing abroad. Not the least among those who have honoured their native land by good service are the "girls in uniform."

Jean Graham.

# PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

## AQUATICS



HERE has been a delightfully active season in Canadian aquatics. From the Vancouver Yacht Club in the West, where they claim to have the largest fleet of pleasure craft in Canada, along the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence to Halifax, on the East, where the Prince of Wales cup has been a feature for forty-five years—there has been the greatest possible activity. The Canadian young man is not content to wear starched shirts and patent-leather shoes at a summer resort. He desires to show his muscle, his knowledge of boats and sails and winds, his interest in those features of aquatics which develop strength, nerve, and the power of quick decision. He abhors namby-pamby men and women who subsist on chocolates and lawn croquet. The Viking blood is still strong within him, tempered by a climate which produced the Red Hunter whose muscles were steel wires of the finest quality, and whose abilities as a canoeist have never been equalled.

On June 30th and July 1st Vancouver had a yachting regatta of international importance. On September 4th there was a series of races there for the Buscombe Cup. There have also been competitions for the Graveley Cup and minor considerations.

In July the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, of Montreal, lost the Seawanhaka Cup won by them at Oyster Bay, U.S.A., in 1897, and held through a series of annual contests. The defender, the *Alexandra*, was beaten by the *Manchester*, brought over by the Manchester (Mass.) Yacht Club.

In August there was a series of races off Charlotte, N.Y., for the Canada Cup, won last year at Toronto by the *Irondequoit*, of Rochester. Charlotte is the Lake Ontario port of Rochester. These races were

most exciting. Of the first four each boat won two, and the fifth was therefore necessary. The *Temeraire*, the Canadian challenger, proved herself superior in heavy weather, but the *Iroquois* won on the three light-wind days. It is the general impression also that the United States boat was better handled. Whatever the reason the Fife boat was fairly beaten and the cup stays beyond the border for another year.

The yachting contest at Halifax on August 26th was not a challenge race. Thirteen yachts started, five from the United States, three from Halifax, three from Sydney, and one each from Yarmouth and Charlottetown. These were divided into four classes. The two ninety-footers made the best time, covering the thirty miles in about three and a half hours. The *Elmina* (schooner) of New Haven was the first boat in, winning the race and her class. The *Gloria* (cutter) of Sydney won in Class



REAR COMMODORE NICHOLLS  
Owner of the "Temeraire"



"TEMERAIRE"

B, the *Cossack* (sloop) of Boston in Class C, and the *Princess* (cutter) of Halifax in Class D. The Canadians expected to win with the *Gloria* whose handicap was 25 minutes and 5.4 seconds. Her captain crossed the line a second or two before the gun and lost five minutes in re-crossing. She was beaten by two and a half minutes more than her time allowance.

In rowing there have been several regattas of importance, and Canadian crews have also participated in international competitions. A professional race took place on Toronto Bay on August 23rd, between Eddie Durnan, of Toronto, a nephew of Edward Hanlan, and Thomas Sullivan of New Zealand and England. The Canadian won by fifteen lengths, and is now entitled to call himself the single scull champion of America. The race was not of first rank but was fairly important.

## CRICKET

Last month I made some remarks upon cricket as it is played in England and pleaded for more attention to this sport in this country. It is pleasant to be able to record that on August 28th and 29th, a Canadian team won from a United States team in an international contest, for the first time since 1897. Of the thirty-two matches played since 1853, the United States have won twenty-one, Canada nine, and two were drawn. The players for Canada this year with their scores were:

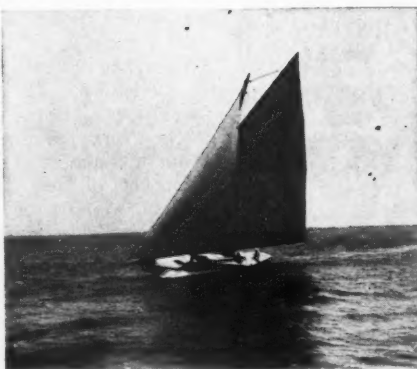
## CANADA

H. F. Lounsborough.....	0
F. C. Evans .....	67
F. W. Terry .....	23
E. G. Hull.....	12
L. S. V. York .....	2
Dr. J. J. Cameron.....	16
F. S. Beddow .....	37
S. W. Mossman.....	20
D. W. Saunders .....	22
W. Whitaker, not out.....	15
T. W. Dyson.....	1
Extras .....	30

Total.....245

Fall of the wickets:—1 for 0, 2 for 69, 3 for 113, 4 for 117, 5 for 117, 6 for 165, 7 for 180, 8 for 225, 9 for 237, 10 for 245.

The Canadians won by an innings and twenty-nine



"TEMERAIRE"



"TEMERAIRE"



START FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES CUP AT HALIFAX

*Photo by C. Houseman*

runs. This victory will be useful only in so far as it puts greater zest into the Canadian players and gives them more desire to go on to greater skill.



## A PRINCE'S VISIT

Canada has been favoured recently with a visit from the British naval squadron under command of Rear-Admiral His Serene Highness Prince Louis of Battenberg. The visit was the occasion of some notable festivities at Quebec, in which His Excellency the Governor-General and Sir Wilfrid Laurier took a prominent part. The people of that city took the opportunity to unveil a monument which they have erected in memory of the Quebec soldiers who fell in the South African war. Some three hundred marines and bluejackets took part in the ceremony. Prince Louis and some of his men also visited Ottawa, Toronto and Montreal, where they were well received as worthy representatives of that great arm of the Empire's defence to which Canada is unable to contribute just yet, but which she admires most thoroughly.

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG AND PREMIER WHITNEY  
AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, TORONTO

# About New Books.

## CANADIAN PUBLISHING

IT is somewhat remarkable that the history of Canadian publishing is limited to about the same period as the history of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. The interest in Canadian literature seemed to be powerful for the first time in the early nineties. Previous to that, the interest was not sufficient to sustain many ventures of a publishing nature. The *Canadian Monthly* had ceased to be; the *Week* was struggling for breath; the Canadian books were few and accounted of little importance. Between 1860 and 1890, the Hunter, Rose Co., Toronto, issued perhaps a dozen volumes; Durie of Ottawa did a little less, and John Lovell and Dawson Brothers of Montreal, perhaps as much. Most of the books printed in this country, aside from

those issued by these publishers, were printed at the expense of the authors.

The growth of Canadian sentiment after 1890 was more rapid, and it became possible for Canadians to issue new publications of a high character and to find some appreciation and support. Since 1893, the book publishing has been centered in Toronto. The Copp, Clark Co. have issued the works of Parker, Roberts, McLennan, Bliss Carman and a few others. Wm. Briggs (Methodist Book Room) has issued a more miscellaneous lot which includes about thirty historical works, a dozen biographies, and thirty-five volumes of poetry. He has introduced Fraser, Hickman, Stringer, Miss Laut, Mrs. Sheard and a number of others. He has also issued a number of religious and temperance works. Later Mr. Morang came into the field and he has shown similar enterprise in the production of native books. He has issued Willison's "Laurier," biographies of Principal Grant and Sir John Beverley Robinson and "The Makers of Canada." The Westminster Co. have issued the works of Ralph Connor, but have not done a general publishing business. McLeod & Allen were publishers for Knox Magee. Mr. Musson has issued one or two volumes. In Montreal and Quebec there has been little publishing in the English language, though Mr. Doughty's books have been set up in the latter city.

The publishing of Canadian books is thus to be credited in an especial manner to three men—William Copp, William Briggs of the Methodist Book Room, and George N. Morang. These gentlemen deserve a deal of credit for the patriotic support which they have given to native writers. At times, no doubt, they were roundly abused for not being more venturesome and more liberal. They were



EDWARD S. CASWELL  
Manager Publishing Department Methodist Book  
and Publishing House

working in a new field, and perhaps were often pessimistic as to the outcome—especially when some of the prominent people in the country tried to throw cold water on the attempt to build up a native literature. The dark days are nearly past, however; Canadian books are improving in quality and increasing in number, and the people are just as willing to buy a good Canadian book as a first-class volume by a British or foreign writer.



#### OUR WOMEN WRITERS

THE terms "authoress" and "poetess" are rapidly passing away, as the woman writer is becoming a matter of fact, not a fancy. Two generations ago, an atmosphere of ink and ugliness surrounded the popular conception of the woman who found expression in any form but speech; now the woman who does journalistic work or who has written a book is regarded without consternation in the most conventional circles. However, it is still the custom to group the women writers of a country as if there were some peculiar qualities in the productions of feminine authors and in this article it is the intention to review briefly the recent work of Canadian women writers.

In fiction, unquestionably the most popular form of modern literature, Mrs. Everard Cotes (Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan) has done work of a high order, her only Canadian novel, "The Imperialist," being the best depiction of Ontario life that has been written. From her early journalistic sketches by "Garth Grafton," to her latest work, Mrs. Cotes has shown a growth and development that mark the conscientious worker as distinguished from the scribbler with purely commercial aims. "A Social Departure" was Mrs. Cotes' first book, and its light and humorous touch won immediate popularity. More than a dozen books have followed, chiefly clever studies of Anglo-Indian life, for this Canadian woman resides in far-off Simla. "His Honour and a Lady" and "The Pool in the Desert" are probably her best known works, the latter being a collection of short stories. "The Imperialist," pub-



WILLIAM COPP

Manager of the General Book Publishing Department of the Copp, Clark Company, Limited

lished last year, showed so intimate and sympathetic an acquaintance with the everyday life of British Canada that we shall hope for further Canadian fiction from this gifted "daughter of Brantford."



GEORGE N. MORANG

Founder and Head of Morang & Co., Limited

Miss Lily Dougall, of Montreal, who has resided in England in recent years, has written several remarkable novels tinged strongly with a mysticism that renders her work unique. "The Mermaid" is a strikingly original story, although "What Necessity Knows" has probably appealed to a wider class of readers than any other of Miss Dougall's books. Her literary style hardly makes an appeal to the indiscriminating public. Miss Agnes Laut is an Ontario woman by birth, but her present residence is Wassaic, N.Y. She lived for some years in the North-West and the result of this residence is seen in "Lords of the North," a novel which deals entertainingly with the rivalry between the great trading companies in the early days. "Heralds of Empire" and "Pathfinders of the West" are also historical in plot, and the latter is especially daring in its claim of Radisson as the real discoverer of that great region. Miss Laut spares no pains in her research, and is known as a writer of authoritative magazine articles on historical subjects.

Mrs. Sheard, of Toronto, has written three works of fiction which have been favourably received, her favourite setting being the historical. Her latest novel, "By the Queen's Grace," is an Elizabethan romance. Mrs. Sheard is also a writer of graceful and finished verse, which appears frequently in both Canadian and United States publications. Miss Jean McIlwraith, of Hamilton, who now resides in New York, has written three novels, the second being "The Span o' Life," which was produced in collaboration with Mr. William McLennan. Miss Joanna Wood, of Queenston, is the author of several novels, of which the best known is "The Untempered Wind," a powerful but repulsive depiction of an unlovely rural community. Miss Wood has also written a number of clever short stories, and is now engaged in literary work in New York.

Miss Alice Jones, of Halifax, has written three novels, "The Night Hawk," "Bubbles We Buy" and "Gabriel Praed's Castle." The last is an interesting account of the villainy of a French "dealer in antiques," and the study of artistic

life is vivid and realistic. Mrs. Pasque, "Helen Milecete," is another Halifax woman. Her work is of the "Smart Set" type, thoroughly sparkling and diverting, if not deep. "The Career of Mrs. Osborne" and "A Detached Pirate" are her most popular productions. Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays, of Woodstock, now a resident of Michigan, created something of a sensation last year with "He That Eateth Bread With Me," a divorce novel which took, as might be expected from a Canadian writer, the strictly conservative view of the question. Miss Blanche Macdonell, of Montreal, has written several novels of which the best known is "Diane of Ville Marie." Mrs. Harrison's "The Forest of Bourg-Marie" is admirable in its freshness and vitality, although most readers prefer such verse as Mrs. Harrison ("Seranus") gives us in "Pine, Rose and Fleur-de-Lis."

Miss Marshall Saunders, of Milton, Nova Scotia, has written more than a dozen novels of which the most widely read are "Beautiful Joe" and "Rose à Charlitte." Her work is decidedly Canadian, and is deservedly popular. Her "animal stories" are in a sympathetic vein, which does not become hysterical as is the fashion with much modern fiction of the same class.

In historical work, Canadian women have done little serious work. Miss Weaver and Miss McIlwraith have written short histories; Lady Edgar's work takes the form of brief historical articles; the Misses Lizars have devoted themselves to the "Canada Company," and Miss FitzGibbon has contributed largely to the literature regarding the War of 1812. Doubtless as the women of our country have more leisure, their attention will be more attracted to subjects of historic value. Miss Janet Carnochan has made a special study of the Niagara records.

Kingston is a city of decidedly academic tendencies, and in its literary circle no member has won greater distinction than Miss Agnes Maule Machar, who is known as a novelist and poet, and whose taste in music and art is also highly cultivated. Although Miss Machar's fic-

tion is represented by more than ten volumes, her verse is undoubtedly her stronger work, the volume "Lays of the 'True North'" containing many poems of lofty sentiment expressed in finished artistic form. Her patriotic verse is of much higher literary order than most of such material, the prize poem of 1887, awarded by "The Week" on the occasion of Queen Victoria's first jubilee, having a fervour and fire worthy of the event. Miss Machar, although no jingoist, has an enthusiastic belief in her country which she is not ashamed to express. In this blasé age, her idealism and faith, as expressed in her chosen name "Fidelis," are refreshing and strengthening. Her home amid the beauties of the most majestic river on the continent has naturally inspired some of her most picturesque verse in description of the St. Lawrence as it is starred with the Thousand Islands. In prose work, "Stories of New France," written in collaboration with Mr. T. G. Marquis, and "Marjorie's Canadian Winter," are her best work. Not the least pleasing feature in Miss Machar's literary career is the encouragement which she has generously extended to young Canadian writers.

Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald has written several volumes of verse, "House of the Trees," "Tangled in Stars," and "The Radiant Road." Her poetry is more artistic than that of any other Canadian woman, such exquisite lyrics as "The White Gifts," "The Wind of Death," and "My Orders," being the expression of genuine poetic feeling. The last-named has almost a Norse-like quality of courage and defiance, and deserves quotation:

"My orders are to fight.  
Then if I bleed and fail,  
Or strongly win, what matters it?  
God only doth prevail.

The servant craveth naught  
Except to serve with might.  
I was not told to win or lose,  
My orders are to fight."

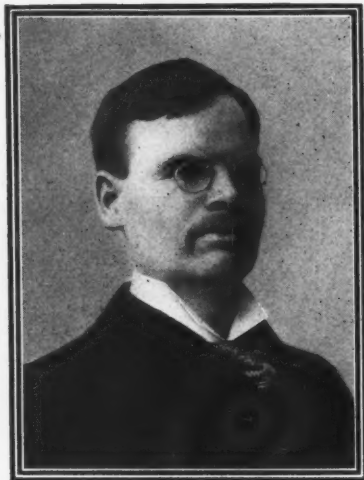
Miss Wetherald's poetry is frequently seen in the columns of the United States magazines, and occasionally she writes



MRS. EVERARD COTES

a bit of humorous verse that is far above the average. "Omar for Housewives" is the best of this class.

Miss Pauline Johnson's "The White Wampum" contains several poems that may be permanent in Canadian literature, but her recent work is below that of ten years ago. "Canadian Born" is bluster unworthy the author of such melodious lines as "The Song My Paddle Sings," which is Muskoka set to music. The magic of our Northern woodlands, the wild charm of the rivers that ripple and dance and whirl into rapids are reflected in the lines of this writer whose Indian blood lends a picturesque freedom to her moods. Jean Blewett's "Heart Songs" have a gentle, winsome quality that has won many admirers. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay's "Between the Lights" is more than mediocre verse and her work is increasingly vigorous and artistic. Mrs. Lefevre's "The Lion's Gate," Miss McCollum's "Flower Legends" and Mrs. Jackson's "Summer Songs in Idleness" are recent publications that indicate increasing expression in poetic form on the part of Canadian writers. Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald has contributed largely to "Northland Lyrics," upholding the tra-



WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL

Whose poetry is shortly to be published in one large volume

ditions of a poetic household, although her work is not equal to that of her brothers, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts and Mr. Theodore Roberts. Miss Martha Martin's "Poem Miniatures," published in 1899, is rather slight in theme and style.

It would be hardly becoming to leave the subject of the poetry by Canadian women without a reference to the work of Isabel Valancy Crawford, who was born in Ireland and whose grave in Peterborough cemetery was recently marked by a fitting memorial. Her life was pitiful even unto tragedy, but her poetry was the true expression of a nature all too ambitious and tender for a happy life. Those who consider her writings the highest poetry written by a woman in Canada will be pleased to know that a new edition of her poems will soon be issued.

In considering the writings of "our own people," one is likely either to extol unduly native productions or to treat without honour those whose names are familiar within our borders. But, while we have no Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Meynell, or Mrs. Wharton, we have women writers who are doing artistic and

sincere work, and who ask nothing but a fair field for their achievements.



## NOTES

William Briggs announces complete editions of the poems of William Wilfred Campbell and Isabella Valancy Crawford, two of the most brilliant of Canadian poets. Nature books will be represented by "Studies in Plant life," by Mrs. Traill, illustrated by Mrs. Chamberlain, ready in December; "Mountain Wild Flowers," by Julia W. Henshaw, with 100 full-page plates from original photographs, ready in December; and "Sa-Zada, the Canadian Animal Book," by W. A. Fraser, ready this month.

The Revell Co. announce a "first novel" from the pen of Dr. R. E. Knowles, Presbyterian minister at Galt.

Two new books, by Charles E. D. Roberts, are announced by Copp, Clark Co. "Red Fox" is another animal book which promises to be interesting; while "Cameron of Lochiel" is a translation from the French of Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, whose portrait appears on page 485 of this issue. Professor Roberts has been spending his summer in New Brunswick.

"A Specimen Spinster," by Mrs. Frank Yeigh, will be issued by the Copp, Clark Co. at once. They will also issue shortly a volume of essays by Bliss Carman, under the title "The Poetry of Life," and a book of poems by the same author.

Norman Duncan's new book, "The Mother," has just been issued by the Revell Co. This is but a novelette, and every reader will wish that it had been a full-grown novel. The vulgar young widow, exalted by her absorbing mother-love, rising above her environment and her fears of the future, makes in her actions a strange series of pictures. Norman Duncan must have had a perfect mother or he had not been able to conjure up such scenes, such pathetic bits of life's drama. It touches the heart-strings of the reader and brings to the mind many thoughts likely to be overwhelmed by the constant conflict of modern complex conditions.



# Idle Moments.

## THE KAISER

**I**F that crafty, meddling Kaiser,  
Thinks that he is getting wiser,  
He will be up to his eyes, sir,  
In a war.  
Now, old England he can't guy, sir,  
And he only has to try, sir,  
When we'll give him the bye-bye, sir,  
And a jar.

For you know if he gets fly, sir,  
And gets acting rather sly, sir,  
We shall slap him in the eye, sir—  
Yes, we would.  
His war horse must not be high, sir,  
Or we surely shall draw nigh, sir,  
Then, of course, we'd make him die, sir—  
And we could.

So I think that it's far wiser  
For the crafty, meddling Kaiser  
To wet up, and not be dry, sir,  
Else he fall.  
For Old England, tooth and eye, sir,  
Stands attention for the try, sir,  
Ready there to do or die, sir,  
At the call.

*W. Garfield Rees*

## BILLY AND THE GHOST RIVER

**B**ILLY is a broncho, conceited, self-centred, iron mouthed and iron willed, but strong as the west wind and fleet as the coyote. Gads fail to subdue and kind words to win him. Both have been tried and tried in vain. His case is hopeless. Bad he was born, bad he has lived, and in all Broncho probability, bad he will die. It is a good thing for Billy there is no hereafter for bucking bronchos. But Billy is no hypocrite. He never claims to be good. There is that much to his credit anyway. His former owner has a loose lower jaw, broken by a favourite trick of Billy's. The result is much the same as if a gun went off through the nipple, or a rifle through the breech. The operation is a simple one, and unexpected, hence successful. He makes a great show of bucking and at the psychological

moment when his rider's head is bent forward to overcome the rebound from the buck, up goes Billy's head like a cannon ball, and crack goes the rider's jaw. It is simple, quick and effective, one application being enough. It is all done with a little twist of the neck. But that is merely personal history and does not touch the Ghost River story.

Billy, after many vicissitudes of fortune, became the property of a young chap from Toronto, who was setting up a ranch on the Bow River, not many miles from Calgary. Tiring of Bachelor life and finding a lady of the same mind the day was fixed for the twain to end the lonesomeness of it all. And this is where Billy shone.

Now the Ghost runs south into the Bow River about forty miles west of Calgary. It has steep banks, and a rushing current. The water being so clear looks about knee deep but it is in reality many times deeper. Well the Ghost is the Hellespont separating the home of this latter day Hero and her Leander. The rancher lived on the east, the ranchess on the west.

On the day set, the rancher in his best store clothes, shoes blackened, and with a



SCRIPTURAL PASSAGES ILLUSTRATED

"They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these—*Life*."



## SHELVED

CHORUS OF THE RESIGNED (crowding up to make room for Lord Curzon)—“Hullo! Here comes another of the Old Brigade! Why, Arthur 'll soon be the only one left.”—*Punch*.

new Mexican saddle, came down to the edge of the Ghost on Billy's back. But there the broncho paused.

“Come Billy, we must get across,” the horseman coaxed. But Billy didn't see it that way.

“If you won't go for coaxing, you will for the spurs,” blurted the rider, and in went his heels, with a strength born of strong desire. The broncho reared, backed up, shook himself and then cantered quietly towards the water's edge. When about two lengths from the river, every muscle grew tense; he gave a bound or two, stiffened and then planted his forelegs, ducked his head and sent his hindfeet skyward. The trick was turned so neatly and withal so suddenly, that the rancher shot over the broncho's head, turned a somersault in the air and lit, feet first, chin deep, in the ice cold waters of the Ghost.

His first thoughts were not fit for print. His first audible remarks were, “Well, the brute has dropped me with face to the west anyway—and that's the way I'm going—there is nothing to be gained standing here—I guess I may as well wade ashore.”

Nothing daunts the west. At the hour agreed the knot was tied, with the bridegroom arrayed in his father-in-law's seconds, while his own firsts waved in the evening breezes.

C. B. Keenleyside.

## JUSTICE BEFORE LAW—A HUSTLER ON THE BENCH

IN his new book, “Canada as It Is,” Mr. John Foster Fraser tells the following story of a Canadian (Toronto) police court:

“The only place I saw a hustle was in a police court. I had a seat on the bench one morning alongside Colonel Denison, the magistrate. He is a good type of the breezy, unconventional Canadian soldier. He called out the names of the prisoners himself,

and administered the oath himself to save time. With some acquaintance of the slow formality of an English court, I was a little breathless at the slapdash manner in which he disposed of forty cases in exactly forty minutes. There was no red tape. The Colonel asked a question here and a question there, and ‘You'll go to prison for sixty days; send William Flannigan,’ he wound up. This was an assault case. A lawyer asked for a remand. ‘Do you say the prisoner didn't commit the assault?’ ‘No, your honour, I don't say that, but—’ ‘Well, he can go to gaol for fourteen days. Send up James Sanford.’

“At the end of the forty minutes I presumed to congratulate the Colonel on his expedition. ‘But,’ I asked, ‘you don't go as fast when you have a point of law raised?’

“I never allow a point of law to be raised. This is a court of justice, not a court of law. Not so long ago a young attorney wanted to quote law against my sending his man down for six weeks. He wanted to quote Mathews, I think. ‘Well,’ said I, ‘Mathews may be a great authority on law, but I guess he hasn't got as much authority as I have in this court. Your man goes down for six weeks!’”

# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



## A LARGE BLACK BASS

**T**HERE have been some large black bass caught in Ontario during the past few years. The fish pictured here is a small-mouthed bass of exceptional proportions. It was caught in the River Trent, in August, by H. C. Barker, Esq., general manager of the Harry Webb Co., Toronto. It weighed six pounds, eleven ounces, and measured about 22 inches in length. A two-foot pocket rule is photographed alongside the fish in the picture shown here.

The black bass is, perhaps, the gamest fish found in the rivers of Ontario and in this respect is the equal of the trout.

Its greater weight gives it an advantage, though perhaps its ambition is no greater.

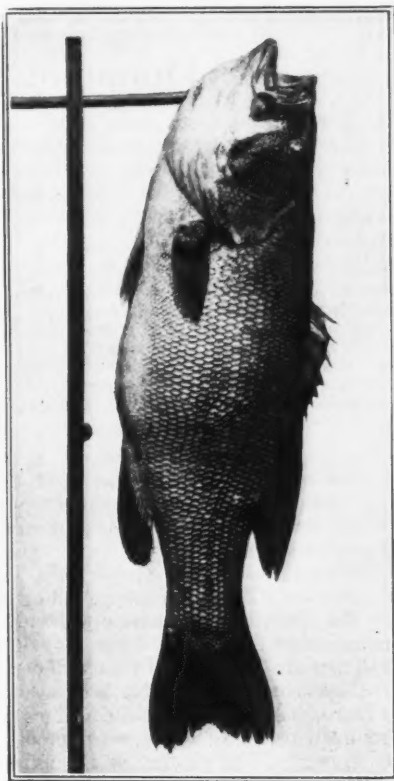
## THE PINE GROSBEEKS

**W**HEN the snow is deep and the winter severe in Northern Canada, we are sometimes favoured by a visit from the Pine Grosbeaks, the wonderful red birds of the far north, who occasionally come as far south as Southern Ontario to spend the winter. As they are exceedingly tame it is not difficult to approach within a few feet of them, and on the occasion of their last visit I succeeded in capturing a number of them. The male bird was a rich carmine or old-rose shade of red, while the females were of a grayish colour tinged with yellow on the head and tail coverts. They took to captivity readily, and during the following spring and summer their food consisted largely of buckwheat, hempseed, mountain-ash berries, lettuce and dandelions, of which they were very fond.

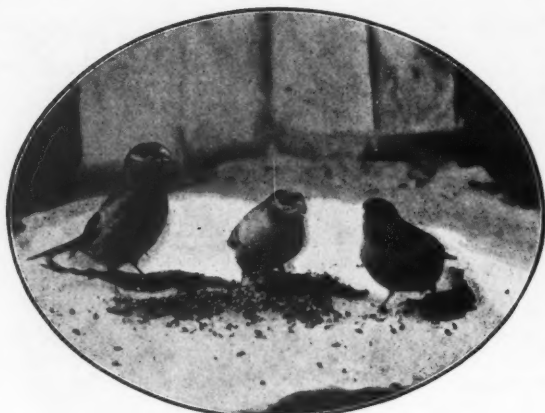
With the returning sunshine of the springtime they began to sing, and

though their song, in captivity at least, was not loud, it was singularly varied and sweet, as if they were practising the choicest notes of the cat bird, the rose-breasted grosbeak and the thrush.

When the moulting season came the red males lost their beautiful carmine



A SMALL-MOUTH BLACK BASS WEIGHING SIX POUNDS, ELEVEN OUNCES



THE PINE GROSBEAKS

shade, but took on, instead, a rich yellow, scarcely less beautiful than the original old-rose red. This is one of the mysterious effects of captivity on all birds of brilliant red plumage. On the return of the second spring I gave them their freedom, but they appeared in no wise eager to secure their release, and refused to part company until the whole number had been set free.

The study of the birds which make their temporary home here is most interesting.

## Dominion of Canada

The Federal Government consists of the Sovereign and Two Houses. The Sovereign is represented by the Governor-General, Lord Grey. The House of Commons contains 214 elected members. The Senate consists of 81 appointed members. The President of the Privy Council or Premier is Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

There are nine Provinces, as follows:

	Capital	Lieutenant-Governor	Premier
Ontario.....	Toronto .....	Hon. W. Mortimer Clark	Hon. J. P. Whitney
Quebec .....	Quebec .....	Sir Louis A. Jetté....	Hon. L. Gouin
Nova Scotia.....	Halifax .....	Hon. A. G. Jones.....	Hon. G. H. Murray
New Brunswick.....	Fredericton .....	Hon. J. B. Snowball...	Hon. L. J. Tweedie
Manitoba .....	Winnipeg .....	Sir D. H. McMillan ...	Hon. R. P. Roblin
Saskatchewan .....	Regina .....	Hon. A. E. Forget ....	Hon. Walter Scott
Alberta .....	Edmonton .....	Hon. G. H. V. Bulyea..	Hon. A. C. Rutherford
British Columbia.....	Victoria .....	Sir Henri Joly .....	Hon. R. McBride
Prince Edward Island...	Charlottetown....	Hon. D. W. McKinnon	Hon. Arthur Peters

According to the census of 1901, the land area is 858,000,000 acres; of which 7.38 per cent. was occupied. In other words there are 30,000,000 of acres under cultivation. This is occupied by a population of nearly six million people.

The revenue of the Federal Government in 1904 was \$70,669,817. The net national debt is \$260,867,719.

The value of the goods imported in 1904 was \$250,000,000. The exports were \$213,000,000. There was a slight falling off in exports this year.

The chartered banks have a paid-up capital of eighty millions, and assets of seven hundred millions.

There are 961 savings banks with deposits of forty-five millions.

Canada stands on the threshold of a great development. New settlers are pouring in from Great Britain and the United States. Capital is flowing in this direction more freely than ever. The wheat production of the West approaches the hundred million mark. The product of the fisheries, the forests and the mines are yearly increasing in value. The manufacturing concerns are doubling and trebling their output. Above all tower peace, security, and British justice.

# CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

*A Department For —  
Business Men.*

## PULP AND PAPER

CANADIANS have come to realise that it does not pay to export pulp logs, just as it is unprofitable to export sawlogs. When the pulp logs are manufactured into pulp, it may perhaps pay to export this partially manufactured product. When the pulp is made into paper, the highest price is secured and the greatest profit obtained.

The United States is trying to force Canada to continue to export the logs, by increasing the duty on the manufactured product. Rossed pulp which formerly went in free is now taxed 20 per cent.; and pulp exported from Quebec to that country is now taxed 25 cents per ton more than pulp going into the United States from other parts of Canada or from other countries. This latter provision has been adopted because the Province of Quebec gives a rebate of 25 cents per cord in stumpage dues on all timber manufactured within the Province. This is done under section 393 of the United States Tariff Act.

While the United States has a perfect right to impose any duties it wishes, these rulings are only another evidence of their unfriendliness. These acts are on a par with their general treatment of Canada in trade matters since the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty. We buy twice as much from them as they sell to us.

So far as the effect in this particular industry is concerned, it can result only in the enlargement of our paper manufacturing industry. Every turn of the United States screw has increased Canada's independence in commerce and industry. The United States will eventually have to come to Canada for its supply of pulp and paper, and the more restrictions they place upon present importations, hastens the day when they will require our supplies in considerable quantities. In the end they must pay dearly for their conduct.

## RIDER HAGGARD'S SCHEME NOT A DESIRABLE ONE

RIDER HAGGARD'S gigantic colonisation scheme for Britishers is attracting some attention, but for the sake of Canada and the immigrants, it is to be hoped that it will not take the shape he outlines. The colony system of settling people is utterly indefensible, and has so proved itself in many cases in Canada. The Crofters, the Doukhobors, and many English settlements have made very slow progress compared with parts where the population was more mixed. English people especially need the opportunity to observe Canadian farming operations and methods, and also the stimulus gained by seeing the progress made each season by the Canadian-bred farmer. We are glad to note that the press reports state that Commissioner W. T. R. Preston refused to endorse Mr. Haggard's scheme, and also that he gave the eminently sage advice that prospective colonists should have one year of Canadian farm experience before engaging on their own account. The great colonisation work by Britishers in the past was not Government-aided, and we venture the statement without fear of contradiction, that the most successful British colonists paddled their own canoe from the start, and were not hived or herded by a government or segregated into settlements. A satisfied successful settler is the best immigration agent. Such do not grow vigorously, either in mind or farming experience, if confined to association with their fellows. It is time this nonsense of settling people in colonies was dropped. A nation cannot be built up that way.—*Farmers' Advocate*, London, Ontario.



## BELGIUM'S RUBBER SLAVES

THE report of the Belgian Commission of inquiry into the abominations of Belgian trade on the Congo is still delayed.

When we consider how that Commission was appointed, how it took its evidence, how limited was its scope, and with what speed it hurried home, we cannot look for much enlightenment from its report when at last it appears, but the delay is ludicrous. In the meantime the Congo Reform Association is doing good work in bringing to light a characteristic instance of the oppression under which the natives suffer at the hands of the Congo Government. Native witnesses to a charge against a Belgian official on the Upper Congo are compelled to come right away down to Boma, a distance of over a thousand miles, and are detained there in great privation while for month after month the trial drags on. There is no doubt about the facts, which have been reported to Lord Lansdowne by Mr. Nightingale, our Acting Consul at Boma. The Belgian authorities plead that this has been the practice for the last ten years, as though antiquity justified crime. But Mr. Morel in answer to Lord Lansdowne justly points out that territorial or local tribunals have existed for eight years past through the Congo, and such trials as the present could be dealt with in them without privation to the natives, and without giving the culprit the chances of escape to Europe which he now enjoys to the full.—*London Chronicle*.

#### "RUINED" INDUSTRIES

IN spite of Mr. Chamberlain, the iron and steel industry of this country continues to thrive. The "millions of tons" of steel which, according to Mr. Chamberlain, the Americans meant to dump down on these shores to the destruction of our native industry have not yet arrived; nor is there any sign of their coming. In fact, American and German exports of steel to this country show a tendency to decline. Meanwhile those engaged in these ruined British industries are earning respectable profits. In the past few days dividends have been announced by several companies engaged in the manufacture of steel; the lowest of them was 5 per cent. per annum; another was 10 per cent.; and a

third 10 per cent. for the half year. The present outlook for the British iron trade is decidedly healthy. Alike in the home and foreign markets there is an expanding demand.—*London Chronicle*.

#### THE CATTLE EMBARGO

MR. BICKERDIKE, member for one of the divisions of Montreal, has been darkly hinting that the cattle embargo may have an unwelcome effect on the feelings of Canadians towards the mother country. We would be an egregious people if it did. One of the rights we most highly prize is the right of fixing our own commercial policy. Surely we will allow the Mother Country a similar right. The only exception that can be taken to the action of our British kinsmen is that they base it on grounds that they know to be fraudulent. They know that Canadian cattle are not excluded because there is danger from contagion from them, but because they compete with farmers raising a similar quality of cattle in Ireland and other parts of the United Kingdom. They have an unquestioned right to exclude them—and that is the only point.

#### AMERICAN RAILS

THE revival in this department is due to saner views on the outlook. The Equitable Life scandal was ridiculously magnified, and ought not to have exercised its baneful influence on the whole American market. The stocks now are chiefly in the hands of the big Wall Street houses, who may sell at any time on a rise, but it is to their interest to engineer a rising market. Canadian Pacifics and Trunks are the best purchases, for, although they move in sympathy with Yankees, the wonderful traffics and the unceasing development of Canada will in the long run place their railway stocks in the front rank of investments. Trunk Ordinary is particularly suitable for a lock-up purchase to show a large capital increase.—*Public Opinion*.

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